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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY, MORE KNOWN BY THE NAME OF THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

[With his Portrait, a ſtriking Likeneſs.]

Quando ullum inveniemus parem.
HORACE.

——— Can ſuch things be
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder?
SHAKSPEARE.

THE juvenile hero of this memoir puts us ſtrongly in mind of James the ſon of the Lord Advocate Crichton, who for his extraordinary and precocious talents was denominated "the admirable Crichton."

No one that we can recollect, ſince the period as far back as the ſixteenth century, has excited ſo much curioſity and admiration at ſo early an age. The accounts publiſhed in the newſpapers of the abilities of this youth, like thoſe ſtill related of the endowments and attainments of the young Scotchman, were ſo wonderful, that they ſeemed ſcarcely credible. The hearing a child of ten or twelve years old recite numerous paſſages in a play, or ode after ode from Horace, with claſſical preciſion, has been thought ſufficiently marvellous; but the ſame infant repeating by heart a whole book of Ovid, would not ſtrike us with an aſtoniſhment equal to that which we feel in ſeeing this boy not only deliver with accuracy ſo many and various parts of our dramatic authors, but alſo feel the ſentiments he utters: for that he is ſenſible to the full power of them we may ſafely affirm, or he could not ſo forcibly inſpire into his audience the ſame emotions.

"Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt primum ipſi tibi,"

was never more beautifully illuſtrated than in this inſtance. But, no doubt, our readers will be eager to know who this prodigy is, and whence he ſprang, before they are made acquainted with the bounteous gifts kind Nature has laviſhed upon him.

William Henry Weſt Betty, the only ſon of William Henry Betty (under whoſe paternal protection he now is), was born in the neighbourhood of Shrewſbury, the 13th of September 1791. As the exact age of Maſter Betty is a circumſtance which muſt add greatly to the intereſt the public takes in his behalf, it has been thought proper to conſult and quote the regiſter in the pariſh book of St. Chad, in Shrewſbury, which confirms the above account. Mr. Betty's father, that is, the grandfather of our young hero, was a phyſician of ſome eminence at Liſburn, in the north of Ireland, not many miles from Belfaſt. On the death of Dr. Betty, Mr. Betty became poſſeſſed of a comfortable independence. The mother of the young Roſcius was Miſs Mary Stanton, whoſe father was a reſpectable gentleman in the county of Worceſter. This lady, from her name, has been taken for another perſon, and repreſented by ſome to have been an actreſs on a public ſtage; by others, to have been in the habit of frequently performing in private theatres. Both theſe accounts are alike erroneous: ſhe had a good education beſtowed on her, and diſtinguiſhed herſelf for her accompliſhments; ſhe had, moreover, a reſpectable fortune, a part of which, we believe, is entailed on this young gentleman. It muſt be allowed, that this lady and her ſiſters often fought occaſion, and took delight, to repeat now and then a few judiciouſly ſelected paſſages from ſome of our firſt dramatic writers. It is not poſſible to ſay how far the child, in his earlieſt days, might imbibe with a mother's affection a mother's partialities. In tracing the ſource of this early acquirement, it is proper to obſerve, that Mr. Betty, the father, was not leſs partial to the drama than the mother, and that he very frequently had profeſſional men of eminence at his table, where of courſe the converſation muſt often run into the buſineſs of the ſtage. An early acquired habit, and a natural propenſity, have nearly the ſame appearances, and ſometimes the ſame effect. To the tenderer parent, however, muſt be aſcribed the merit of perfectioning the young pupil in his pronunciation and graceful delivery: and though ſhe often fixed upon paſſages from the beſt dramatic writers for his

exerciſe in this way, it is poſitively affirmed by her friends, that it was without any view to her ſon's adopting the profeſſion in which he now ſhines ſo pre-eminently: it is even ſuppoſed, that, at the period we are ſpeaking of, any propoſal of the kind would have been received with diſguſt.

The profeſſion of the ſtage in this country is held in higher repute than in any other; and though ſome unworthy members of it have lowered it in the eyes of many, yet a Garrick, a Hull, a Smith, a Lewis, a Kemble, a Farren, a Pope, a Siddons, with a long liſt from the Dramatis Perſonæ, as amiable in private life as enviable in public, muſt always contribute to leſſen the repugnance a parent is diſpoſed to feel at a child's expreſſing a penchant for the theatre.

While ſome repreſent the extraordinary proficiency of our young gentleman in this art to parental enthuſiaſin and parental diſcipline, others aſcribe it to the mere force of genius. Genius itſelf is perhaps nothing elſe than ſtrong natural parts directed to one particular object; and it is not attempted to be denied, that when Maſter Betty's friends diſcovered in him a ſtrong prepoſſeſſion for the ſtage, they did all they could to inſure his ſucceſs in it.

Mr. Betty and his ſon were in Belfaſt in the ſummer of 1802, when the play of Pizarro was got up with much ſtudied preparation; Mrs. Siddons being to perform Elvira. Our young Roſcius was carried to this play, the firſt he had ever ſeen performed, and from that moment his future deſtiny was fixed. Mrs. Siddons's acting made an indelible impreſſion on his mind; and perhaps it is not one of the leaſt fortunate circumſtances in his life, that the model he ſo earneſtly looked at was an excellent one. On his way to Ballynahinch, his converſation with his father diſcovered what an uncontrollable ſway his paſſion for the hiſtrionic art had over him; ſo that at length both his parents finding all oppoſition to his wiſhes of no avail, they ſeriouſly bethought themſelves of indulging him to their mutual ſatisfaction. Mr. Betty now determined to return to Belfaſt, with a view of conſulting Mr. Atkins, the manager of that town, as to the youth's qualifications. Maſter Betty recited a few paſſages from the part of Elvira, which very much ſtruck that gentleman by the vigorous though untutored manner of his delivery. Nevertheleſs, as he had a great opinion of the judgment of Mr. Hough, his prompter, he conſulted him before he would give a decided opinion of the probability of the ultimate ſucceſs of the young candidate. This latter gentleman inſtantly diſcerned ſomething above the common rate of promiſe in the aſpiring youth, and adviſed his immediately ſtudying the part of Rolla, as a much fitter character than that of Elvira. The young gentleman is ſaid to have diſcovered the value and ſolidity of the advice Mr. H. gave him in this and other reſpects, and in the rapture of his heart to have exclaimed to that gentleman, "You are my guardian angel." Mr. Hough was a little while after invited to ſpend a ſhort time with Mr. Betty and his family at Ballynahinch, where he found his young pupil ſtudying the part of Oſman in the tragedy of Zara, as well as that of Rolla in Pizarro. Mr. Hough was now more than ever intereſted in the progreſs of Maſter B., for he found him at once docile in manner, and retentive in memory. He was convinced that his feelings were capable of receiving the impreſſion of every paſſion, and his language ſuſceptible of duly expreſſing as much. By the reports of Mr. Hough to Mr. Atkins, it was reſolved, in the month of Auguſt, 1803, that the young elève ſhould make his debût in the Belfaſt theatre, in the tragedy of Zara: the play bills announced the part of Oſman "to be undertaken by a young gentleman only eleven years of age." The ſingularity of this advertiſement drew a great crowd to the houſe; but ſo ſtrikingly correct and judicious was this his firſt night's public performance, that the audience were aſtoniſhed and pleaſed beyond all expreſſion. So unembarraſſed, and ſo free from miſtake, did he go through his part, that the regular company of actors were confounded, and in ſome degree abaſhed, to ſee the tumultuous applauſes with which the houſe rung, occaſioned wholly by a greenhorn of the ſock. While ſome made the feats of this ſtripling the ſubject of their whole converſation, others, who had not ſeen him, believed the accounts to be all exaggeration, till they had it in their power to aſcertain the truth of what had been ſaid; when they in their turn experienced the ſame incre-

dulity in others. After conſidering, however, that ſo many able judges of the ſcenic art were witneſſes of the uncommon powers of this child, it naturally excites our wonder that his fame was ſo long travelling up to London. It may be aſked, whether the envious breath of two or three *grown-up* performers could have repelled the ſound of this riſing actor's trumpet. Maſter Betty had ſtudied the part of Young Norval in the tragedy of Douglas; and in this character was he announced the ſecond night, it being conſidered ſuch a one as would afford a fair teſt of his powers, and yet in ſome degree congenial to his age and figure: his performance of it inſpired the whole town of Belfaſt with one ſentiment concerning him. To pourtray the chaſtened ſpirit and modeſt valour of Douglas with the ſame perfection as the jealouſy, rage, and deſpair of Oſman, evinced ſuch a variety of excellence, as put the ſeal at once to his high pretenſions. He engaged to perform four nights only; a different character each time. His next night was Rolla, and his laſt Romeo. His engagement afterwards was with Mr. Jones at Dublin for nine nights, and Mr. Hough was ſolicited to attend him to that capital; an invitation he could not eaſily decline, as well on account of his attachment to the youth, as the preſentiment he had of his future eminence. The voice of fame had anticipated the arrival of young Roſcius in Dublin; but as he was now to appear before an audience of a higher claſs than in a provincial theatre, he conſidered that he had the moſt difficult part of the ordeal to go through. Dublin, being the ſeat of a univerſity and of learning, abounds with young men of education and talents, and among theſe it was feared he would find more diſcerning and perhaps leſs indulgent critics.

He made his firſt appearance at Dublin the 28th of November, 1803, in the part of Young Norval. The advertiſements and bills announced him as "the young gentleman who had acquired the appellation of the INFANT ROSCIUS, being only twelve years old." Perſons of the firſt rank attended the houſe; and ſuch was the approbation expreſſed at his performance, that he played the ſame part the ſecond night. The third night he performed Frederick in "Lovers' Vows," when the aſtoniſhment and pleaſure of the audience were more univerſally expreſſed than at any one character he had before appeared in. After he had fulfilled his engagement with Mr. Jones, that gentleman was deſirous of engaging him for a term of years at a handſome and increaſing ſalary; but Mr. Betty thought proper to decline the offer, and ſubſequent events have proved that he was wiſe, or at leaſt fortunate, in ſo doing.

It may appear extraordinary, but it is no leſs true, that while this meritorious but unaſſuming young actor was enchanting the people of Dublin by his inimitable performances, ſeveral critics took pains to damp the ardour of the theatric aſpirant by the ſeverity of their ſatires: one particularly, in Hudibraſtic verſe, after the manner of Anthony Paſquin's Theſpiad, was remarked as being the moſt keen. Some of the animadverſions fell on the manager for lowering the dignity of the ſtage, by giving the principal characters of the drama to a child. The parents of the youth are alſo cenſured as mercenary and obtruſive, by ſo premature an exhibition of their ſon. Now, tho' the ſhafts of the Dublin critics are gone by without executing their intended miſchief, we think it not altogether unentertaining to our readers, nor irrelative to our memoir, to ſhew how pointed one of them was. It appeared under the head of "Familiar Epiſtles to Frederick J——s, Eſq. on the Preſent State of the Iriſh Stage," and contained the following lines:—

"Huſh! 'tis attention all around,
Fix'd is each eye, and ſtill'd each ſound;
Silence on every lip is preſs'd,
And pleaſure throbs in every breaſt.
What is to come? will Barry riſe,
Or Garrick glad our wond'ring eyes?
What miracle is to be wrought
Beyond the common ſcope of thought?
"The cry is now, they come, they come,"
And lo! Glenalvon, and—Tom Thumb *.

* "A child of the name of Betty, a native of Belfaſt, has been very lately added to the force of the company: "Mercy on us, a bearne; a very pretty bearne" indeed—but ſo young, as even in the part of Douglas to throw an appearance of ridicule and fantocinity over the whole performance. This folly of exhibiting children is not quite modern. "There is," ſays Roſincrantz to Hamlet, "an *aiery of young children, little*

Now clapping hands, and loud huzzas,
Thunder the rapture of applauſe:
The very walls are rock'd, and why?
The hero's only *four* feet high!
The noiſe redoubles—we are told
The hero's only twelve years old!
But oh! what language could we find,
The raptures of the critic mind,
To tell, could we our Douglas * call
But *two years* old, and *two feet* tall!!!
No wonder Randolph ſhould be jealous,
He ſuch a charming little fellow's.
See how he ſteps in ſtately pride,
At leaſt ſix inches every ſtride.
See how he ſwells with lordly rage,
Altho' no higher than a page.—
In vain two barons †, ſtout and gaunt,
The little Grildrig ſtrive to daunt;
O'er both he triumphs, and, alack!
Slays one—Oh giant-killing Jack!!!
And is this, then, the wondrous bait
For loud applauſe, and houſes great,
The Roſcius ‡ this, whoſe radiance bright
Should dim the ineffectual light
Of all the glow-worms of the ſtage,
Of every ſize, and every age?
An infant § taken from his ſchool,
A pitying public to beſool;
A baby victim, to atone
For all the faults of folks full grown:
As for the people's ſins of old,
They ſlew the firſtling of the fold,
And thought the *Gods* could never damn
Thoſe who ſhould ſacrifice a lamb.

"Poor child! thy age and infant fears,
Thy ‖ talent far beyond thy years;
Thy ſimple tones, untun'd by art,
Would melt to praiſe the critic heart,
Were praiſe not ruin;—if you now
To plain advice refuſe to bow,
And rather lay thy boyiſh claim
To guſts of praiſe, than laſting fame;—
For ſome few months we'll call you clever,
And then, poor child,—"farewel for ever."
But to thy ſtudies hence again—
Turn the page, and guide the pen;
Leave to the fribble ¶ and the fool
To ſcorn the ſeas'ning of the ſchool.
In hiſtory's magic-glaſs deſcry
How ſages live, and heroes die.

eyaſes, that cry out on the top of the queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically *clapped* for it—theſe now are the firſt faſhion;"—but, I believe, it never was, before this year, the faſhion to introduce *one* infant to play the firſt characters among men and women——oh! 'tis a dainty device to attract an audience: Daly's pony-races were not much worſe."

* "Douglas. Though I only take notice of this part, it is meet to ſet it down, that the infant played Romeo to Mrs. Kni - - - - ton's Juliet, and that they looked like an overgrown girl and her doll. I ſhould not be much amazed to ſee him advertiſed for Henry the Eighth, or Sir John Falſtaffe. He has alſo played Prince Arthur: this was, as it ſhould be, *mirabile dictu!* Since the firſt part of this note was written, this ill-fated Baby has been exhibited in *Hamlet!!!* Abſurdity, cruelty, and contempt, could have deviſed nothing more inſulting to good ſenſe, humanity, and the Public."

† "The victory of Beatty over Hargrave (*Infelix ſiner atque impar congreſſus Achilli*) was like the battle in Mother Goose's tales, in which fairies never fail to overcome giants: but the wonder is not greater than that one individual ſhould ſubdue the good ſenſe of a whole city into a thraldom."

‡ "Roſcius. This was the *modeſt* title under which the "little *eyaſe*" was announced "*ad captandum vulgus*," and it did its office with a vengeance. I heard ſome of my brethren of the pit diſcourſing "who this Roſcius could be:" one learned gentleman aſſerted, that it was one Garrick's chriſtian name; but the general opinion ſeemed to be, that he was a French actor, who had been guillotined in the days of the revolution. Thoſe critics I obſerved to be particularly loud and *judicious* in their applauſes, as might be ſuppoſed."

§ "Children have ever been an engine of pity and pardon;

——————' Speak, thou *boy*:
Perhaps thy *childiſhneſs* will move them more
Than our reaſon——'

but in this inſtance the very production of the interceſſion is an aggravation."

‖ "*La quale (diſpoſitione) accompagnata del' ajuto ordinario delle forze umane, può un giorno, rendere* quel giovine *de ſommo talento.* Vit. de Siſto. v.

"I do not deny the *boy*'s abilities, but I proteſt againſt turning the ſtage into a nurſery; and I lament that a promiſing child ſhould be deprived "*del' ajuto ordinario*," which might make him an uſeful man, to be converted into a ſource of theatrical revenue, and public ridicule. "Young men," ſays Bacon, "ſhould be *learners*, while men grown up are *actors*." This is true in every ſenſe."

¶ "The number of good actors who were not men of education is very ſmall; but now-a-days we imagine that all talents come by inſpiration, and that abilities are the reſult of the temporary exertion of what are called our energies. "*Tout eſt bien, ſortant des mains de l'auteur des choſes, tout dégénere entre les mains de l'hommes.*" Many perſons ſeem to have read no farther in Emile than the firſt ſentence, which is the moſt falſe and ſophiſtical in the whole work; *et c'eſt beaucoup dire.*"

From lively Greece*, and ſober Rome,
Import their manners and coſtume †.
Weigh all thy parts with learned care,
Be firſt a critic, then a player;—
And when, too ſoon, the flights of time
Shall give thy ſhape its manly prime,
And thought and ſtudy have refin'd,
And ſtor'd with claſſic taſte thy mind,
Then to the ſcene return, and claim
Thy well-earn'd mead—perennial fame."

How far ſome of theſe ſatiric effuſions were dictated by juſtice and ſound criticiſm, it is not eaſy to ſay at this time. It is not impoſſible but the acting of this uncommon youth might at that period have been more open to cenſure, and it is poſſible that he may have derived benefit from the ſpleen of his adverſaries.

The next engagement of our young Roſcius was with Mr. Peros, of Cork, to play ſix nights; the firſt of which was the 31ſt December, in Hamlet. His admirable performance of this difficult character ſpread his fame all over the ſouth of Ireland: it was, however, conſidered by his impartial judges to poſſeſs leſs excellence than his two next performances, which were Romeo and Douglas. An offer was now made by Mr. Jackſon, of Edinburgh, and accepted; but before the fulfilling of it, on account of the lateneſs of the ſeaſon, it was agreed that Maſter Betty ſhould perform at Glaſgow; having firſt accompanied Mr. Peros' company to Waterford, where he performed four nights. In his way alſo to the place of embarkation for Scotland, he joined his friend Mr. Atkins once more, and agreed to play ſix nights at Londonderry. Owing to a ſevere illneſs with which Mrs. Betty was attacked in their way to Donaghadee, the family was detained more than a month at a little village on the road; when after her recovery, and a ſtormy paſſage, they arrived in Scotland.

The mind of our young adventurer, as well as that of his affectionate friends, was far from being quite eaſy upon the ſcore of his probable ſucceſs in North Britain. The inhabitants have a taſte peculiarly their own in every thing; and in judging of dramatic excellence it was apprehended it might differ from that of the two other parts of the empire. It was known, too, that Mr. Jackſon had been blamed and ridiculed for inviting the youth over from Ireland. The accounts publiſhed in that kingdom of his extraordinary ſucceſs were conceived by the Scotch to be groſs puffs, or abſolutely chimerical. But Mr. Jackſon, wiſely conſidering that the feelings of human nature are the ſame in every part of the world, encouraged Mr. Betty's family to hope that all would be well. On the 21ſt May, 1804, the young Roſcius opened his career at Glaſgow, in the character of Douglas. His ſucceſs was ſo complete, that Mr. Jackſon ſays "he received the greateſt burſts of applauſe that he had ever witneſſed to have been given by any audience." He performed fourteen nights with undiminiſhed approbation. While he was acting in this town, a lampoon alſo was publiſhed againſt his Douglas by an anonymous critic. This ſatire likewiſe failed of its object, and, as the author was diſcovered, the public indignation was ſo ſtrongly manifeſted, as to oblige him to hide his head: for though the young comedian had no right to expect indulgence at the expence of truth, yet his tender age entitled him to a foſtering kindneſs not inconſiſtent with it.

He performed the ſame number of nights at Edinburgh, viz. fourteen, under the ſame manager as at Glaſgow, and with ſimilar ſucceſs.

So remarkable an incident occurred in Edinburgh to add to the brilliancy of our young actor's career, that every

* "*Fatandum Latinos ſere à Græcis vinci* lepôre, *ſed vincere gravitate.*
Vas. de Poet. Lat. c. 7.

† "Were it not for ſome men of education, who, luckily for the pleaſures of the world, became managers and actors, we ſhould ſtill have Cato played in a full-bottomed wig, and Coriolanus *en habit galonné*, and *peruque a la reine*.

When from the court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the loſt actor in a tawdry load.
Booth enters;—hark! the univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?"—not a ſyllable;
"What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?"
Cato's long *wig*, *flowered* gown, and *lacquer'd* chair. POPE.

"*Il portait*," ſays Scaron of M. Deſtin, "*des* chauſſes trouſſes *a bas d'attache comme celles des comediens quand ils repreſentent un heros de l'antiquité.*"

one interested in the subject before us will be glad to read it in Mr. Jackson's own words. "On the forenoon of the "play-day," says he, "I met Mr. "Home, the author of Douglas, on "the North Bridge. Compliments "being exchanged, I informed him "that his popular play was to be per- "formed that night. He said he had "not heard of it; and enquired in "what manner it was to be represent- "ed. I replied, it would be to his "entire satisfaction. Explanations took "place; and he promised me to be in "the house by the opening of the play. "'But,' says he, 'I must have my old "place; I shall come to your house, "and you shall conduct me to it.' He "came according to his word; and I "had the pleasure of seating him at "the side of the first wing, where I had "enjoyed the same honour, at that "very play, forty-three years before. "And I presume, no one ever received "higher gratification than he did from "the performance of the evening. "I speak it from conviction: I read "his looks, and saw the undisguised "workings of his frame.—The play "concluded with reiterated applause, "which scarcely ceasing, the Author "of Douglas, in the plenitude of rap- "turous enthusiasm, from the unex- "pected gratification he had received, "stepped forward before the curtain, "and bowed respectfully to the audi- "ence; retiring amidst the convulsed "and tumultuous acclamations of the "house.

"On his being veiled from the sight "of the spectators, I asked him how "he had been entertained. He an- "swered, 'Never better! Sir,' says "he: 'this is the first time I ever saw 'the part of Douglas played; *i. e.* 'according to my ideas of the character, 'as at that time I conceived it; and 'as I wrote it. He is a wonderful 'being; his endowments great beyond 'conception: and I pronounce him at 'present, or at least that he soon will 'be, one of the first actors upon the 'British stage!'

Mr. M'Cready, manager of the Birmingham theatre, was the first person on this side the Tweed who had the good fortune to catch this *rara avis*, and with this bird, we believe, he deservedly feathered his nest.

After performing fourteen nights or more at Birmingham, he went under the same manager to Sheffield, and acted nearly as many. At both these towns not only the theatres were thronged to a great overflow, but the public inns were fully occupied by persons who had arrived in the stages from a distance, to gratify their curiosity with the sight of this wonderful boy.

About the beginning of October he arrived at Liverpool, and here all his former successes, though brilliant, were eclipsed; for it should be observed, that though the Liverpool theatre exceeds in size that of any other in the empire (London and Dublin only excepted), yet, when young Roscius performed here, the difficulty of admittance was such, that not a place was to be obtained in any part of the house a few minutes after the door was opened. Nay, even in a morning, the crowd at the box office to procure places was such, that many gentlemen had their clothes torn to pieces, and themselves very often severely bruised, and nearly suffocated, in the attempt; and we have no doubt that, had the theatre been twice as large, it would have been equally thronged.—For his share of the profits of fifteen nights' performance he actually received the enormous sum of one thousand five hundred and twenty pounds!——Here he had the most flattering attention paid him by Prince William Frederick of Gloucester, who resided only two miles from Liverpool, being commander in chief of the north western district. His Royal Highness invited Mr. Betty and his son to his villa, and expressed the most anxious concern for his future welfare, condescending even to recommend a plan for his education, which we understand will be pursued, as far as circumstances will permit. His Royal Highness particularly advised that the produce of his exertions, or a considerable part thereof, should be placed for his use in the hands of trustees, in order that this fund so formed might be employed to bring his precocious talents to maturity, and complete his education on a liberal and extensive plan. This is, indeed, a subject of the utmost importance to Master Betty, as he is at this time in the spring of life; and, if proper culture is not now exerted, what future harvest can be expected? Indeed, it has been justly observed by a sensible writer on this occasion, "that in such a case he would have cause to regret the bounties which Nature had bestowed,

and the ſucceſſes of his youth would conſtitute the misfortunes of his declining age."

He next went to Cheſter, where he performed a few nights, and the laſt provincial boards he appeared on were thoſe of Mancheſter. In ſome of theſe places, it has been ſaid, he performed *twice a day*; but we conceive it could have been no more than a rehearſal on the day of performance; at which, however, it is not improbable that money may have been taken.

He is now engaged at both houſes in London, and at a ſalary which, including his twelfth night's performance, muſt amount to near a hundred pounds for every time he acts.

Without meaning in the leaſt to detract from the merit of this wonderful youth, or the reaſonableneſs of his pretenſions to ſo high a reward, we cannot help obſerving that the circumſtance reminds us, that when a nation has attained to ſuch refinement, it has generally paſſed its age of vigor.

Of his voice, it was ſaid at Belfaſt to poſſeſs a clear and ſilver tone; it is however now huſky, as if labouring under a cold: but it ſhould be recollected that it is about the time of breaking. We become leſs ſenſible of it as we continue to hear him. When he is carried to any extent of emotion, the deficiency is then quite overlooked. There appear to be no defects in this particular but thoſe incident to his youth, and which will, in all likelihood, be removed entirely by age. Shakeſpeare wrote, as it were, by intuition: the young Roſcius ſeems to act by the ſame gift. His conception of the character he performs is ſo fit and proper, that every one is greatly ſurpriſed and pleaſingly deceived when they behold this boon of nature ſo tranſcendently ſurpaſſing all that can be acquired by mere practice and ſtudy. When the beſt inſtructed young perſons undertake to perform any part in a play, they have ever been obſerved to exhibit too much action and vigor, the conſequence of a deficient judgment.

Of the diſpoſition of this wondrous hiſtrionic tyro, it cannot be conſidered out of danger. He has to encounter flattery, admiration, and adulation; and, having been quite unuſed to oppoſition, it will not be ſurpriſing if he continues to carry about him the faults of a ſpoiled child. In proof of this we have to obſerve, that he is particularly affectionate, good natured, and friendly, but, at the ſame time, capricious, eaſily offended, and impatient of remonſtrance. However, as we have obſerved, we ſhould conſider in what manner he is aſſailed by public and private blandiſhments, and the adulation paid him by his brother actors. Againſt ſuch aſſaults it would require more than the ordinary firmneſs and wiſdom of manhood to withſtand.

One circumſtance highly worthy of remark is, that though his deportment on the ſtage is ſo much more manly than could be conceived, yet are his actions, amuſements, and addreſs, in private more than commonly puerile. Hitherto he has appeared reſtrained and timid at times; at others indifferent to every thing around him: his attachment to his art, however, ſuperſedes all other paſſions and deſires.

With regard to his perſon, he can be neither conſidered ſhort or tall of his age. He is by no means ſo ſlim as ſome portraits in circulation would repreſent him. His face is not ſtrictly beautiful; perhaps in the opinion of many it wants animation; yet his features are ſo regularly formed, and are ſo capable of exhibiting in turn every emotion of the ſoul, that he cannot be thought to want any ſtage requiſite in this particular. His poſtures and movements are eminently graceful and eaſy: this is an acompliſhment of his art which is conſidered as peculiarly difficult and deſirable in an actor. Every line deſcribed by his body in its change of poſition may truly be called the line of beauty: for his attitude in the laſt act of Lovers' Vows, we have no heſitation in ſaying, it exhibits one of the moſt graceful and elegant models for a ſtatue, the moſt refined imagination can conceive.

The portrait annexed, we can with confidence aſſert, will give a true repreſentation of his perſon. Of his debût on the London ſtage our article under the head *Drama* ſpeaks. We will, however, in our next number offer a more matured judgment on the probability of his maintaining or increaſing that high conſideration he holds over the public taſte and public opinion.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

THOUGH you very prudently confine your Miſcellany to the purpoſes and objects ſet forth in your Proſpectus, and do not obtruſively introduce the ſubject of politics on your readers' notice, yet on a point of ſo much conſequence as whether we ſhall obtain the bleſſing of peace, or continue to ſuffer the evils of war, you will, I am perſuaded, readily give place to a few words on that topic. You have, from time to time, very properly noticed and cenſured the diſpoſition in the diurnal prints to make uſe of abuſive language when ſpeaking of our chief enemy; as Uſurper, Tyrant, Robber, &c. With his uſurping the throne of France we have no more to do than the French had with William the Third taking the ſceptre of England. The word Tyrant ſignifies leſs in reaſon than in abuſe, if we look into the hiſtory of the monarchs of the earth; and for Robber, by which is meant his all-graſping ambition, it is becoming us certainly to ſtand againſt him here with all our ſtrength. But, Sir, there is good ground for believing, that, ſince Bonaparte has attained all he can ever hope for in France, he has no objection to a peace with all the world. I truſt, therefore, that you will be of the opinion I entertain, that the opportunity ſhould not be loſt. The unexpected union at home, which has taken place, will give a better countenance to the overtures made by either ſide; and there can be no queſtion that honourable terms of pacification will be ratified by the heart and hand of every man in the country who ſigns himſelf BRITANNICUS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

IN the eighth Number of your intereſting Miſcellany I read a beautiful Ode to Fancy, ſaid to be written by a Dr. James Glaſſe, M.A. Perhaps ſome of your readers, or the contributor of the Ode, might be enabled to afford ſome information relative to him, as he appears to have been no ordinary poet. If it ſhould, through the medium of your Magazine, be the means of ſo doing, it would, I think, afford no ſmall pleaſure to your readers, as well as to, Sir, yours, &c.

A LOVER OF MERIT.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

IF the trifle I ſend you be not an important article, no one can ſay it is not a *ſeaſonable* one. The theatres at Chriſtmas time prepare a little treat expreſsly for the minds of the young, but not the leſs intereſting, part of the community. I doubt not but your good nature will allow your Miſcellany to convey the means of gratifying the appetites of a larger number of that innocent claſs with a pleaſing little banquet. In theſe hard times, economy is a virtue of prime neceſſity; and the producing a deſirable diſh or dainty on the table at little more than half the uſual expence, with an undiminiſhed portion of excellence, will not only contribute to extend the innocent luxury to a greater number of longing palates, but, I truſt, be thankfully received by the mothers and other fond caterers of their infant families and friends.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

PATTY DOUCE.

To make excellent Minced Meat at a reduced Expence.

The rind of four lemons boiled till they are ſoft; then bruiſe them in a mortar, or chop them very fine: add three quarters of a pound of moiſt ſugar, four table ſpoonfulls of lemon juice, one pound of beef ſuet well chopped, one pound of currants, and a wine glaſs of brandy.

To the value of this improvement, a thouſand perſons are ready to ſubſcribe

PROBATUM EST.

A TOUR THROUGH THE MOST INTERESTING PARTS OF NORTH WALES.

[Concluded from page 404, vol. II.]

I QUITTED my worthy companion, not without feeling regret at the improbability of our ever meeting again, and purſued my route for Tan-y-bwlch, attended by his beſt wiſhes, and ejaculations of "God bleſs you!" without number. The road, after exhibiting ſome few more Alpine beauties, grew wild and dreary; but a wilderneſs devoid of intereſt. The mountains black, barren, and uniform, of leſs towering an elevation than thoſe we had lately ſeen, were enveloped in chill clouds, from which, when they partially emerged, they diſcloſed only a flat face covered with heath, or diſfigured by torrents of looſe pebbles. This character of country became tamer by degrees, till a long interval took place of ſtony downs, ſpread far and wide in tedious ſterility. Here and there ſcanty crops were ſeen, ſurrounding wretched farm-houſes; in the vicinity of which ſome few miſerable huts ſeemed to ſpeak an attempt at a neighbourhood; but every effort had been repreſſed by the moſt cheerleſs poverty. In a diſtrict like this, it cannot be expected that the roads are of the beſt deſcription. They are, indeed, deplorably bad; and, in many parts, beetle over an undefended bank of frightful depth. In one of theſe ſpots, an accident had nearly happened that would, in all probability, have put a final ſtop to my expedition. Our horſe ſtarted on the approach of a waggon, and, by running back, ſeemed on the point of precipitating us down the declivity. Hair-breadth dangers are, however, ſo common in this country, that, inſtead of expreſſing alarm at our ſituation, the fellow who was attending the waggon appeared extremely diverted at the apprehenſion very naturally diſplayed by my companion. Timidity muſt, indeed, needs appear ridiculous to thoſe who are accuſtomed to drive with heedleſs confidence cloſe to the brink of a precipice ten times in a day, and find that the ſecurity of half an inch is ſufficient to preſerve them in a whole ſkin. Accidents, it is true, ſometimes happen; but they are ſeldom attended with fatal conſequences. Down a deſcent fearfully rapid, on this very road, we were told a horſe blundered with the double burthen of a farmer and his wife. After ſlipping a conſiderable diſtance, the animal, however, made a violent effort, and actually returned his loading to the ſafety of the high road, with no other inconvenience than that ariſing from the apprehenſion of immediate diſſolution. Several other tales I muſt be allowed to ſuppreſs: probably this one may favour a little too much of the marvellous. Certain it is, that the temerity of the country people, and the ſteady qualities of their ſteeds, ſeem to go hand in hand. Indeed, ſo much reliance is to be placed on the Welſh horſes, that a ſtranger travelling through the country would do well to profit by their docility. Mounted on a pony (if he is too indolent or too delicate to adopt the pedeſtrian mode of journeying), he may penetrate the moſt hidden depths of the Cambrian territories with as much ſecurity as the adventurer paſſes the Alps on his mule. A very imperfect idea will be formed of the beauties of the principality by the perſon who merely travels the turnpike road in a carriage, unleſs he ſtops, as was my practice, at particular points, and makes excurſions without the incumbrance of his vehicle.

If it be contraſt that gives its charm to the canvaſs of the painter and the page of poetry, Nature herſelf derives ſuperior power from the ſame ſource, and, under its influence, at once amazes and en-

raptures the beholder; a ſtriking inſtance of which is to be witneſſed on the approach to the vale of Feſtiniog, juſtly celebrated as one of the fineſt ſpots in North Wales. On each ſide of the narrow channel through which you paſs, the mountains riſe in terrific and frowning volumes. An awful gloom enwraps the ſcene, as it were, in myſterious ſublimity. Even the ſilent operations of nature ſeem to pauſe, and all the dreary horrors of vacuity to uſurp their place. Emerging from this gloom, the traveller views, ſpread at his feet, a lovely and peaceful valley, where Nature ſmiles in her moſt luxuriant mood; where wood, water, and meadow, appear diſpoſed by the hands of tutelar fairies, ſo as to produce the moſt faſcinating effect of picturesque ſcenery, and form a ſhade fit only for the "ſacred footſtep of the pilgrim poet."

The various charms of this neighbourhood prevailed on me to ſtop here for ſome days, and many delightful little excurſions amply gratified my expectations. Mountain ſcenery does not at once diſcloſe all its beauties, but borrows a new form from the tempeſt, the calm, and the ſunſet. Like the fabled cameleon, therefore, it preſents a variable face to different obſervers; and he alone can be termed familiar with its peculiarities who has watched its viciſſitudes. The vale of Feſtiniog, perhaps, is ſeen to the greateſt advantage on the deſcent to it from the road that leads to Bala. The cluſtering rocks that ſhade this wild and ſolitary road withdraw by ſlow degrees to amphitheatrical regularity, and, aſſuming a new character, afford a majeſtic protection to the ſweet and fruitful vale. Softened into partial fertility, they attain a rich clothing of underwood, the want of which is ſupplied, if it fail to climb their ſummits, by purple heath. Along the verdant and undulating meadows of the valley, flows, in a meandring track, the river *Drwydd;* and at the extreme of the picture is ſeen the ocean, with thoſe craggy and fantaſtic rocks on its margin ſo common on the Caernarvonſhire coaſt. As I trod this deſcent, the ſun was ſlowly ſinking down a ſpotleſs azure ſky, leaving ſome mountains half loſt in ſhade, deepening the purple tint of others, and glittering on the diſtant ſea. Theſe objects taken altogether preſent a ſcene of beauty and grandeur indeſcribable to the cold pencil of the journaliſt, and well calculated to make the poet and the painter ceaſe to regret that expanſe of water that ſhuts from their reſearch the wonders of Switzerland.

The principal proprietor of the vale is Mr. Oakley, who poſſeſſes his right by a marriage with the daughter and heireſs of the late Mr. Griſiths. He has a handſome white houſe that overlooks his little enchanted territory; in the retirement of which, if he do not paſs hours of the moſt refined enjoyment, he certainly cannot place it to the account of extrinſic circumſtances. Scattered along the woody barrier of mountains, are likewiſe many neat detached cottages, the views from which muſt amply recompence the adventurous ſpirit of thoſe who reſide in them. —The inn (ſomewhat arbitrarily termed merely Tan-y-bwlch inn) is agreeably ſituated, and contains every comfort that even the voluptuous traveller can deſire. It is an evident proof of the circumſpection with which we ſhould judge of a character from a tranſient acquaintance, that Mr. Warner deſcribes the maſter of this ſequeſtered little inn as a man of the moſt offenſive manners; and Lloyd, of the Croſſed Foxes at Mallwydd, as the direct contrary, whereas to us the caſe was completely reverſed. The obliging conduct of the man

was, if poſſible, exceeded by that of the females of the family. His beautiful daughter was our conſtant attendant, and almoſt anticipated our wiſhes with the moſt pleaſing ſimplicity of manners. The traveller is but a churl who paſſes, with indifference, any *natural* beauty of a country; and I think I may venture to aſſert, that few countries can produce a face more exquiſitely pretty than that of the "Maid of Tan-y-bwlch."

At ſome ſmall diſtance from the ſouthern extreme of the valley is to be ſeen the Fall of *Rhaidr Du*, or *Dxy*. The path lies, for ſome diſtance, along the hazardous road to Harlech: when we turned from thence, we placed ourſelves under the guidance of two girls, whoſe mother willingly adventured their necks, for the ſake of the ſixpence promiſed in reward. Our road grew more uneven at every ſtep; and, at length, conducted us to the ſide of an intervening mountain, along the ſteepeſt and moſt rugged part of which our bare-footed companions choſe to lead us. At length we attained an acclivity nearly perpendicular, and down which, as we ſlowly proceeded, we aſſuredly ſhould have rolled, but for the ſtout heath which embroſſed its ſide, and lent ſome ſtay to the unaccuſtomed traveller. To argue with our guides on the unneceſſarily difficult part of the mountain they ſelected for our path, was utterly out of our power, as they ſpoke no Engliſh, and we no Welſh. On pointing and endeavouring by ſigns to explain to them our meaning, they very deliberately ſat themſelves down; imagining, no doubt, that we wiſhed to contemplate the proſpect. For them to form an idea of our difficulties, appeared not very eaſy: uſed to the mountains from infancy, they climbed and ſkipped from cragg to cragg with the agility of the goat, and with his fearleſsneſs.

Arrived at a favourable point, the ſtream diſcloſes its fall in a moſt picturesque manner. It certainly is a waterfall of much beauty. The ſtream which you croſs, ſix miles below Tan-y-bwlch, on the Dolgelly road, finds its ſylvan channel through the mountains of Merioneth ſhire, and here is viewed tumbling precipitouſly through a woody and waving bed for a conſiderable diſtance; when, gaining the ſteep deſcent, it ruſhes foaming down a depth of perhaps forty feet, where it is received in a baſin, ſkirted and almoſt vaulted with mountain trees. Hence, renewing its courſe over a pebbly bottom, it joins the Drwydd, and glides over the ſands towards the main ocean; a branch of the confluence being navigable, and uſed to convey ſlate to veſſels of ſuperior tonnage.

But when I was at Rhaidr Du, the fine weather, which had long been a ſource of enjoyment to me, proved an unfavourable circumſtance, by cauſing the ſtream to be ſhallow, and thereby diſcloſing the mechaniſm of the fall, if the term be allowable. It was exhibited ſliding down about twenty-five feet, and then deſcending perpendicularly fifteen; the latter only wearing the appearance of a caſcade. Still I muſt conſider this a very fine point to enable the ſtranger to form a due idea of the Alpine ſcenery of Wales.—The hill piled on hill which riſe on either ſide; the ſtream rolling along its woody channel in the diſtance, over which the kite ſails in deſert grandeur through the air; all conſpire to breathe much of that pleaſing horror that the contemplation of Nature in the wildeſt of her moods cannot fail to inſpire.

Dr. Johnſon, with the frigidity of a dim-ſighted philoſopher, obſerves, that "all green fields look alike;" inſinuating, by that aſſertion, that the proper object of the traveller

is to be found in the manners of the inhabitants, rather than the character of their country; forgetting, perhaps, that the deſcription of the one will often be the index to the other. It is with pleaſure I ſay, that, as far as ſimplicity of manners, civility, and good humour go, the tenants of this valley need not ſhrink from an eſtimate that rates at a high degree the value of the country they enjoy. Senſibility to ſympathiſe with the charms of their ſituation is ſcarcely to be expected; and from thoſe boiſterous paſſions that prevent our doing more than imagine a perfection of happineſs we can never poſſeſs, what ſpot is free? There is, however, no doubt that the rankeſt weeds ſhoot up within the confines of the hotbed; and thus the tenant of the lone cottage, remote from the buſy haunts of ſociety, may be reaſonably ſuppoſed to know leſs of the turbulent demons that agitate the bulk of mankind, than the envied and envious inhabitant of the city.

The obliging demeanour of the peaſantry, in this ſecluded neighbourhood, does credit to the character of its chief; for the dependants will ſeldom be found accommodating, where the maſter is deficient in juſtice, good breeding, and hoſpitality. Of the frequency of this latter quality among the Welſh gentlemen, ſo much has been ſaid, that it demands ſome particular attention. Mr. Skrine, in his "Tours of Wales," remarks, "that thoſe travellers who come into the country *properly recommended* have been ſhewn its curioſities with all the energy of zealous attention; and entertained with that kind of impreſſive welcome which may be ſought for, in vain, in more poliſhed diſtricts." But, ſurely, this is a moſt vague delineation of a national virtue. If an Iriſhman arrive in London, or an Engliſhman in Dublin, *properly recommended*, there is no queſtion that he would be entertained with all the rites of hoſpitality. In attending to a recommendatory introduction, the party looks forward to a participation of good offices; but he is alone to be called hoſpitable, in the full ſenſe of the word, who is willing to communicate his excluſive advantages to the unprovided ſtranger. Mr. Pratt, in his "Gleanings," tells a ſtory of a perſon, who was tranſmitted from one gentleman's houſe to another, through the whole country, without being ſuffered to look for accommodation elſewhere; and the tale that he repeats may undoubtedly be authentic, and yet not entitle the preſent race of Welſh gentry to the character of general hoſpitality. The fact is, that the neceſſity for the practice of this virtue has ceaſed. Before regular and convenient inns were erected throughout the principality, each reſident was obliged to depend on the next manſion for ſhelter and accommodation in his journeys; in return for which entertainment, his own houſe was open to all way-bound travellers; and theſe did not come ſufficiently often to tire his liberality. Thus, at the preſent day, I know a gentleman in the ſouthern diviſion of Wales, whoſe ſituation, though not very diſtant from the frontier towns, is ſtill ſo lonely, that a bed or two are always at the command of the exhauſted paſſenger; and yet this perſon is by no means eminent for conviviality, or a readineſs to beſtow benefits for which he expects no equivalent. The increaſed goodneſs of roads, and conſequent facility of removal, have long ſince obviated the neceſſity, and therefore deſtroyed the practice, of a general welcome throughout moſt parts of the Welſh diſtricts.

Thus, as the barrier between two countries leſſens, all real or ſuppoſed national peculiarities die away. The Welſh love of genealogy

has been univerſally talked of, and frequently made the ſubject of ridicule. The pride of anceſtry is ſo natural a gratification to man in a ſtate of refined ſociety, that it almoſt ſeems unneceſſary to attempt its analyzation; but of this Welſh pride the immediate origin may be aſcertained. At a period when martial deeds were alone the objects of public applauſe, as being ſo ſtrongly neceſſary to the national ſafety, the bard led the way, and, while he chaunted the acts of their illuſtrious forefathers, his auditors grew enamoured of reflected celebrity, and fondly numbered all the chieftains of a paſt date with whom they could claim affinity. A wild and thinly-ſpread people, divided into local animoſities, had need likewiſe to increaſe the bonds of relationſhip, and ſtrengthen the ſecurity of particular families, by every poſſible tie: hence from generation to generation were accurately recollected all the *aps* of intermarriages; but, as in the former inſtance, with the motive has faded the effect, ſave in ſuch partial circumſtances as will always form an exception to general obſervations. Mining and ſlate-working prevail too generally to ſuffer the harmleſs vanity of genealogy to obtain many votaries. If it yet make a ſtand, it is to be found, perhaps, in ſome meaſure, in the families of thoſe few native gentlemen who have been contented with a life of peaceful reſidence on their paternal eſtates, and who may truly be termed the bleſſing of their country, as the diſpenſers of all the advantages of the feudal ſyſtem, without any of its evils.

No ſooner is the vale of Feſtiniog ſurmounted, than you perceive it to be a ſpeck of fertility in the midſt of a deſert, and enter, by an abrupt tranſition, on that immenſe chain of mountains that forms the acceſs to Snowdon and its various horrors. The road, in ſpite of every modern improvement, climbs ſuch quick aſcents, and ſinks ſo precipitouſly down, that it would ſeem to mock the efforts of the moſt hardy traveller; but frequently, from the ſolid rock, it affords no footing to a horſe ſho'd in the uſual manner, while a falſe ſtep threatens immediate deſtruction. Agriculture is nearly baniſhed from the dreary waſtes on which you now enter; occaſionally, however, is ſeen a miſerable cot, ſurrounded by ſtill more miſerable crops of oats, and barley growing literally in the interſtices of the ſtony rock. Such an introduction uſhers you to *Pont-Aberglaſslyn*, a paſs in which the beautiful and the terrific are mingled with peculiar felicity. The black and impetuous torrent which ſeparates the two counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon here foams over confuſed fragments of rock; maſſes which have fallen from the bold and gloomy mountains that protect the channel of the ſtream, and lift their aſpiring heads in gigantic magnificence above the clouds.—Down the rugged ſides of theſe ſtupendous mountains, through fiſſures of their own ſupplying, fall numberleſs cataracts that lend their aid to the indignant ſtream, and ruſh toward the ocean, with accumulated violence, down an abrupt fall under the bridge which forms the paſs, and which is thrown in a ſingle arch from rock to rock. As you proceed on your beetling road, the furious torrent recedes by degrees to a greater depth beneath you, and, at length, is almoſt hidden by the profound ſhadows of the elevations that encompaſs it; beſtowing freſh terrors in its half-obſcurity, and blending the faint thunders of its echo with the diſcordant cry of the mountain-birds.

It was in the neighbourhood of this paſs that we firſt ſaw goats in any ſtate bordering on that of wildneſs. Thoſe we firſt perceived were perfectly white; and, as they ſprang

from one ridge of the ſteep to another in ſearch of its ſcanty herbage, we could not but think they added highly to the character of the ſcene. The perſon who adopts vulgar opinions without conſideration will not, perhaps, find ſo many of theſe animals in the principality as he may expect; yet, in the more barren and mountainous diſtricts, incapable of affording ſuſtenance to any other uſeful beaſt, a conſiderable number is ſtill preſerved, who wander in a manner ſo nearly approaching that of nature, as to render it very difficult for their reſpective owners to aſcertain each his property. The fleſh of the kid is offered for ſale in quarters, during the ſeaſon, at the principal towns, and is really a delicious article of food.

At Bethkelert, the name given to a few ſcattered houſes near the baſe of Mount Snowdon, a new inn has lately been erected, under the auſpices, I believe, of Mr. Oakley, who certainly, if ſuch be the caſe, merits the traveller's beſt thanks. This little village may, perhaps, claim ſome romantic intereſt, as the ſuppoſed burial place of Prince *Llewellyn*'s dog, the ſtory of whoſe faithful attachment and diſaſtrous fate is well known; but its ſituation, near the Snowdonia, will not fail to prove a ſolid recommendation. It is from hence that the pedeſtrian examiner of thoſe mighty mountains generally commences his expedition; and a man named Lloyd attends as regular guide. The accommodations of the inn are very tolerable, and a lame waiter touches the harp with the hand of a maſter; but we could not help cenſuring the taſte of his auditors, which had induced him to acquire chiefly Engliſh tunes of notoriety. However pleaſing "Poor Jack" and "Bachelors' Hall" may be in a company of Engliſhmen, they certainly are not adapted to the ſort of claſſical dignity aſſumed by the harp in the midſt of the wildeſt Cambrian mountains.

I have to regret, in common with no ſmall number of travellers through the ſame diſtrict, my inability to aſcend the ſtupendous chief of all the Welſh ſublimities. In theſe unequal regions, no kind of reliance is to be placed on the weather. The atmoſphere is of ſo ſtormy a nature, that there is an almoſt perpetual ſucceſſion of fogs and rain; and the faireſt dawn will, frequently, before you can conquer the earlieſt ſtage of your taſk, produce tempeſts of irreſiſtible violence. Diſappointed in my firſt attempt, I deferred the renewal of my efforts to a freſh day; but that paſſed, like the former, in miſts and ſtorms. I purſued, therefore, my journey, endeavouring to perſuade myſelf that this unattainable object was not worth the hazard and labour. Indeed, the upper ranges of Mount Snowdon may readily be ſuppoſed to diſcloſe rather ſubjects of aſtoniſhment than admiration. That towering height, from whence the Iſle of Angleſea is ſurveyed as a map, and the eye enabled to reach the diſtant ſhores of Ireland, muſt certainly be too great to allow any feature of the ſcene picturesque beauty. The novelty of the proſpect, however, joined to many circumſtances of curioſity, give reaſonable cauſe of complaint to the traveller diſappointed in this enterpriſe.

Debarred from viſiting the ſummit of Snowdon, his track, however, will not be deſtitute of the wonderful, as he paſſes along the baſe of that mountain, on his road to Caernarvon. Here, when the clouds, in which all is immerſed, caſually ſubſide, immenſe piles of rock ſtand diſcloſed, that are perpetually ſucceeded by others ſtill more mighty and majeſtic. Among theſe, *Moel-Elean*, *Caſtel-Cedwin*, and *Mynwdd-Vawr*, ſtand conſpicuous. All is ſolitude and deſolation: beſide the

ſtreams the cormorant ſeeks his prey in apparent ſecurity, and the kite reigns tenant of the air, except when he is diſplaced by the not unuſual appearance of the eagle. In paſſing the grand defile of the Snowdonia, there will be beheld, with ſurpriſe, gigantic portions of rock ſcattered along the plains, and this, perhaps, at a vaſt diſtance from the eminence from whence they muſt have proceeded. The period is long gone by at which the ſuppoſition of the country people will be received,---that they were diſpoſed thus by the interpoſition of ſupernatural agency. We are, conſequently, left to wonder at the power of that tempeſt that could thus ſnatch them from the quarry of the mountain, and hurl them to ſo remote a part of the diſtant plain. Here, too, as in moſt other parts of Wales, will be obſerved, up the ſides of the ſteepeſt eminences, large ſtones diſpoſed in a variety of fantaſtic ſhapes. We can ſcarcely imagine theſe ruſtic barriers to be the amuſement of the mountain-ſhepherd while watching his flocks in their paſture, as the weight of the ſtones and the quickneſs of the acclivity muſt render it an undertaking of the moſt hazardous and laborious kind, rather than a paſtime. On the other hand, the variable and unmeaning form in which the ſtones are arranged ſeems to make it very doubtful whether they were intended for the determinate diviſion of reſpective paſture lands. Perhaps it might be thought too fanciful to conjecture that they had ſome connection with the military operations of the country. Thus far it is evident, that they have remained in their preſent ſituation for centuries; and that, if the perſons who placed them there were at that trouble for any very inſignificant purpoſe, they were of a race materially different from the North Wallians of the preſent day.

On a nearer approach to Caernarvon, the features of the Snowdonia ſoften into ſomething reſembling a habitable country. After croſſing the bridge of *Llyngwennyn*, the eye repoſes on a paſtoral ſcene highly engaging. The ſolemnity of a rock, whoſe face is worn by continual tempeſts to the appearance of a pile of Gothic architecture, is relieved by the guſhing of an Alpine torrent down a gentle deſcent, the courſe of which is tranſiently impeded by a rural mill throwing far around the ſpray of its artificial caſcade. Beyond ſmiles a ſmall but fertile valley; and in the diſtance tower, above the lower ſkies, Snowdon and his ſubordinate eminences.

The town of Caernarvon, famous for giving an appellation to Edward II, ſtands on the ſea coaſt, at the entrance of the Straits of Menai, waſhed by the ocean on the weſt and north. Stripped of its magnificence, it retains an air of neatneſs; and the houſes, though ill built, are regular and cleanly. How conſequential a place it once was conſidered, may be readily perceived by the ſplendid ruins of the caſtle, which not only afford to the town a memorial of its paſt greatneſs, but form its chief ornament at the preſent day. This venerable ſtructure is well known to have been founded by Edward I, and completed by him in 1284. With that policy that marked all the actions of this great but ſanguinary monarch, he prevailed on his queen (whoſe courage and prudence kept equal pace with her conſort's enterprizing ſpirit) to be delivered here of his ſon and ſucceſſor, afterwards the weak and ill-fated Edward II. A ſtatue of the founder ſtill remains over the main entrance, which is guarded by portcullices, ſurmounted by a lofty tower. The great court of the caſtle is nearly oblong, and guarded by towers high and angular, from which riſe turrets of the ſame formation. In the grand or eagle tow-

er you are ſhewn a ſmall gloomy apartment, in which, it is ſaid, the firſt Engliſh Prince of Wales was born. Though the traveller may be tempted to lament that ſo vicious and degenerate a monarch ever left the chamber in which he firſt ſaw light, yet a train of feelings---weak, perhaps, but ſurely not illaudable---bind him to this ſpot in a melancholy but pleaſing retroſpection. He traces each event of intereſt likely to have occurred at a period ſo long ſunk into ſhade, till his imagination becomes fond of the world he has raiſed around him.

The accommodations of this pleaſing town are much increaſed within the laſt two or three years, in conſequence of its having come into ſome little degree of faſhion, as a ſummer reſidence, for ſome families from the ſouth of England, who have taſte enough to prefer the quiet and romantic ſituation of this and other northern Welſh towns to the noiſe and crowded gaiety of watering places of greater celebrity. An hotel, where are to be met with all the luxuries of life, is built within view of the ſea; and poſt carriages, a circumſtance hitherto unknown here, have been eſtabliſhed with conſiderable ſucceſs. The town has a conſtant interchange with Ireland, from which, no doubt, it derives material advantages. Its quay (the walk on which will be found extremely pleaſant) is crowded with veſſels of ſmall burthen, whoſe traffic appears to conſiſt chiefly in the article of ſlate, which is conveyed, by means of the numerous ſtreams, from the interior of the country, and ſhipped from hence for England, Scotland, and Ireland. Surrounded here, during the hours of buſineſs, with merchants, ſeamen, and labourers, you recollect with amazement the poetic ſolitude of the mountains, and think yourſelf converſing with beings of a different ſpecies from the ſimple and ardent mountaineer. It will be found not the leaſt intereſting circumſtance of this neighbourhood to the antiquarian, that there are ſtill to be ſeen ſome remains of the antient Segontium near the town. On the ſite of an adjacent Roman fort is erected a ſmall ſummer-houſe, from whence there is a commanding proſpect over the mountains in one direction, and, acroſs the ſtraits, to Angleſea on the other.

The road from Caernarvon to Bangor is excellent, and the diſplay of ſcenery various and delightful. The flat and fruitful Iſle of Angleſea lies extended to your reſearch on the left, as you ſkirt the channel of the Menai; while, on the right, now impending a well-wooded glen, and now over a level and cultivated expanſe of country, are viewed all the beauties of the Snowdonia. The day was ſo tranquil, that *Y-Wyddfa* (the utmoſt peak of Snowdon) was viſible from this part, unaſſailed by a ſingle cloud; and the outlines of the whole range of mountains ſtood marked out on the ſerene and ſpotleſs ſky. The farm-houſes here wear the face of comfort and plenty: ſcattered in little nooks, they form an admirable contraſt to the majeſtic and antient manſion of the Earl of Uxbridge, ſeen on the wooded banks of Angleſea. All is gay and ſmiling, while a perpetual change of objects preſerves the fancy from every thing like fatiety. Deſcending from a ſurvey of the lofty Snowdon, the eye reſts on the windings of the Menai, which, at one point, aſſume the appearance of a ſoft bay ſheltered by amphitheatrical ridges of woodland, and at another diſplay the buſy navigation of a wide and open river. Through ſuch a diſtrict you attain the city of Bangor, in every reſpect one of the moſt intereſting ſpots in the principality.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH it has frequently been my misfortune to bleed beneath the ſcourge of pedagogical diſcipline in corporal ſympathy with Hector and Achilles, yet I ſometimes delight in dedicating, with no vindictive recollection, a leiſure half hour to the chieftain of poetical heroes; and you will probably have no objection to intrude the following obſervations on the attention of your readers. The firſt book of the Iliad ends with theſe lines:

Ζευς δε προς ου λεχος ηι Ολυμπιος αστεροπητης,
Ενθα παρος κοιμαθ' ο τε μιν γλυκυς υπνος ικανοι·
Ενθα καθευδ' αναβας.

Now, in the ſecond line of the ſucceeding book we have a direct contradiction of this information conveyed in the aſſertion that Jupiter ſlept not at all, which, indeed, can only be obviated by giving to καθευδε a ſignification recommended by Euſtatius, but which the lexicons moſt certainly do not acknowledge: we muſt ſuppoſe that it will bear the ſenſe of "recubavit," he "laid down." But, Sir, in my humble judgement, it would be better could we make κοιμαθ', in the preceding line, change places with it. Every thing would then be right, and the ſentence, conſiſtent with the one in the ſecond book, would run thus: "Jupiter went to bed, where, when ſleep came upon him, καθευδε, he was uſed to ſleep, παρος, heretofore; but where *now*, κοιμαθ', he laid himſelf down to ſleep, and where, near him, κοιμαθ' Ηρη, Juno laid herſelf down to ſleep." So far, then, proceeding in the firſt book, we ſhould only put the gods to bed; and in the ſecond we are informed who went to ſleep, and who was kept awake by the intruſion of Care and the diſtraction of Doubt. The lines thus emendated would be as follow, with their metrical preciſion unimpaired:

Ενθα καθευδε παρος, ο τε μιν γλυκυς υπνος ικανοι·
Ενθ' αναβας κοιμαθ' παρα δε χρυσοθρονος Ηρη.

GAUNT NOTEGORE.

Oxford, Nov. 10, 1804.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

THE controverſy about the poetry of Gray, and the criticiſms of Johnſon, were hardly worth revival. Judicious minds have long ſince allowed the latter to have deviated not far from truth in *ſome* inſtances, and in *many* to have been the echo of reaſon and ſenſe. But it has ſuited the petty irritability of ſome writers to charge upon this great man malignancy and aſperſion in his ſtrictures, either becauſe they could not appreciate their value, or were ambitious of being diſtinguiſhed as poleminſts. To the latter it would be almoſt a loſs of time and a degradation of talent to reply, and the former may ſafely be left to their own folly.

Gray has found many perſons who have been ready to vindicate his poetry *in toto*, becauſe of the peculiar and very great excellence which ſome parts certainly poſſeſs. They have read his "Elegy" with rapturous delight, and, with a facility eaſily to be attained by weak minds, they have transferred *that* delight to the peruſal of all his other pieces. This proceſs, Sir, is extremely common with the readers of poetry; and thus it is that many poets enjoy a reputation which reſts, *in reality*, upon a very ſmall part of their works, though it gives a currency to the whole.

I will not ſtop to point out the inaccuracies of reaſoning which your correſpondent "*Philodice*," in your Magazine for October 1804, has committed, while endeavouring to vindicate the poetry

of Gray; but I shall offer a few observations upon the *criticisms* which are to be found in his letter.

I confess, Sir, I have ever been one of those who regard the first stanza of the "Progress of Poetry" as complete nonsense, containing nothing but metaphorical confusion and abrupt ambiguity. In the fourth line we are told, that a "thousand *rills*" take their mazy progress from "Helicon's harmonious springs;" but what is intended to be designated by these "*rills*" would be difficult to say: perhaps the various kinds of poetry, as the elegiac, the epic, the satiric, the ethic, &c.; but the obvious absurdity of this is too glaring, to suppose that the mind of Gray could have overlooked it. Will it, then, be said, that it is intended to express the different kinds of measure, as the Trochaic, the Iambic, the Pyrrhic, the Amphibrach, the Anapæst, &c.? If so, how shall we explain the next two lines?

"The laughing *flowers* that round *them* blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow."

What construction will this metaphor *(flowers)* admit of? None that is consistent with reason, criticism, or poetry. To be sure, if we accede to your correspondent's remark, that *hyperbole* is a sacred privilege of writers, and that, "if poetry must be stripped of it, poets may cease to write, and readers to admire," then Gray is evidently an "injured man," and Dryden and Pope must clearly yield the palm to the following *sublime effusions* of the Della Cruscan school:

"O! let me fly
Where Greenland dark nefs drinks the beamy sky!"

"But, oh! beware how thou doft fling
Thy *hot pulfe* o'er the quivering ftring."

"Pluck from their dark and rocky bed
The yelling demons of the deep,
Who, foaring o'er the comet's head,
The bofom of the welkin fweep."

If this be not hyperbolical enough, I know not where to find any greater.

In fact, I decidedly think that the firft ftanza of Gray contains nothing but unmeaning metaphor, and that the reader is hurried away by a pomp of words, which, if correctly analyfed, as certainly they ought to be, will be found arrant nonfenfe.

Let me alfo afk your correfpondent, What is fo contemptibly eafy as to load poetry with pagan deities---to prate about Mars and Jove, when fo many other comparifons more dignified and more novel might certainly have been found, if diligently fought after? Where is the fchool-boy who cannot trifle thus? and it was certainly unworthy the genius of Gray to feek for images in Tooke's Pantheon. But it is feldom that a man, when he fits down to defend, knows the line which fhould bound his endeavours; for, by trying to reconcile nonfenfe, abfurdity, and puerility, he depreciates the value of the whole.

Let me not, however, conceal that I read with pleafure the obfervations of *Philodice* on the fecond ternary of ftanzas, where the prevalence of poetry has been defcribed by Gray with fome effect. Your correfpondent there may, I think, be allowed the praife of having refuted, to a certain degree, the mifrepresentations of Johnfon; but it is merely a matter of fact, an hiftorical truth, which does not at all invalidate the general criticifm.

Philodice is totally wrong when he attempts to vindicate the ufe of mythological machinery in Gray upon the authority of Homer and Virgil. *Their* mythology conftituted their accredited religion, the fame as we now believe the exiftence of a Deity, or the truths of Revelation. Confequently, at the time they wrote, nothing could be more obviouſly correct than that they fhould reprefent events as being produced by the agency of thofe divinities who were believed capable of bringing them about. It was giving to their poems that very

credibility and that ſanctity which they wiſhed; and it enſured to them the approbation and applauſe of their contemporaries. Men read, and believed, becauſe there was nothing but what appeared perfectly conſiſtent and congruous: juſt the ſame as every ſerious mind, in the preſent age, participates in the deſtinies of its fellow creatures, whether in real life or in the page of fiction, believing them to proceed immediately from *God*. But what can be more repulſive, more diſtant from beauty and perfection, than to read in a modern poem about Jupiter and Hercules, or Venus and Juno? and I certainly think, that, "where *truth* is ſufficient to fill the mind, fiction is *worſe* than *uſeleſs*: the counterfeit debaſes the genuine."

I do not imagine that any reader of ſound taſte can poſſibly deny, that, in a poem which aims at ſublimity, initial reſemblances or alliterations are blemiſhes. Indeed, this is at beſt but a petty contrivance, by which inferior poets catch the ear, without informing the mind: it is the eaſieſt of all attempts to give an exterior excellence to verſes; but it almoſt always degrades ſerious poetry.—Sometimes, indeed, it may be uſed with advantage, but not often: in Gray, I think, it has an injurious effect; for whatever is contemptible from its facility can never be judiciouſly admitted into lyrical compoſitions. Pope has once employed this "artful aid," to uſe his own words, with conſiderable elegancy.

"Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene;
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green."

And Milton likewiſe uſes it ſo as to produce a ſtriking effect.

"Behemoth biggeſt born."

But theſe are accidental, and not, as in Gray, ſought after with avidity, and introduced as embelliſhments.

Upon the whole, Mr. Editor, I fear that your correſpondent's expectations will not be gratified by being, in ſome degree, "the inſtrument of vindicating the poet" from the criticiſms of Johnſon. It is a taſk in which the late ingenious Mr. Potter failed, though he was poſſeſſed of many very eminent qualities which rendered him fit for ſuch an undertaking. In fact, the major part of Dr. Johnſon's ſtrictures are the offspring of rigid truth, not ſoftened down by the dread of public opinion, or mingled with that incertitude of language which a complaiſant mind might produce; for either of theſe would have been beneath that towering intellect which formed a new era in our literary hiſtory, refined our ſtyle, enlarged the bounds of our language, and taught the whole nation to think vigorouſly, and to declare their thoughts fearleſsly.

It is not my wiſh to depreciate the poetry of Gray beneath its ſtandard: I aver that, taken collectively, he is the firſt lyric poet of England. But he has his faults; and I believe it has been with Gray as with many other men,---the over-weening partiality of his friends has done him more injury than the malevolence of his enemies; for, by endeavouring to perſuade the world that his poems *have no faults*, they have excited the enquiries of criticiſm, which, ſo far from confirming their allegations, have detected thoſe errors that, but for them, might have lain unnoticed, or at leaſt have been noticed only by the diſcerning.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

Nov. 8, 1804. W. M.

A SYSTEM OF COSMOLOGY; INTENDED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GENERAL STUDY OF HISTORY.

[Continued from page 425.]

Of the Myſians.

AFTER having made our obſervations on the relationſhip between Europe and Aſia by means of that

great and extenſive nation the Scythians, let us deſcend to the conſideration of thoſe countries which conſtituted that portion of the eaſtern quarter of the globe called Aſia Minor.

The firſt which preſents itſelf is that of Myſia. This country is ſuppoſed to have obtained its name from the Lydian word Myſos, which, from the beſt authority we can avail ourſelves of, ſignified a beech tree, becauſe that tree abounded remarkably in that country. It was divided into the Greater and Leſſer Myſia: the leſſer, Myſia Minor, lay on the Propontis, extending to Mount Olympus; being bounded by Bithynia and the Propontis on the north and weſt, by Phrygia Minor on the ſouth, and by Phrygia Major on the eaſt. Myſia Major was bounded on the north by Phrygia Minor, on the ſouth by Æolia, on the eaſt by Phrygia Major, and on the weſt by the Ægean ſea.

Reſpecting their origin, we are informed by Herodotus that they were deſcended from the Lydians. Others will have them to be of the Phrygian race; but, indeed, the queſtion is of little conſequence when reſolved, were that poſſible, it being ſufficient for our purpoſe to diſcover the general ſource of thoſe nations which conſtituted Aſia Minor.

The character of the antient Myſians was that of a warlike people; but in after ages they degenerated ſo much, as to be looked upon as the moſt contemptible and inſignificant nation of the eaſt: they are repreſented by hiſtorians as uncommonly prone to tears, and on that account to have been employed by the Greeks to attend their funerals, and lament over the deceaſed. If tears had been the only ſign of that dereliction of manhood which ſubjected them to ſo much contempt, the obſervation will rather exemplify the barbarity of their neighbours, than convince us of their effeminacy; but it ſeems that their vices and lewdneſs were carried to the utmoſt pitch, which ſoon gave an effeminate turn to the national character, which muſt ever be the unhappy conſequence with nations, as well as individuals, when the mind becomes enervated by the neglect of every thing ſerious, and a total relaxation of manners takes place, from an habitual devotion to luxury and faſhionable follies. It was on this account that Alexander the Great conceived ſo great an averſion to this nation, or pretended to do ſo, as an excuſe for plundering them, that he reſolved on deſtroying Lampſacus, their chief city, of which the inhabitants having timely notice, diſpatched deputies to intercede for mercy. The enraged monarch ſolemnly vowed he would refuſe their requeſt the moment theſe embaſſadors ſhould come into his preſence. Anaximenes, who was at the head of this embaſſy, being informed of the manner in which the king had expreſſed himſelf, on being introduced to Alexander, begged leave to lay before him the wiſhes of the people of Lampſacus, which were, that, as they had been ſo unfortunate as to incur the diſpleaſure of ſo juſt and powerful a monarch by their enormous crimes, they entreated that he would utterly deſtroy their city, as a juſt puniſhment for their offences. This unexpected requeſt, and the vow he had made to reject the petition, whatever it might be, relaxed the heart of that impetuous madman into feelings of mercy, and the city was preſerved.

In that part of Myſia Minor which lay on the Propontis was the famous city of Cyzicus, or Cyzicum, the antiquities of which deſerve ſome notice. There was a temple to Jupiter, the whole ſtructure of which was of poliſhed marble, and all the joinings covered with plates of gold: the pillars were

four cubits thick, and fifty high, a cubit being five Engliſh feet nine inches. The ſtatue of Jupiter, which ſtood in the temple, was of ivory, and is repreſented to have been of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip. The current coin of this town, or rather iſland (for, though it belonged to Myſia, it was ſituated on an iſland in the Propontis which bore the ſame name), was the ſtater, weighing eighteen drams: it was of gold, and engraved with the greateſt exactneſs and ſkill; ſo that the Cyzician ſtater became a comparative expreſſion for excellence in performances of any kind. Theſe inſtances of dexterity in the earlier ages of the world, ſupported by the authority of the beſt writers, argue highly in favour of the ſuppoſition that the arts and ſciences have been loſt, and retrieved at different periods.

The city of greateſt note in Myſia Major was Pergamus: it was the royal ſeat of Eumenes, who enriched it with a library containing 200,000 volumes, for the tranſcribing of which parchment was here firſt invented, and from thence called by the Latins *carta pergamena;* Ptolemy, King of Egypt, having prohibited the exportation of the Egyptian papyrus, in order to defeat the deſign of Eumenes, whoſe collection might come to vie with his own famous library at Alexandria. Here alſo the invention of tapeſtry had birth, called by the Romans *aulæa*, from *aula*, a hall; becauſe the hall of Attalus, who was the inventor, was the firſt room that was ever adorned with this ſort of furniture. This city has alſo to boaſt the honour of being the birth-place of Galen.

Of the Lydians.

The Lydians were undoubtedly a very antient nation, for we find from hiſtory that the city of Aſcalon, one of the five ſatrapies of the Philiſtines, mentioned in the books of Joſhua and the Judges, was built by one Aſcalus, a Lydian, whom Aciamus, King of Lydia, had appointed to command a body of troops which he was then ſending into Syria. The Heraclidæ, or Kings of Lydia deſcended from Hercules, began to reign before the Trojan war; and we alſo find that they had been preceded by a long ſeries of kings deſcended from Atys, and hence called Atyadæ, which is a ſtrong proof of the antiquity of this kingdom.

As to the origin of the Lydians, Joſephus, and after him all the eccleſiaſtic writers, derive them from Lud, Shem's fourth ſon. Some of the antients will have the Lydians to be a mixed colony of Phrygians, Myſians, and Carians; and they all agree that Lydia was firſt called Mæonia, from Meon, King of Phrygia and Lydia; and that it was known under no other name till the reign of Atys, when it began to be called Lydia, from his ſon Lydus. Bochart, finding in his collection of Phœnician words the verb *luz*, which ſignifies to wind, and obſerving that the country we are ſpeaking of is watered by the Mæander, ſo famous for its windings, concludes that it was thence named Lydia, or Ludia. As to the antient name of Mæonia, he takes it to be a Greek tranſlation of the Phœnician word *Lud*. Some take the word Mæonia to be a tranſlation of a Hebrew word ſignifying metal, becauſe that country was, at leaſt in thoſe times, enriched above any other with mines; which may very probably have been worked out, from the aſtoniſhing conſumption of the precious metals in conſequence of the extravagant uſe of them by the antients in all their works.

Though Lydia and Mæonia were appellations of one and the ſame country, yet they are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed; that part where Mount Imolus ſtood, and which was watered by the Pactolus, being pro-

perly called Mæonia, and the other, lying on the coaſt, Lydia. In after ages, when the Ionians, who had planted a colony on the coaſt of the Ægean ſea, began to make ſome figure, that part was called Ionia, and the name of Lydia was given to the antient Mæonia.

The Lydians began very early to be ruled by kings, whoſe government, as far as we can gather from their conduct, ſeems to have been truly deſpotic. As to their national character, it muſt be conſidered in the different turns which it took at different periods. Under Crœſus, and ſome of his predeceſſors, they were, without doubt, a very warlike people, for they reduced all the neighbouring countries, and ſpread far and wide the terror of their arms; but, being afterwards ſubdued by the Perſians, and enjoined by Cyrus, according to the advice given him by Crœſus, to wear long veſts, and apply themſelves to ſuch arts and occupations only as had a natural tendency to debauch their manners, and enervate their ſouls, they became by degrees a moſt voluptuous and effeminate race, unfit for action, and entirely given up to idleneſs, pleaſures, and diverſions.—The occaſion which ſuggeſted to Crœſus the above-mentioned advice to Cyrus was the following: not long after the Lydians were conquered by the Perſians, impatient of the yoke, and being as yet uncorrupted, patriotiſm ſtill warmed their breaſts: they rebelled. Cyrus reſolved to march his army again into their territories, and ſell the whole nation for ſlaves. Crœſus, at that time his priſoner, but admitted freely into his intimacy and friendſhip, fearing the utter ruin of his country, which ſentiment in a great meaſure pleads an apology for the depravity of his advice, eſpecially as his mind was enfeebled by misfortune, earneſtly entreated Cyrus to forgive the Lydians, but at the ſame time recommended to him the ruinous meaſure of forbidding them the uſe of arms, of encouraging luxury and debauchery among them, and finally to introduce every trifling and licentious amuſement that was capable of diverting their attention from matters of ſtate. What a misfortune it is for mankind that monarchs, either by the right of conqueſt or ſucceſſion, whoſe duty it is to watch over the proſperity, and therefore over the morals, of thoſe they govern, ſhould ever have conceived it either a juſt or wiſe expedient, for the protection of their perſons and government, to debaſe and enervate the minds of their ſubjects by the introduction of vice and luxury, as a more effectual means of incapacitating them for revolt!

The ſoil of this country, by reaſon of many rivers that watered it, was exceedingly fruitful: it abounded in all ſorts of grain, and is celebrated for its excellent wines.

The religion of the Lydians was much the ſame with that of the Phrygians, which is the next nation we are to take a view of; and therefore we will here ſtop only to take notice of one cuſtom, as it relates to religion and morals, and is remarkable, on account of its being the only inſtance of a ſimilar nature in hiſtory. Their young women were never allowed any other fortune than what they acquired by proſtitution; and, after they had by that means obtained a competency, they married with the ſame degree of credit and reputation, if not guilty of other crimes, as the moſt reſpectable and virtuous widow can among us. We muſt, of courſe, ſuppoſe that the hardineſs of their education and manner of living, together with cleanlineſs, prevented their ſuffering under the dire effects which ſuch a horrid courſe of life is attended with, or ſuch a people could not long have exiſted.

They puniſhed idleneſs as a crime, and inured their children from infancy to hardſhips. They were the firſt that introduced the art of coining gold and ſilver; that ſold by retail; kept eating houſes and taverns; and uſed public ſports and ſhows, of which they had a great variety; and alſo different games, of which they were very fond: and Herodotus informs us of the occaſion of this propenſity.—During the reign of Atys, a great ſcarcity prevailed all over the kingdom, ſo that, to make proviſions laſt as long as poſſible, the king obliged the people to attend theſe ſports a whole day, without taking any ſuſtenance, and on the following to do nothing but attend the table: thus alternately faſting and feaſting, he hoped the calamity would abate; but this fooliſh method proved inadequate, as he might eaſily have known, to the purpoſe; which when he perceived, he cauſed one half of the people, choſen by lot, to go out as a colony; and they went to that part of Italy which was called Umbria, now Tuſcany, under the conduct of Tyrrhenus, ſon of Atys, from whom they changed their name from Lydians to that of Tyrrhenians.

[*To be continued.*]

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

I OBSERVE a well written and temperate letter in your Magazine for October 1804, ſigned *Gaunt Notegore*, animadverting with judgement and propriety on the conduct of a Review, which, as the writer juſtly obſerves, is diſtinguiſhed as much for wit and learning, as for ill nature and indiſcriminating ſatire. I will beg leave to ſpeak of the management of a ſimilar publication nearer home, which, in my opinion, deſerves a ſeverer reprehenſion. It is one which makes nothing of giving the name at full length of the ſuppoſed writer of any article, if the political ſentiments of that article do not pleaſe the reviewer. Should the writer be ſo candid as to allow that an enemy has any one good quality, the reviewer pronounces him the eulogiſt of our foe, and denounces him, as I have obſerved, by name as *no true Briton*; perhaps as a jacobin. This proceeding is worſe than indiſcreet: it is malignant. It holds that man up as a traitor to his country, who has honeſty and truth enough to ſpeak of an adverſary as he thinks he deſerves. It was exactly thus with thoſe men in the National Convention of France denominated *aboyeurs*; in Engliſh, *barkers*. Whenever they wiſhed to occaſion the deſtruction of a fellow deputy obnoxious to their views and intereſts, they connected his name with PITT and COBOURG. *Il eſt l'agent de Pitt et Cobourg*; or, *Il eſt ſoldé par les cabinets de St. James et Vienne*. Thus theſe mercileſs denunciators made thoſe who were weak in underſtanding, ſtrong in vengeance; and thus many of the beſt patriots in France were ſent to the ſcaffold as baſe traitors. England poſſeſſes too much ſolid ſenſe to be driven into ſuch frantic meaſures, whatever fermentation it may undergo by a ſenſe of its difficulties and dangers: nevertheleſs, this is a conduct in a few arrogant perſons which cannot be too ſoon nor too effectually cried down. I ſhall not be equally illiberal with the writers I condemn, by mentioning their names, or the publications they write for; but they ought to know, that to allow *Bonaparte* to be *a great general* is not to wiſh him ſucceſs in a conteſt with Engliſhmen; nor the calling him a *wonderful man* tantamount to an approval of his actions. The cavillers in queſtion have thought proper to ſtigmatiſe the candour, or, if they will, the complaiſance of the writers they attack, with the epithet *cowardly*. What has cow-

ardice to do in the caſe? Can any one be made to believe that Bonaparte, in the event of his ſucceſs by invading theſe kingdoms (which Heaven forbid); I ſay, is it to be conceived that Bonaparte would ſhew any particular favour or lenity to thoſe who may not have joined in the general abuſe of him? No!—no! Under ſuch an unhappy diſpenſation of things, all, with few, very few, exceptions, would rue the event. It is a deplorable truth, that nations at large ſuffer for the miſconduct of a few. Such perſons as thoſe we are ſpeaking of, invoke diſaſter upon their country by their miſchievous intemperance. So little, too, will they be able to make the reflecting part of their readers agree with them in the propriety of reproaching as cowards thoſe they have been pleaſed to cenſure, that it will not fail to occur to every thinking mind, that thoſe who have the ſmalleſt ſhare of true courage are always moſt ready to throw dirt. I will conclude my remarks on a ſubject which deſerves to be taken up by every writer of independent ſpirit with one obſervation more; and that is,—that perſons who are ſo prompt to expoſe the names of writers they chooſe to attack, ought not to be allowed to conceal their own.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

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To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

AS I have received from your inſtructive and agreeable Miſcellany many uſeful hints for the advancement of the arts, I am willing to contribute my mite towards the public ſtock of information, by deſcribing my method (ſhould you think it worthy an inſertion) of making *Sap Green*, it being of a much better colour than that uſually ſold in the ſhops. It is as follows:

Take ripe buckthorn berries; put them into a clean earthen pipkin, without water; place this pipkin over a ſlow fire: then ſtir the berries round at times with a ſtick, to prevent their burning, and let them remain until they are thoroughly heated through; next bruiſe them well, and put the pulp into a clean cloth ſuitable for the purpoſe, which double over, and wring tight, that the juice may paſs through: it will then be of a ſtrong purple colour. Add to this as much alum as will turn it to a dingy plum colour, which, with the addition of fine ſcraped chalk, will produce a beautiful green.

Yours, &c. NOVICE.

Wandſworth, Nov. 12, 1804.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE LATE SIR W. JONES.

[Continued from page 415.]

HE was now placed in a ſphere perfectly new to him, and which did not in any reſpect impede his application to literature; for although he reſided at Wimbledon until the approach of the winter only, he found ſufficient leiſure to compoſe many of his Engliſh poems, and to read the greateſt part of the Old Teſtament in Hebrew, particularly the book of Job and the Prophets, which he ſtudied with great attention.

The delicate and reſponſible taſk of education was one which our author probably undertook with ſome reluctance; not from any diffidence of his own acquirements, but from thoſe conſiderations which muſt ever, in ſenſible minds, forcibly ariſe. As to the queſtion of his talents, it may be ſafely aſſerted that he brought to his taſk more learning, more genius, more candour of mind, and urbanity of temper, than ever fell to the lot of any other individual. But the office of a tutor is replete with many unpleaſant ſituations, which have often been deſcribed by thoſe

who never felt them, and deplored by thoſe who have. It is not to be ſuppoſed that Sir William Jones ſtood exactly in that humiliating poſition which is ordinarily annexed to the idea of a tutor who (to uſe the words of Dr. Goldſmith, as applied to an analogous being) "is commonly ſome poor needy animal, little ſuperior to a footman either in learning or ſpirit, invited to his place by an advertiſement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying diſpoſition, and making the children fond of him." But ſtill that capacity is one which a liberal mind peculiarly revolts at.

In the courſe of the following ſummer, by an unexpected concurrence of circumſtances, a fellowſhip was beſtowed upon him. This, in the eſtimation of Sir William, was a perfect independency, and he went for a ſhort time to Oxford, that he might go through the regular forms of election and admiſſion. He was accordingly elected fellow on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennet, on the 7th of Auguſt 1766.

On his return from Wimbledon, the Duke of Graſton offered him the place of interpreter for eaſtern languages. This offer, however, he felt it expedient to decline; but with good-natured frankneſs recommended to the poſt a friend whom he knew to be admirably calculated for the ſituation. This friend was Mirza, a native of Aleppo, who had taught him the pronunciation of the Arabic language when at the Univerſity. The recommendation was neglected, and Sir William, while he deplored his ignorance of court forms, ſtill more deplored that he did not oſtenſibly fill the ſituation himſelf, and conſign the real emoluments to his Syrian friend.

During his ſummer reſidence at Wimbledon, he formed an acquaintance to which (according to his biographer) "he owed the future happineſs of his life." This acquaintance was Anna Maria, the eldeſt daughter of Dr. Shipley, then Dean of Wincheſter, whom he now beheld, for the firſt time, rich in the beauties of youth, accompliſhed in her manners, and inſtructive in her converſation. But Sir William Jones, whatever his feelings might be, acted with the moſt laudable prudence and high-minded ſenſibility. Reſolved never to owe his fortune to a wife or her kindred, he abandoned at once all ideas of a matrimonial connection.

The univerſality of Sir William Jones's acquirements was ſuch as muſt aſtoniſh. From the higheſt accompliſhments of the mind, conſiſting in excellence in the abſtruſe departments of literature down to the moſt inconſiderable perſonal advantage, he was an adept: he would quit his books and his ſtudies to take a leſſon in dancing from Gallini, who attended the younger part of the family of Lord Spencer; he continued without intermiſſion his morning attendance at the two ſchools of Angelo; and he learned the uſe of the broad ſword from an old penſioner at Chelſea, who had been active, as his ſcars proved, and whoſe narrative propenſity frequently amuſed him!

It was at this period alſo (namely, the twenty-firſt year of his age) that he commenced his Commentaries on Aſiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Lowth's Prelections on the ſacred poetry of the Hebrews.

The ſummer of 1767 opened to Sir William Jones a new ſcene, for the indiſpoſition of Lord Spencer rendering a journey to Spa neceſſary, he attended him thither: but his reſidence on the Continent was too ſhort to gratify that ardent curioſity which was ever awake in his mind. While here, he acquired the German language. The winter of 1767 he paſſed at Althorpe, and there nearly completed his

Commentaries; tranſcribed an Arabic MS on Egypt and the Nile, borrowed from Dr. Ruſſel; and copied the keys of the Chineſe language, which he wiſhed to learn.

The cloſe of this year was marked with a circumſtance which probably had a decided influence upon his future purſuits. From motives of mere curioſity he peruſed Forteſcue's little treatiſe in praiſe of the laws of England, which ſo much intereſted him, that he ſtudied it with profound attention. The reflections which it excited naturally led him to compare the laws of England with thoſe of other countries; and he ſoon perceived and acknowledged their undoubted claim to ſuperiority over the laws of every other country, antient or modern. This exalted idea of the ſyſtem of Engliſh juriſprudence he ever afterwards retained, for it ſtrengthened as he became more intimately acquainted with them; and it was a fact which he never failed to enforce in the moſt ardent tone, whenever it became (as it frequently did) the topic of his correſpondence with learned foreigners.—In 1768 he received a propoſal from Mr. Sutton, then Under Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, the account of which ſhall be related nearly in his own words.

"The King of Denmark, then upon a viſit to this country, had brought with him an eaſtern manuſcript containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he was deſirous of having tranſlated in England. The Secretary of State, with whom the Daniſh Miniſter had converſed upon the ſubject, ſent the volume to Sir William Jones, requeſting him to give a literal tranſlation of it in the French language; but he wholly declined the taſk, alledging for his excuſe, the dryneſs of the ſubject, the difficulty of the ſtyle, and chiefly his want both of leiſure and ability to enter upon an undertaking ſo fruitleſs and laborious. He mentioned, however, a gentleman with whom he was not then acquainted, but who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the tranſlation of a Perſian hiſtory, and ſome popular tales from the Perſic, as capable of gratifying the wiſhes of his Daniſh Majeſty. Major Dow, the writer alluded to, excuſed himſelf on account of his numerous engagements; and the application to Sir William Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance would be of no ſmall advantage to him, at his entrance into life; that it would procure him ſome mark of diſtinction which would be pleaſing to him; and, above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country if the King ſhould be obliged to carry the MS into France. Incited by theſe motives, and principally the laſt, unwilling to be thought churliſh or moroſe, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and ſent a ſpecimen of it to his Daniſh Majeſty, who returned his approbation of the ſtyle and method, but deſired that the whole tranſlation might be perfectly literal, and the Oriental images accurately preſerved. The taſk would have been far eaſier to him if he had been directed to finiſh it in Latin; for the acquiſition of a French ſtyle was infinitely more tedious, and it was neceſſary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France before it could be offered to the diſcerning eye of the public, ſince in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice ſhades of meaning which a foreigner can never attain to perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleaſant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's Office, that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark. The tranſlation was not, however, publiſhed until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were ſent to Co-

penhagen; one of them was bound with uncommon elegance, for the King himſelf, and the others as preſents to his courtiers."

Such were the circumſtances which induced Sir William Jones to undertake this life, and to appear in public as an author, before a maturity of judgement had made him ſee the danger of the ſtep.

What marks of diſtinction he received, or what fruits he reaped from his labours, he did not deem it proper to mention at the head of a work which profeſſed to be not a hiſtory of himſelf, but of another. To repel, however, the falſe aſſertions which appeared in an advertiſement on this ſubject in the public papers, he conſidered it as his bounden duty to print at the beginning of this tranſlation the honourable teſtimony of regard which his Majeſty, Chriſtian VII, ſent publicly to London, a few months after the receipt of the work; together with a letter of thanks which he returned for ſo ſignal a token of his favour. *(See Works, vol. 5, Pref.)* From theſe documents it appears that his Daniſh Majeſty ſent to him a diploma, conſtituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommended him in the ſtrongeſt terms to the favour and benevolence of his own ſovereign.

In the beginning of the year 1768 Sir William Jones formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial Miniſter at Warſaw, and Ambaſſador at the Court of England with the title of Count. This learned foreigner was ſtrongly captivated with the charms of Oriental literature; and the reputation of Sir William Jones as an Oriental ſcholar attracted his advances towards an intimacy which were eagerly received.

After their ſeparation, they commenced a correſpondence, which was cultivated with attention for many years. Of this correſpondence much has been loſt, and many of the remaining letters are defaced and mutilated. They generally wrote in Latin, occaſionally in French, on literary ſubjects chiefly, but more particularly on Oriental literature.

Of this correſpondence Lord Teignmouth has preſerved a great portion: much of it is generally intereſting; but ſome might have been ſpared. Many of the letters tend to develope the purſuits, ideas, hopes, and expectations of Sir William Jones, and thus far relieve the *tædium* of biography, while at the ſame time they are eminently gratifying. From the correſpondence in general of Sir William Jones with his literary and other friends, we ſhall ſelect ſuch parts as may prove pleaſing or inſtructive to our readers; and preſent the following extract of a letter addreſſed to the above nobleman, and dated April 1768.

* * * * * *

"If I were not a ſincere lover of truth, and averſe from all diſſimulation, I ſhould lament that our capital has fallen under your inſpection in theſe times of turbulence and diſtraction, when the liberty of my country, ſo univerſally celebrated, has degenerated into unbridled licentiouſneſs, not to ſay outrage. The original form of our conſtitution is almoſt divine—to ſuch a degree, that no ſtate of Rome or Greece could ever boaſt one ſuperior to it; nor could Plato, Ariſtotle, or any legiſlator, ever conceive a more perfect model of a ſtate. The three parts which compoſe it are ſo harmoniouſly blended and incorporated, that neither the flute of Ariſtoxenus, nor the lyre of Timotheus, ever produced more perfect concord. What can be more difficult than to deviſe a conſtitution, which, while it guards the dignity of the ſovereign and liberty of the people from any encroachment by the influence and power of the nobility, preſerves the force and majeſty of the laws from violation by the popular liberty? This was the caſe formerly in our iſland, and would be ſo ſtill, if the folly of ſome had not prompted

them to ſpur on the populace inſtead of holding them in. I cannot therefore reſtrain my indignation againſt WILKES, a bold and able, but turbulent man, the very torch and firebrand of ſedition; but what can be ſaid in defence of the honour and conſiſtency of ſome of our nobility, who, after having given him their countenance and ſupport, ſhamefully deſerted and betrayed him?

"If you wiſh to obtain more accurate information reſpecting our laws and cuſtoms, I recommend to your peruſal Smith's Treatiſe on the Engliſh Conſtitution, and the Dialogue of Forteſcue in praiſe of the laws of England. Thomas Smith was the Engliſh ambaſſador in France in the reign of Elizabeth, and his work is in Latin, and not inelegantly written. To Forteſcue's little tract we may apply the words of Xenophon to the Teleboas, 'it is not large, but beautiful.' He was Chancellor of England under Henry VI, and was compelled by the diſtraction of the times to take refuge with his pupil Prince Edward in France, where, in an advanced age, he compoſed his little golden dialogue. Theſe books will convince you that our laws are framed with the greateſt wiſdom, and that as Pindar, quoted by Plato, in his Georgias, ſays,

'Sovereign o'er all, eternal law
On gods and men impoſes awe;
And Juſtice, ſtrengthen'd by her hand,
O'er all exerts ſupreme command.'

"When I reflect on our conſtitution, I ſeem, as it were, to contemplate a game at cheſs, a recreation in which we both delight. For we have a king whoſe dignity we ſtrenuouſly defend, but whoſe power is very limited: the knights, and rooks, and other pieces, have ſome kind of reſemblance to the orders of nobility, who are employed in war, and in the management of public affairs; but the principal ſtrength is in the pawns, or people: if theſe are firmly united, they are ſure of victory; but if divided and ſeparated, the battle is loſt. The motions of all, as in the game of cheſs, are regulated by fixed laws: laſtly, when I conſider myſelf, I ſeem like a ſpectator contemplating for his mere amuſement the two parties at the game; but if it ever ſhould be my lot to be concerned in the adminiſtration of affairs, I will renounce gain and popularity, and purſue one object, and one only, to preſerve our beautiful conſtitution inviolate."

Who does not admire the ardent patriotiſm which breathes in this letter? Nor did Sir William Jones, like many modern characters, confine his exertions and his help to mere aſſertion. When an opportunity *did* occur, we find him exactly that active guardian of the Britiſh conſtitution, that zealous ſupporter of its rights, that animated admirer of its excellence, which he profeſſed to be in ſpeculation, long ere his moſt ſanguine wiſhes could authoriſe him to hope that ſuch would be one day his lot. This ſufficiently ſhews that the ſentiment which he felt was not the offspring of prejudice, or a weak compliance with popular opinion: it was engraſted in his heart; it reſted upon the immutable baſis of truth, reared by patient inveſtigation and laborious ſtudy. That ſuch a man as Sir William Jones, ſpeaking generally, can often adorn ſociety, is not to be expected; but that ſuch men in one reſpect, *conſiſtency*, are not oftener to be found, muſt excite regret in every reflecting mind. Conſiſtency in every ſtate is a virtue; but its value is increaſed to an indeſcribable extent, when ſometimes the fate of nations and the welfare of a people hang upon its exerciſe.—In the ſummer of this year, 1768, Lord Althorpe was ſettled at Harrow, and Sir William Jones accompanied him there, where he had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing himſelf reſtored to the ſociety of Dr. Sumner. During his reſidence here at this period, he tranſcribed a Perſian Grammar, which he had three years before compoſed for the uſe of a ſchoolfellow who had been deſtined for India, but had ſince relinquiſhed that object for a commiſſion in the army. He alſo began a Dictionary of the Perſian language, in which the principal

words were illuſtrated from the moſt celebrated authors of the Eaſt; but he expreſſed at the ſame time his determination not to continue the work, unleſs the India Company would purchaſe it at a conſiderable expence.

Mr. Jones returned with his pupil from Harrow in the autumnal vacation of 1769, and availed himſelf of this opportunity to viſit his friends at Oxford. During his reſidence there he made an excurſion to Foreſt Hill, the occaſional habitation of Milton, for whoſe genius and learning he early and ever entertained the higheſt veneration. His own relation of what he ſaw and felt on this occaſion muſt be intereſting to every lover of Engliſh literature; and the following animated letter, dated September 7, 1769, addreſſed to Lady Spencer, will moſt aſſuredly be gratifying.

"The neceſſary trouble of correcting the firſt printed ſheets of my hiſtory prevented me to-day from paying a proper reſpect to the memory of Shakſpeare by attending his Jubilee. But I was reſolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and ſet out in the morning, in company with a friend, to viſit a place where Milton ſpent ſome part of his life, and where, in all probability, he compoſed ſeveral of his earlieſt productions. It is a ſmall village, ſituated on a pleaſant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Foreſt Hill, becauſe it formerly lay contiguous to a foreſt which has ſince been cut down. The poet choſe this place of retirement after his firſt marriage, and he deſcribes the beauties of his retreat in that fine paſſage of his L'Allegro:

'Sometime walking, not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.
* * * * * *
While the ploughman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid ſinging blithe,
And the mower wets his ſcythe;
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures;
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows, trim, with daiſies pied
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees.
* * * * * *
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,' &c.

"It was neither the proper ſeaſon of the year nor time of the day to hear all the rural ſounds, and ſee all the objects mentioned in this deſcription; but, by a pleaſing concurrence of circumſtances, we were ſaluted upon our approach to the village with the muſic of the mower and his ſcythe; we ſaw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

"As we aſcended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable ſtillneſs, and natural ſimplicity of the whole ſcene, gave us the higheſt pleaſure. We at length reached the ſpot whence Milton undoubtedly took moſt of his images: it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a moſt extenſive proſpect on all ſides; the diſtant mountains that ſeemed to ſupport the clouds, the villages and turrets partly ſhaded with trees of the fineſt verdure, and partly raiſed above the groves that ſurrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyiſh colour, where the ſheep were feeding at large; in ſhort, the view of the ſtreams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a ſingle uſeleſs or idle word in the above mentioned deſcription, but that it was a moſt exact and lively repreſentation of nature. Thus will this fine paſſage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactneſs. After we had walked with a kind of poetical enthuſiaſm over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

"The poet's houſe was cloſe to the church; the greateſt part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that ſeveral papers in Milton's own hand were found by the gentleman who was laſt in poſſeſſion of the eſtate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them ſhewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleaſed with another who had forgotten the name

of Milton, but recollected him by the title of the Poet.

"It muſt not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are ſo elegantly deſcribed in the Penſeroſo. Moſt of the cottage windows are overgrown with ſweet-briars, vines, and honey-ſuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the ſame ruſtic ornament, we may conclude from his deſcription of the lark bidding him good morrow,

> Thro' the ſweet-briar or the vine,
> Or the twiſted eglantine:

for it is evident he meant a ſort of honey-ſuckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly uſed for the ſweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the ſame couplet.

"If ever I paſs a month or ſix weeks at Oxford in the ſummer, I ſhall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable manſion, and to make a feſtival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the moſt perfect ſcholar, as well as the ſublimeſt poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be leſs ſplendid, but more ſincere and reſpectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

"I have the honour, &c."

Towards the end of this year Sir William Jones accompanied the family of Lord Spencer in a journey to the Continent. From Paris he wrote to Lady Spencer, and in one of his letters, which bears date June 4, 1770, the following intereſting circumſtance is mentioned.

"While Mrs. Poyntz ſtaid at Lyons, I made an excurſion to Geneva, in hopes of ſeeing Voltaire, but was diſappointed. I ſent him a note with a few verſes, implying that the muſe of tragedy had left her antient ſeat in Greece and Italy, and had fixed her abode on the borders of a lake, &c. He returned this anſwer:—'The worſt of French poets and philoſophers is almoſt dying; age and ſickneſs have brought him to his laſt day: he can converſe with nobody, and entreats Mr. Jones to excuſe and pity him. He preſents him with his humble reſpects.' But he was not ſo ill as he imagined; for he had been walking in his court, and went into his houſe juſt as I came to it. The ſervants ſhewed me ſomebody at a window, who they ſaid was he; but I had ſcarcely a glimpſe of him. I am inclined to think that Voltaire begins to be rather ſerious when he finds himſelf upon the brink of eternity, and that he refuſes to ſee company becauſe he cannot diſplay his former wit and ſprightlineſs."

Sir William Jones now determined to enter upon a new career of life. The ſituation of tutor did not exactly correſpond with his views or his feelings; it was, it muſt be, attended with many unpleaſantries, not eaſily to be endured by a mind of liberal ſentiments: he therefore reſolved to adopt the profeſſion of the law, in which capacity he hoped to riſe not only to fame, but, what was to him of infinitely greater importance, he aſpired to the idea of being uſeful to his country in a public capacity. This laſt wiſh was ever neareſt to his heart; ſubordinate to that were all his ſtudies. He therefore reſolved to reſign his charge in Lord Spencer's family, and was admitted into the Temple on the 19th Sept. 1770.

[*To be continued.*]

To the Editor of the Univ. Mag.

Sir,

I HAVE taken the liberty of ſending you an engraved model of a ſimple machine for raiſing water by the wind. It is the invention of a young gentleman of my acquaintance. I ſhall feel myſelf particularly obliged to you if you will give a ſhort deſcription of it in your excellent Miſcellany.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant, and conſtant reader,

HYDRAULICUS.

A circular frame, A, muſt be laid in the earth, having the pump B in its centre, with holes at proper diſtances, as C (which ſhould be ſtopped with pegs when they are not wanted, to prevent dirt, &c. filling them up), to hold firmly the frame D, which can be moved to any part of the circle, ſo that the

Machine for Raising Water by Wind.

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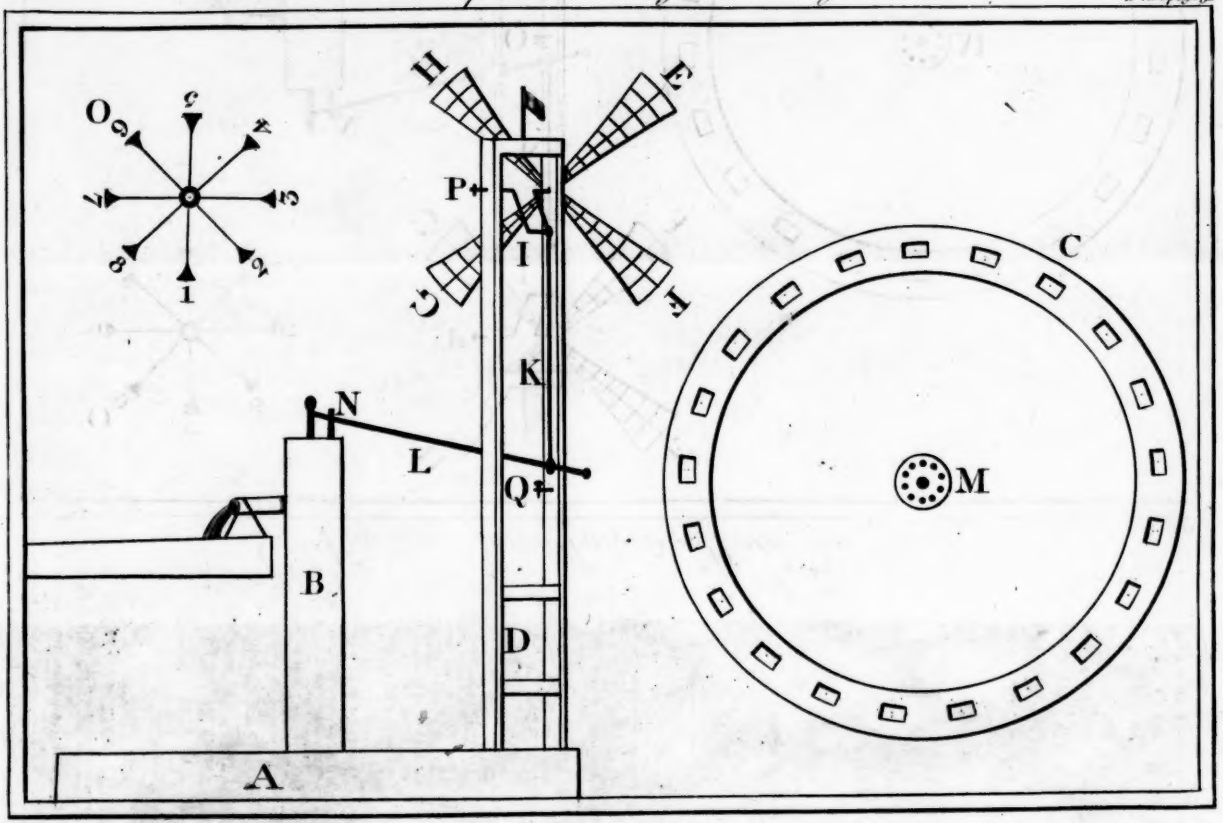
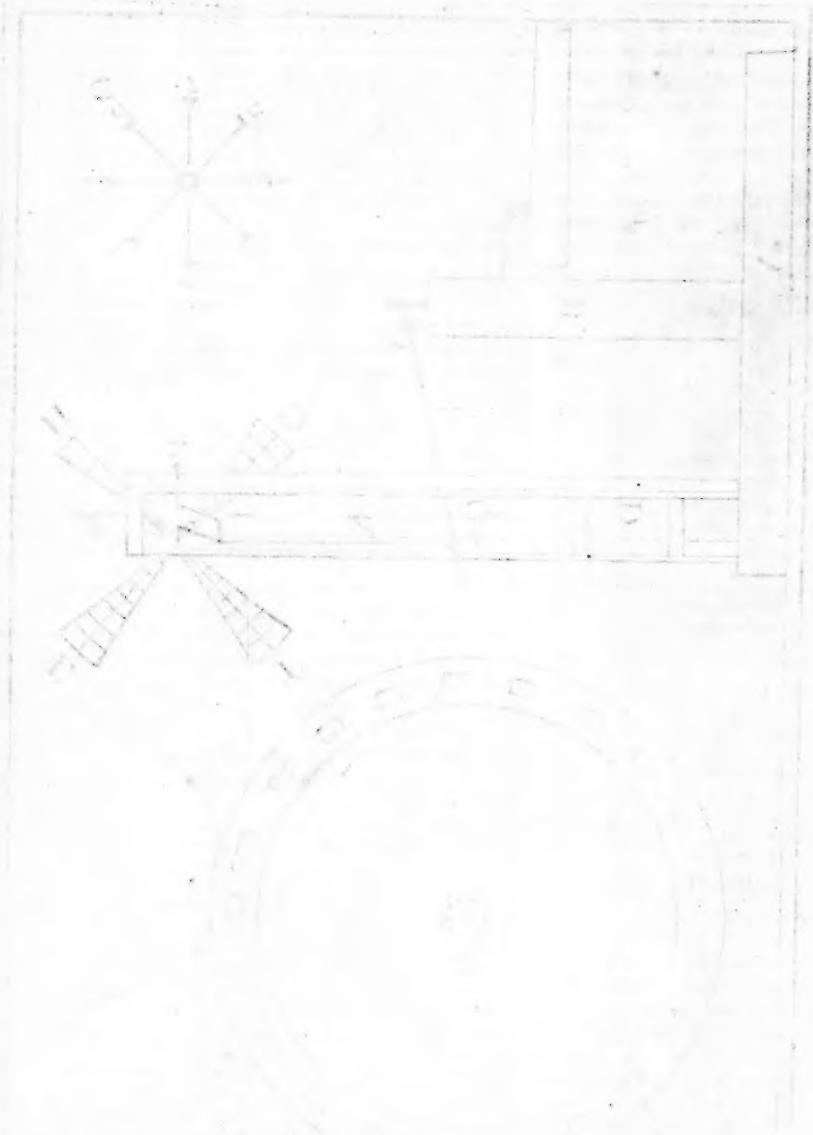


Published Jan.ʳʸ 1, 1805, by H.D. Symonds.



wind can always act upon the four sails in any point that it is in, and with them turn round the crank I (in the direction E, F, G, H), to which is fastened the rod K, whereby the lever L of the pump is worked: on the top of the pump is a circle of holes, as M, so that the fulcrum N may always be placed opposite the frame. The catch at Q is an iron pin (fastened to the frame), on which the rod is slipped, and prevented from getting off by a common cotter. If the wind should at any time turn the sails with too great a velocity, the regulator O may be placed at P, with the whole or any number of the weights 1, 2, 3, &c. screwed on, as occasion may require.

I think the above machine may be found useful where a malt-house is supplied by a pump; or when it is added to a house pump, at a time when large quantities of water are wanted for brewing, or other domestic purposes. It also may work a forcing pump, to supply a reservoir for the use of houses, &c. It may be erected at a trifling expence. To stop the machine, the lever (which is fastened by a pin and cotter) must be disengaged from the rod K, which is secured by the catch at Q.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

Nihil est tam volucre quam maledictum; nihil facilius emittitur, nihil citius excipitur, nihil latius diffipatur. CICERO.

"On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly."

SIR,

OF all the evils incident to human nature, those which affect our reputation ought most to be dreaded: to the man of sensibility these are the greatest evils. The loss of his friends, his fortune, and his alliances, he can with fortitude sustain; but the wreck of his reputation he will seldom survive. There has been wisely implanted in the human mind a certain principle, which impels a man to protect the dearest of all his treasures,—his character; and lost indeed to all sense of morality must be that man, who will not obey the impulse of such a principle.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Among the antients, Socrates affords us an illustrious example of that noble regard for character which spurns at every meaner consideration. When this truly great philosopher was condoled with by one of his disciples upon the severity of the sentence which had been pronounced against him, when the injustice of it was censured by adducing his innocence as a plea, "What!" returned Socrates, "would you then have me die guilty?" This was a reply truly worthy of the great man by whom it was delivered, and has probably stood an almost solitary instance of a person meeting so ignominious a fate with pleasure, in the consolation of an upright life. I have been imperceptibly led into this train of reflection upon bringing before my view the variety of attacks to which a man's reputation is subject: whether those are the attacks of malice or impertinent scandal, they are alike to be feared, and prove equally injurious: they vary only in their causes; their effects are harmonious. However, as envy and malice are passions to which mankind through their frailty are liable, they cannot awaken our wonder so strongly as calumny: the former are roused by some particular causes, and are aimed at some particular objects; the latter is self-bred, and levels its shafts indiscriminately. It is yet extraor-

dinary, that the ſpirit of ſcandal, although of ſo hurtful a nature, ſhould hold an almoſt excluſive dominion in the female breaſt. My moſt ſcrutinizing enquiries have proved hitherto incapable of explaining the reaſons. The only conjecture which I am enabled to make upon the ſubject is, that, as the more important purſuits of life are attended to by the other ſex, the minuter occurrences will conſequently fall to the lot of the woman. This argument on the ſide of the fair ſex might poſſibly carry with it ſome degree of plauſibility, did we not conſider, that more rational and certainly more beneficial occupations than that of calumniating diſcourſe, are compriſed within the circle of domeſtic life. Yet, in deſpite of all that reaſon or common ſenſe can ſhew to the contrary, there are too many of the fair part of the creation who deem it a part of their duty to feaſt upon the imperfections of their fellow-creatures; who delight in the frailties of humanity, and are never more gratified than when human indiſcretions provide them with a repaſt for their ſcandal. Far be it from me to attribute this mean peculiarity to all females indiſcriminately: I allude merely to thoſe who diſgrace their ſex by ſuch blamable practices.

Reputation is a thing of too much value to be ſported with, and it matters little by which ſex the attacks are made upon it: the conſequences will be the ſame. It has always been a point of courteſy, I own, and I truſt will ever continue ſo, to pay every civility to that glorious part of the creation, the fair; but I much incline to the idea, that to exempt them entirely from faults would be paying to the rules of courteſy a too punctilious attention.

To reſume my ſubject: there is ſcarcely one of theſe female aſſaſſins, addicted to this petty vice, who, when ſhe has once heard an account of ſome imprudent conduct, will not retail it to her next neighbour with ſome ſtriking additions, and thus the tale

Mobilitate viget, et vires acquirit eundo.

There are few ſeaſons, or rather places, at which the female indulges herſelf more in her darling vice than at the card or tea-table: here it is that every foible and *faux-pas* of the country are both related and heard with avidity; and here it is, too, that

At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Thus, as the motto which I have choſen explains, nothing has a ſwifter progreſs than calumny; nothing is more eaſily received, or more widely diſperſed. Quintilian, in alluſion to calumny, makes this wiſe and prudent remark, "that an evil-ſayer differs only from an evil-doer in the want of opportunity;" and indeed I am much inclined to coincide with his opinion, when I reflect how many reputations otherwiſe well eſtabliſhed have fallen victims to ſlander. If my advice could be of any avail, I would adviſe all the fair calumniators to deſiſt from their favourite habits, by preſenting to their view the evil conſequences that muſt infallibly enſue from them; the breaches they muſt occaſion in a domeſtic ſtate, the uneaſineſs and anxiety to the objects of their reports, with a thouſand other concomitant evils; for all which they would be anſwerable to their conſciences, and to the perſons whom they had thus injured.

In the characters of Theophraſtus is contained a whimſical deſcription of a buſy calumniator, of one who is perpetually ſcrutinizing the infirmities of his fellow-creatures, regardleſs how far he may adhere to veracity. Nothing ſtrikes the mind with ſuch a ſenſe of its mean-

neſs as a character of this ſtamp, and I only wiſh that their ſcarcity might prove a ſufficient plea for their wanton injuriouſneſs.

Dec. 7, 1804. CAPHIR.

ANSWERS TO THE HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS.

QUEST. I. Which are the moſt important epochs between the building of Solomon's temple and the captivity of the ten tribes?

Theſe epochs are, the diviſion of the nation into two kingdoms; the grand conteſt between the worſhippers of the true God and the worſhippers of idols; and the great deſtruction of the temples and prieſts of the idols.

The firſt epoch, the diviſion of the nation into two kingdoms, took place nine hundred and ſeventy-five years before Chriſt. Solomon, the wiſeſt of princes, ſeemed to have anticipated this event, when, exclaiming on the vanity of human purſuits, he laments that all the greatneſs of the father may be ruined by the folly of a ſon: for no one can tell what may come after him. Solomon had raiſed his nation to the higheſt pitch of glory and proſperity: he was ſucceeded by a weak prince, who, like all other weak princes, was eaſily led away by the raſh counſels of fooliſh adviſers. The inhabitants of a country may well ſubmit to burdens when there is wiſdom at the helm; but a prince who expects the ſame ſubmiſſion from his people, though he has not the diſcretion of his predeceſſor, muſt neceſſarily perceive his views to be blaſted, and his hopes overthrown. On a ſudden, the inheritance which Rehoboam, the ſon of Solomon, received from his father was torn in pieces: the greater and better part of his kingdom was taken from him: he was incapable of reducing the rebellious tribes to their antient ſubjection, and he was ſoon forced to make an ignominious peace with a foreign enemy.

The diviſion of the nation into two kingdoms led to a ſurpriſing inſtance of human folly. The rebel prince, who had gained the throne of the ten tribes, was fearful of the fidelity of his ſubjects, if they continued in their antient cuſtom and preſcribed law of viſiting three times in the year the holy place of their god. Policy taught him a maxim, ſince too often adopted by ſovereigns, and, to ſtrengthen his own power, he did not regard the low ſtate into which his people muſt in conſequence be depreſſed. The nation from the time of its ſlavery in Egypt had never been entirely free from the abominable worſhip which diſhonoured that country; and the deſcendants of thoſe who made a calf, and worſhipped it in the wilderneſs, were with eaſe brought by their ſovereign to worſhip the two images of calves which he ſet up in different parts of his dominions, and by which he gradually brought them to an indifference for the truth, and the knowledge of the Creator of the univerſe. The ten tribes were thus gradually brutaliſed. Few were left who did not fall in with the prevailing faſhion of the court and the maxims of the times. The falſe worſhip eſtabliſhed by law met with but little reſiſtance, except from thoſe who were raiſed at times to expoſtulate with the infatuated people for their crimes, and who were even able to ſtrike the ſovereign himſelf with remorſe for his conduct. An inſtance of this kind forms the ſecond epoch, which happened nine hundred and fifteen years before Chriſt, when a prophet, taking advantage of the impreſſion made by a famine, ſummoned the whole nation to the conteſt, in which he alone ſtood for the true God, and the king, and prieſts, and people, appeared in defence

of the eſtabliſhed religion. It is ſcarcely poſſible for the imagination to conceive any thing grander than this trial. Shall the people perſiſt in the worſhip eſtabliſhed by law, or, at the inſtigation of a ſingle prophet, ſhall it be overturned, and the prieſts declared to be a ſet of impudent impoſtors? They had full time to play their parts, but none of their tricks ſucceeded. The narration of this event deſerves the attention of every reader. All have read it in their early days; but, perhaps, there are many who do not conſider that the record was made before Greece could boaſt of any hiſtory, and that its beſt writers muſt yield the palm of ſublimity to the prophet of Iſrael. The grand exclamation of the people, that one perſon only was God, and that the introduction of another into religious worſhip was a profanation of his majeſty, ſtruck the prieſts of the idols with confuſion, and might have been the preſage of a better mode of thinking; yet the conviction was only momentary, and the brutaliſed tribes ſoon after ſunk into their antient deluſions.

In ſpite of the declaration of the people, and the evident operation of God, the falſe religion maintained its ground. The ſovereign was deluded by his queen, and the true prophet was compelled to quit his country. A ſeries of abominable crimes follows, till the nation is brought to view with complacency the entire deſtruction of the tyrant's family, and the temples and prieſts of the idols. This event took place in the year before Chriſt eight hundred and eighty-four; when a ſcene of horrors is preſented to our view, at which our imagination recoils, and we loſe ſight of the crimes committed by the unhappy ſufferers in the indiſcriminate ſlaughter to which they were expoſed. We are not, however, to judge of eaſtern manners by our more refined taſte, and which has been purified by the maxims of the goſpel. The king, who had thus deſtroyed the prieſts of Baal, could not, however, bring himſelf to a ſimilar deſtruction of the golden calves. Being now in poſſeſſion of the throne, he was fearful, probably, like the firſt inſtitutor of this abominable worſhip, that his people, when thoſe images ſhould be deſtroyed, would go to Jeruſalem, and be ſeduced from their allegiance. Hence the ſtumbling blocks were not removed, and his own family ſuffered like that which he had removed for the ſame crimes.

Queſt. II. To what reflections do the above-mentioned epochs give riſe?

A kingdom is raiſed to greatneſs and proſperity by wiſdom; it is as certainly ruined by folly. The hiſtory of all nations concurs with the remarkable inſtance mentioned for our firſt epoch in ſupport of this truth. The name of Solomon ſtill remains renowned in eaſtern hiſtory for every thing that is great and glorious; yet the latter days of his life were ſullied by folly, which led to the miſery experienced by his ſon. He, who had built the moſt magnificent temple in the world in honour of Him alone who created and governs the world, was led away by his wives to adopt their ſuperſtitious rites, and to unite with them in the worſhip of various perſons, which, under the names of gods and goddeſſes, the folly of thoſe times held up to adoration. This inconſiſtency in the life of the wiſeſt of men may naturally excite our ſurpriſe at the weakneſs of human nature; and if before his death the unhappy monarch ſaw his error, as is generally believed, the reflections contained in his book of Eccleſiaſtes muſt make a greater impreſſion, as proceeding from one who united with his wiſdom the ſad evidence of his folly.

Solomon left a great kingdom to

his ſon, but it had been ſhaken, through his own folly, a few years before his death. The ſon, therefore, was called upon to exert greater prudence, and to avoid his father's errors. An opponent was ready to take advantage of his miſrule, and to him this advantage was given at the very beginning of the reign. The tribes, who had been united by David into one kingdom, were now as eaſily and in a moment ſeparated. One tribe only remained with the lawful monarch: in this, indeed, was the magnificent temple built by his father, and the ſplendid city adorned and enriched by his wiſdom. But, how ſoon may the riches of a kingdom be diſſipated! Rehoboam had not reigned five years, before all the riches collected by his father were diſperſed. His neighbour, the king of Egypt, took advantage of the diſmemberment of the kingdom, attacked Judea, beſieged Jeruſalem, ſubdued it, and carried off with him all the treaſures that had been collected in the city and temple, and left to the king only the bitter remembrance of his former greatneſs. Solomon had always gone to the temple with guards, who carried before them golden ſhields. The Egyptians carried off theſe ſhields, and the Jewiſh monarch ſubſtituted brazen ones in their room. This was the image of his own conduct: the golden kingdom received from his father he had converted into braſs. It was the boaſt of a Roman monarch, that the city which he had found of brick he had left of marble: but Rehoboam is not the only monarch who, receiving a flouriſhing kingdom from his predeceſſor, has diſmembered it by his folly, diſſipated its wealth, and enervated his people. Hiſtory points out to us examples of this kind in abundance, and the pages that remain to be written will record events only ſimilar to thoſe that are paſt.

Policy is continually made a pretext for crimes. When the ten tribes had revolted, and their monarch was ſafely ſeated on his throne, it was natural for him to endeavour to make it ſecure to himſelf and to his family. Policy naturally ſaid, How dangerous muſt it be for your people to go up three times a year to Jeruſalem! Prevent it by any means whatſoever, or the throne will totter under you. The allegiance which his ſubjects had ſworn to him was bound by a higher covenant,--the oath they had ſworn to their god, and to the obſervance of his law. This law required the three viſits annually: the people muſt be weaned from them, and the monarch, knowing their propenſity to idolatry, ſubſtituted for them the eaſier viſits to his monſtrous calves. Arguments were, no doubt, eaſily found by the court preachers and the court writers to prove that all this was agreeable to the law; and, when the tide of preferment ſets one way, the hiſtory of all times teaches that the great majority will float with, and few will be found to have reſolution enough to ſtem it. Thus in later days a more horrible thing than the worſhip of theſe calves was introduced by policy. Unanimity in religion was the object, and the infamous inquiſition was ſet up by a bigotted and intolerant monarch; and in it the moſt atrocious deeds were perpetrated, under the maſk of religion, by Chriſtian prieſts.

True policy conſults the happineſs of a kingdom; falſe policy its temporary intereſts. Jeroboam brutaliſed his people; the Spaniſh court ruined a flouriſhing kingdom. Idolatry became prevalent in both places. The ten tribes were ſtill part of the choſen people of God, and were not left entirely to the miſguidance of their king and their prieſts. But, when a people is brutaliſed by ignorance and pre-

judice, what can poſſibly ſave them? Idolatry was now not only eſtabliſhed by law, but ſanctioned by prejudice. The generation to whom the prophet came had received it from their fathers: they would not give themſelves the trouble of examining the original records: they found it eaſier to be led by their prieſts than to throw off their abominable yoke. Diſtreſs had, however, made an impreſſion upon them, and a famine of three years had probably brought ſeveral to a better ſenſe of their condition.

To us it muſt ſeem ſtrange that the prieſts of Baal ſhould accede to the conditions offered by the prophet. They muſt have been conſcious of the inefficacy of their idol; yet they ſeem by their actions, by their wounding and maiming themſelves, to have had ſome reliance upon their god. But fanaticiſm produces wonderful effects in all ages. There were among the prieſts of Baal ſome honeſt enthuſiaſts, as there are now among the various ſects in the world. Theſe men would act in that manner, but it is not probable that the ſuperiors, the directors of the worſhip, were of the party. They were all this time contriving means to introduce fire in their ſacrifice, and were mortified at finding themſelves fruſtrated in every attempt. They had no hopes of eſcape left, but in the equal improbability, in their eyes, that the prophet ſhould have more ſucceſs when his ſacrifice was to be offered. We may paint to ourſelves their ſurpriſe at the reſult. The honeſt ſentiment of the people broke forth; they could not doubt that the god which they had been taught to worſhip was the mere deluſion of prieſtcraft and ſtate policy. Let us not judge too harſhly this miſerable people, if they did not perſevere in their now better formed opinions. Let us candidly look round the world, as it is at preſent. Would a prophet be more ſucceſsful in the vaſt regions of Tartary, China, Thibet, and India? Would he be able to eradicate the worſhip of the infant god at Thibet, or the monſtrous images of the Hindoos? Nay, let him addreſs the Mahometans and the Chriſtians, would the various ſects of theſe two modes of faith be eaſily brought to part with their reſpective errors? Religion is a perſonal thing; and, if it does not ariſe from perſonal conviction, it is the mere creature of habit and faſhion, and the deluded votaries of the various ſuperſtitions on earth are only like ſo many ſheep following their leader.

Eaſtern hiſtory is filled with the horrors which take place on every revolution in their ſtate, horrors that we could wiſh were not to be paralleled in the weſtern part of the world: but Paris and Naples forbid us to aſcribe a very great ſuperiority to the ſuppoſed more refined manners of civiliſed life. Ahab had ſullied the throne by every enormity: his crimes were expiated in the maſſacre of all his family. He had carried the groſſneſs of idolatrous worſhip to the higheſt exceſs: the uſurper of his crown teſtified his zeal for the true God by a general maſſacre of the followers of Baal. The fact is recorded in ſacred hiſtory, and it has too often met with a parallel in later ages. The day of St. Bartholomew, and the revocation of the edict of Nantz, are inſtances of ſimilar zeal; and the names of Charles the Ninth, and Louis the Fourteenth, will be united with that of Robeſpierre, when the hiſtorian, no longer dazzled by the ſplendor of the crown, attaches to men in every ſtation of life the infamy which their actions deſerve. Whatever we may think of Jehu's conduct in maſſacreing the prieſts of Baal, no juſtification can ariſe for any one who calls himſelf a Chriſtian, and endeavours, either by

force to threaten, or by fraud to allure, another into his ſentiments. The Chriſtian religion is that of love, though many of its votaries turn it into gall. Their maſter would not permit fire to be called down from heaven to vindicate his injured honour; yet too many, pretending to be his diſciples, ſuppoſe themſelves to be vindicating his honour by the pains and penalties they impoſe on thoſe who cannot agree with them in opinion. When we read the cruelties perpetrated in antient times, it is not for our imitation. They are bad men and bad Chriſtians who wiſh to propogate their opinions by the ſword, or by a ſlanderous tongue; and each individual may eaſily judge how far he has imbibed ſuch a wicked and infernal ſpirit by the conduct he purſues, or wiſhes to be purſued, with his neighbour who frequents the ſynagogue, the moſque, the maſs-houſe, the church, or the meeting-houſe, or who, not chooſing to frequent any of theſe places, performs in ſecret, or utterly neglects his devotions.

Queſt. III. Which are the moſt important epochs between the execution of Charles the Firſt and the reſtoration of the Stuart family?

Theſe were the appointment of Cromwell to the chief command of the army, the diſſolution of the parliament by him, and the abdication of his ſon Richard, who for a ſhort time had been inveſted with powers ſimilar to thoſe of his father.

Cromwell was appointed to be commander in chief on June the 26th, 1650. The ſplendor of his actions naturally pointed him out for this office, ſo dangerous in a new as it is of importance in every ſtate. He had, however, a rival, and Fairfax might have retained this ſituation without any pretext for diſſatisfaction on his part, and, by being kept in a ſubordinate ſituation, he might have been of equal uſe to the faction which then governed the country. But Fairfax had his ſcruples, and theſe ſcruples were artfully kept up by Cromwell, who was the moſt eager, in appearance, that this general ſhould be his ſuperior in command. It had been determined, however, that war ſhould be declared with Scotland, and Fairfax, willing to defend his country againſt an enemy, ſcrupled to head the party which he conſidered as the aggreſſor. The reſignation of his command was inevitable: the Houſe received it with a deep ſenſe of his ſervices; conferred the command upon Cromwell; enlarged the views of this daring ſtateſman and warrior, and by this ſtep ſealed their own ruin.

Cromwell ſhewed himſelf to be not unworthy of the command. The victories he obtained over the royal cauſe added ſplendor to his character, and attached multitudes to his perſon. The parliament, as it was called, conſiſted of many perſons diſtinguiſhed for their talents; but they had no means of attaching themſelves to the nation. They were not the repreſentatives of the people, for they had been choſen in the lifetime of the preceding monarch, and at his death their right to ſit in the houſe expired. Hence an ambitious man ſaw the way open before him: on the one hand, perſons without a legal claim to power and confidence; on the other hand, a victorious general, with an army able and willing to execute his commands. The conſequence was natural, and Cromwell, with much more eaſe than Bonaparte on a ſimilar occaſion, diſmiſſed the parliament on April the 20th, 1653, and from that inſtant poſſeſſed more power than any monarch that had ſat before him on the Engliſh throne.

The power which Cromwell acquired by force was exerted for the glory and honour of the kingdom. Whatever obloquy may be

caſt on the memory of the uſurper, ſcarcely any ſovereign in England was ſo great a benefactor to his kingdom. His whole thoughts ſeemed to have been employed not on himſelf, not on ſecuring by the arts which prudence dictated the ſovereignty to himſelf and his family, but on raiſing the country to eminence by arts, by arms, by ſtate policy, and liberal learning. Hence Spain and France, which in the reign of his two predeceſſors held England in little repute, and gave very little conſequence to its interference in any political concern, were awed by the ſuperior energy of the uſurper's character. The maxims by which he governed himſelf were ſimple and plain: to encourage merits in every line, without regard to party; and he would have diſdained to make a little court intrigue to ruin every perſon who was not of his political ſentiments. His courts of law were filled with men of talents and integrity, and his chief juſtice was ſelected by him for thoſe qualities, though known to be unfriendly to his government. It is no wonder that his arms were crowned with ſucceſs in every part of the world; that learning and ſcience flouriſhed; and that the foundations of this country's greatneſs were ſo well laid by him, that all the diſſipation, and debauchery, and corruption, and diſloyalty to the country, introduced by Charles II, could not deſtroy it. Cromwell left his power to a ſon, who was incapable of wielding his father's ſceptre; but his declaration on ſubmitting to the new powers in 1659, and acquieſcing in the loſs of his rank, proves him to have been a worthy man; and his reward was a long and quiet life, extending beyond that of every one who oppoſed him.

Queſt. IV. To what reflections do the above events give riſe?

This moſt intereſting period of the Engliſh hiſtory, whoſe baleful effects are not yet entirely obliterated, requires for the true ſtudy of it a mind free from prejudice, and which can carefully weigh in the ſtrict balance of impartiality the different accounts that are given of every event by the writers who were attached to the different parties which then diſtracted the nation. Charles the Firſt uſurped a power not belonging to the crown of this realm: he would reign without a parliament, and nothing is law in this kingdom but what has the ſanction of a parliament. This error of his life, owing to the prejudices he had imbibed from his pedantic father, brought him to the block: his counſellors, and the men whom he had ſeated on the bench of juſtice, his courtiers, were all his greateſt enemies: they flattered inſtead of reſiſting, in a manly and at the ſame time a courteous manner, his inclinations: they cared not for the tyranny exerciſed over the nation, provided they themſelves baſked in the ſunſhine of royalty.

From one error it is uſual for mankind to run into its contrary. The king endeavoured to rule without a parliament: the people ſoon ſaw themſelves in a worſe ſituation. They were deprived of their king and their lords, and ruled by a junto, calling themſelves the commons of England, but whoſe ſway was as intolerable as that under which they had groaned, when unconſtitutionally exerciſed by their lawful monarch. Such was the miſchief that had ariſen from the error of a lawful ſovereign, who himſelf had put the whole machine into diſorder, and, deſtroying the foundation of lawful government, had made his kingdom a prey to anarchy and confuſion. To him it was owing that factious and ignorant men could uſurp the higheſt offices of the ſtate, and place themſelves in ſituations which require great talents and great integrity;

but, being filled through the ignorance and caprice, at one time, of the ſovereign, at other times of the people, inevitably occaſion the downfal of the country.

The men who had firſt reſiſted, on conſtitutional grounds, the tyranny of Charles the Firſt, had loſt their influence long before his execution. When the ſword was drawn between the king and his parliament, a new power was brought into action, and new men ſtarted forward to wield that dangerous weapon. An army, as the hiſtory of mankind in all ages has proved, is a very dangerous machine: it may be exerciſed againſt the enemies and the friends of the country; it may perform with zeal the commands of the ſovereign, but it may be turned to diſpute and overthrow his authority. The parliament had, by means of an army, triumphed over their ſovereign; but the army could not be diſbanded: the times required the continuance of that force, and it muſt be commanded by a man of ſkill and enterpriſe; one who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the field, and obtained the confidence of the ſoldiery. All eyes were naturally turned on Cromwell; and when Fairfax, the Commander in Chief, had declined to act againſt the Scots, no one could conteſt with him ſuch an appointment. As commander in chief, he looked round amongſt thoſe who ruled the nation, and ſaw none equal to him in talents: individually they could, compared with him, command but little reſpect; and collectively they could have but little weight, if their commands were not backed by his authority. The parallel is too obvious between the ſtate of England at the time we are ſpeaking of, and France under the directory; and ſimilar ſituations led to ſimilar reſults. It cannot be doubted that in both nations there were, in the beginning of the conteſt, many virtuous men on both ſides of the queſtion; but of little uſe were they, when factious demagogues had gotten poſſeſſion of power, and military influence became predominant. France might have ſeen, from what had paſſed in England, that all her meaſures tended to the preſent deſpotiſm: great and ſplendid victories were ſo many triumphs, not only over the enemy, but over herſelf. The army that returned brought back its leaders to rule a country; and the greateſt miſery that can befal a country, and which never does fall upon a country till it can no longer govern itſelf, is to be governed by an army.

The ſituation in which Cromwell had placed himſelf required great talents. He poſſeſſed theſe talents, and in this reſpect the parallel is complete between him and the ſovereign of France. In vain did the preſs in the time of Cromwell teem with the epithets of uſurper and tyrant: in vain does it now with ſimilar language. He who poſſeſſes the throne with energy and talent will, however he obtained it, command thoſe thrones whoſe ſovereigns forget their buſineſs, and give up the reins of government to their courtiers. The commotions of England produced a warlike ſpirit; ſimilar commotions in France have had the ſame effect: in that country Bonaparte has therefore, like Cromwell, made himſelf the terror of the neighbouring kingdoms. Yet how ſoon that ſpirit may be deſtroyed, we know by the ignoble reign of Charles II; and France, now in the height of what is called glory, may ſoon experience a ſimilar reverſe.

Every one upbraids Richard, the ſon of Cromwell, for his puſillanimity; but we may ſafely doubt whether, independent of real goodneſs of heart, his conduct was influenced by ſuch an unworthy motive. He ſaw, probably, that his father had neglected to take the

proper ſteps to ſecure his greatneſs; that he had not ſufficient influence among the various factions to retain his ſeat; and that an attempt to do it muſt bring on new ſcenes of violence and bloodſhed. His ſhort reign afforded, however, ſufficient proofs of the mutability of popular opinion. Addreſſes were preſented from all parts of England, ſubmitting lives and fortunes to his diſpoſal; on which, in after life, he ſat to drink his bottle, and to teſtify to a few merry companions the little value that was to be ſet upon ſuch proofs of popular approbation.

Queſt. V. In what parts of the world do the inhabitants ſee the moſt or the feweſt ſtars in the courſe of the year? and, ſuppoſing the ſtars to be equally placed in the heavens, how can we aſcertain the proportion that would be ſeen in different places?

The moſt ſtars are ſeen by the perſons who live under the line, for in the courſe of the year they ſee all the ſtars that are ſeen by the perſons who live in the other parts of the world. To them the north and ſouth polar ſtars are ſeen in the horizon at the oppoſite points. The inhabitants under the north and ſouth poles ſee the feweſt ſtars, for they ſee only one-half of the ſtars that are viſible to the perſons living under the line. They who live neareſt the equator ſee more ſtars than thoſe who are more remote from it. To find the proportion between the number ſeen in one place to that ſeen in another, the latitudes of the two places muſt be known: then the ſtars inviſible in either latitude are contained in the ſpace between the oppoſite pole and a circle of declination as far from the pole as the place is from the equator; and the proportion of the ſurface of the heavens contained between the pole and the reſpective circles of declination, thus found, is the proportion of the number of ſtars not ſeen by two obſervers in the different latitudes; whence the number ſeen is eaſily found.

Queſt. VI. Is it more incredible that perſons ſhould hereafter come under water from France to England, than it was, fifty years ago, that they ſhould go from England to France through the air in a balloon?

The powers of nature, as long as they are unknown to a perſon, create a degree of ſurpriſe when they are exerted in action proportionable to his ignorance. Multitudes had ſeen children playing with bubbles; yet, when they ſaw a man riſing in the air by means of a balloon, they were no leſs aſtoniſhed than if a ſimilar thing had never been preſented to their view. Becauſe nothing is attached to the child's watery bubble, they conceived that nothing could be attached to the balloon. The experiment has now been ſo often performed of men riſing in the air, that no longer is any doubt attached to the ſubject; but, if any one ſhould ſay, that a man might come under water to England from France, he is laughed at, and merely becauſe the experiment has not been tried, and the laughers are ignorant of the powers of nature. Men have riſen in the air, and been carried great diſtances through it: why may they not ſink in the water, and be carried alſo great diſtances thro' this fluid? The obvious anſwer is, They can't, becauſe they can't; and this will ſatisfy multitudes.—Some, however, on conſidering the matter, will reply, that a man may breathe high in the air, but he cannot breathe under water. The experiment of the diving bell refutes this poſition, as a man may live under water as well as above it, provided air is conveyed to him. But, then, a diving bell is ſtationary, and, in the paſſage from France to England, air could not be conveyed in this manner. This is true. The perſon, then, who comes from

France to England muſt bring his air with him. Is this feaſible? It is; for the air-gun teaches us, that air may be compreſſed, and we know the quantity of air conſumed by a man in a minute. It is ſaid, that air may be compreſſed into four hundred times a leſs ſpace than it previouſly occupied, or a gallon veſſel may contain four hundred gallons of air. Suppoſe it to contain only half that number, a common thirty-ſix gallon caſk will contain ſeven thouſand two hundred gallons of air; and thirty of theſe ſtowed in the hold of a veſſel, and diſcharged gradually, will ſupply the perſon in the inſide of an air and water-tight veſſel a conſiderable time, and according to the length of his voyage he muſt lay in a larger ſtock. The bad air generated may be neutraliſed by a chemical proceſs. Thus a perſon may be under water in a floating veſſel juſt as ſecure as one who is floating in the air. The direction of the veſſel in either caſe is another point of conſideration; but, ſince we have provided for a man's floating under water, we may as ſecurely imagine that the current will bring him at certain times from France to England, as a current of air carried, once, two perſons from England to France. The experiment will probably be tried before half of this century has expired; but, like that of the balloon, it will be merely an experiment, for it is not probable that any very great purpoſe in life will be anſwered by it. To deride every unſucceſsful experiment, or the attempt to accompliſh one, becauſe it contradicts feelings and prejudices, is a mark of an ignorant mind; and of the cenſures of ſuch minds the writer of this is regardleſs, when he aſſerts his opinion, that the gun-boats now in the inner harbour of Boulogne may be deſtroyed by certain powers hitherto not uſed, but which, practiſed with ſucceſs, might add freſh laurels to the Britiſh navy.

Queſtions to be anſwered next Month.

Which are the moſt important epochs between the captivity of the ten tribes and the captivity of the remaining tribe?

To what reflections do theſe epochs give riſe?

Which are the moſt important epochs between the reſtoration of the Stuart family and the revolution?

To what reflections do theſe epochs give riſe?

To what cauſe, or cauſes, are we to attribute the preſent high and probably riſing price of bread?

What is Chriſtianity?

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

WHILE a great deal of paper, ink, and time, are conſumed in diſcuſſing topics of comparatively ſmall conſequence, little is ſaid on the important ſubject of the very great and rapid increaſe in the price of the firſt neceſſary of life. I am not of the opinion with thoſe who think, that whatever is ſaid on this particular muſt conduce to aggravate the evil. It was thought that the Duke of Portland's letter to the lord lieutenants of counties on the late ſcarcity had a miſchievous tendency; but thoſe who may be ſuppoſed the beſt judges on theſe matters are not of that belief. The free diſcuſſion of a grievance appears to me the beſt way of diſcovering its proper remedy. It is far from my intention to alarm the moſt timid with preſages of difficulties and dangers which may never occur; but I muſt inſiſt upon it that too much cannot be ſaid and done to allay the apprehenſions of the more thoughtful part of the community, and to guard againſt the calamity which a ſtill riſing coſt in the ſtaff of the poor man's life

might occaſion. I call it the ſtaff of the poor man's life; but it is one of the chief ſupports of a great portion of the population of England. It is inconceivable to the man of affluence, who has not turned his thoughts this way, how much the advanced price of a loaf of bread trenches on the comforts of the mechanic and little tradeſman, who happen to have a family of children, and are obliged to keep apprentices or ſervants: the labourer, too, muſt be pinched in an eſpecial manner thereby, ſince it is out of his power to heighten the price of his work, ſo as to make it equivalent to the additional charge of his ſubſiſtence. Nay, ſo generally is this unlooked for inconvenience felt, that it is conſidered a reaſon urged in the ſubaltern officers of the army for requiring an augmentation to their pay. Perhaps theſe gentlemen might with equal propriety have alledged the additional duty laid on wines a ſhort time ago by the miniſter, in juſtification of their demand. But, Sir, without deſiring to invalidate the claims of one claſs of perſons, or give undue weight to the complaints of another, I do truſt that this intereſting enquiry will be freely and fully entered into on the enſuing meeting of parliament. It is diſtracting to hear various perſons confidently aſſign different and oppoſite cauſes for the advance in the price of wheat. While one imputes it wholly to a failure in the laſt year's crop, another aſcribes it as unheſitatingly to the depreciated value of money by the iſſue of too much paper.

This diverſity of opinion, however, is not the worſt conſideration; for there is another claſs of reaſoners, who are more to be blamed for a want of ſenſibility than diſcernment; by drawing a moſt ſhocking conſolation for the ill, in affirming that it is owing to a too great population, and that a ſcarcity of food will reduce that population to a proper ſtandard again. For the truth of this remark, theſe *philanthropic logicians* refer to Mr. Malthus's Eſſay on the Principle of Population. This author, however, will not acknowledge much obligation to thoſe gentlemen who ſo readily appeal to him for the confirmation of a deduction or concluſion inhuman in the greateſt degree.—Mr. M., it is true, ſays in his preface, "though it had been ſtated diſtinctly (ſpeaking of his former volume) that population muſt always be kept down to the level of the means of ſubſiſtence," &c. &c. yet he never meant it to be underſtood that he would not have thoſe means of ſubſiſtence puſhed to the utmoſt extent, before he would ſet down under the miſerable concluſion, that a famine, or ſcarcity operating to a certain extent like a famine, was one of the natural means of bringing the population to quadrate with the ſupply of the country. Thoſe who make uſe of ſo reprehenſible an argument forget that we live on an iſland whoſe ſurrounding waters in every part might be made to ſupply us with ten times the quantity of fiſh we now conſume, if the non-importation of corn, and the deficiency from our own ſoil, rendered our ſearch of it neceſſary. Before we can conſent, therefore, to accept conſolation of the nature above cited, we will reſort to various means to raiſe the ſupply of bread corn for a growing population. We have it in our power to make the rearing horſes leſs profitable to the farmer than the growing of wheat.—We have immenſe parks, pleaſure grounds, and waſte lands, which may be tilled and ſown in order to adminiſter to the wants of an increaſed population; for it is ſcarcely poſſible that the wealthy ariſtocracy of the country would not willingly ſubmit to the diſmantling their lawns, and to many other ſa-

crifices and privations, under a caſe of urgent neceſſity; that is, where the ſoil of our own kingdoms fails to produce a ſufficiency for the ſupport of its inhabitants; and when, from a ſcarcity among our neighbours, or a ruinous courſe of exchange, it becomes impoſſible to purchaſe; and when, at the ſame time, a high if not a progreſſive population is abſolutely neceſſary to defend us from inveterate and numerous foes.

Though Mr. Malthus tells you, that in certain iſlands, where the ſupplies of ſubſiſtence from land and ſea being inadequate to the wants of the inhabitants, it is allowed to expoſe children, and admit a promiſcuous intercourſe between the ſexes, with many other checks to population, yet he would undoubtedly be ſhocked if it were advanced, by any of his readers, that he recommended or approved ſuch practices: nay, indeed, in his fifth chapter, page 57, remarking that over populouſneſs in ſome of the iſlands of the South Sea would at all times increaſe the natural propenſity of ſavages to war, he ſays, in a note at the foot of the page, "I hope I may never be miſunderſtood with regard to ſome of theſe preventive cauſes of over population, and be ſuppoſed to imply the ſlighteſt approbation of them, merely becauſe I relate their effects;" very ſenſibly adding, "A cauſe which may prevent any particular evil may be beyond all compariſon worſe than the evil itſelf."

The preſent is a period of political and national difficulty: we are involved in an arduous war; population is abſolutely neceſſary to recruit our armies and defend our territories: policy, therefore, as well as humanity, dictates to us the expediency of deviſing every means of providing for the ample ſubſiſtence of the laſt mouth in the empire. Let us, therefore, fearleſsly enter upon the enquiry, how this laudable and neceſſary end is to be accompliſhed.

If, Sir, no one of your correſpondents better qualified than myſelf ſhould think proper to take up his pen on this intereſting of all conſiderations, I will trouble you with my ſuggeſtions on what I think an effectual plan of obviating every diſaſter which an increaſing ſcarcity and the devaſtating effects of war may be ſuppoſed likely to occaſion.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AGRICOLA.

Cornwall, Dec. 8, 1804.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Mag.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent W. M., in the Inſpector, No. 11, has favoured the world with an Eſſay on Suicide. It is much to be regretted that whilſt *ſelf-murder* (and it deſerves not a more qualified appellation) is daily obtaining amongſt us, and many are voluntarily inflicting death upon themſelves from a diſguſt of life, a writer of talents ſhould be found to advance any thing in favour of ſo dreadful a practice. If, as he aſſerts, nothing were to be found in religion to condemn it, and the canonical law were the only one exiſting, except the Mohammedan, which took cognizance of it*, yet there ſeems ſomething criminal in a writer who makes it a matter of choice in the diſcontented and unhappy to ruſh prematurely into the preſence of God, when life ceaſes to be either comfortable or deſirable. This is in a peculiar manner to encourage the evil. If W. M. does not go thus far, it muſt be confeſſed that he

* From the poſitive manner in which W. M. inſiſts on this propoſition, it may be ſhrewdly ſuſpected that he is more converſant with Canonical Inſtitutes and the Alcoran than with the Bible.

treats the ſubject in ſuch a manner as to ſoften down the obloquy of ſelf-murder, and apologize for the act; elſe why reflect, with ſo much aſperity, on the cuſtom of offering indignity to the mortal remains of him who falls by his own hands, and endeavour to prove that no law, civil or religious, interdicts the deed? Why aſſert ſo roundly, that "neither the Old nor the New Teſtament has explicitly forbidden man to reſign his life whenever it becomes inſupportable?" This, Sir, is a propoſition, which, if it were *true*, it is pregnant with miſchief to publiſh; but if otherwiſe, the promulgator of it is worthy of the ſevereſt reprehenſion. To ſubſtantiate his aſſertion, however, W. M. muſt prove that *ſelf-killing* is *no murder*; and if he fail in doing this (as fail he muſt), I oppoſe to his ipſe-dixit the awful and unerring word of God, contained in the decalogue, "Thou ſhalt do no murder." It is eaſy for the apologiſts of crimes to indulge their own idle conceits and ſpeculations, and to gloſs them over in a plauſible manner; but if they ſtand oppoſed to the ſacred commands, they will be conſidered by the man of reaſon and religion as nothing better than dangerous dogmas and fatal illuſions. All expoſitors of the ſcriptures, who believe in revealed religion, condemn the ſelf-murderer as guilty of the fouleſt of ſins. A poet of our own, the ſerious and learned author of the Grave, ſays,

——————"unheard of tortures
"Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
"The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
"And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul."

Permit me to retort the words of W. M., and to aſſure him that "Philanthropy ſhudders, and humanity ſheds a tear over the bigotry of opinion" of him who repreſents the act of ſelf-deſtruction as optional, or makes its lawfulneſs problematical. He is the philanthropiſt who boldly condemns the accurſed deed, and appeals to the law of his God to warrant his proceeding, fearleſs of the imputation of "religious fanaticiſm," or any other *iſm* or epithet with which he may be branded; and that is the man of humanity, who endeavours to ſtem the torrent of an evil, fearfully increaſing, the peculiar diſgrace of human nature, and "our iſland's ſhame."

As the matter in queſtion is not of trifling import, and you have more than once before obliged me by your kind attention, I truſt you will do me the favour to give theſe thoughts publicity in the next number of the Univerſal Magazine.

I remain, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,
C. A. A.

Wallingford, Dec. 8, 1804.

THE INSPECTOR. NO. XII.

Be niggards of *advice* on no pretence,
For the worſt *avarice* is that of *ſenſe*.

To the Inſpector.

Sir,

IT is much the faſhion of the preſent day to depreciate all the good, ſound, and antiquated morality by which our foreſathers were guided, and by which they attained to wealth, reſpectability, and ſometimes honours; and to ſubſtitute in its place a new fangled, philoſophic, ſentimental jargon, which with a moſt ſpecious outſide has neither the foundation of truth, nor the ſtrength or energy of experience. I am of opinion, that thoſe principles of equity, good faith, and juſtice, which formed the baſis of our anceſtors' dealings and conduct, could not be very faulty or very inadequate to their propoſed ends, ſince we find that they conducted thoſe who profeſſed them, through the ſcenes of this life, not only with praiſe, but with advantage: and they raiſed the

nation that foſtered them to a height of glory, beyond which it will never proceed, but from which it may rapidly decline, if undermined by the *levelling* principles of the modern *philoſophes*.

One very favourite maxim with the new ſchool of philoſophy is, *that every man ſhould do all the good he can*. Upon a ſuperficial conſideration of this poſition, what can appear to be more fraught with philanthropy, love, and good will towards mankind? It appears to compriſe every duty, every virtuous action which man can perform; it is a compendium of morality, to act by which cannot in the nature of human affairs lead to error. And even the ſpecious manner in which they explain its practical obligations is ſtrongly calculated to ſeize upon the heart, and impreſs it with a conviction of its veracity. But a rigid examination of this precept will quickly detect its fallacy, than which nothing can be more prepoſterous.

Firſt, I conſider it as being eſſentially hoſtile to and ſubverſive of all the regular habits of civiliſed ſociety. To do all the good we can, according to our ſhort-ſighted knowledge, would very often lead us to acts of palpable injuſtice and impropriety; in fact, we ſhould be compelled to draw a very deep and obvious line between juſtice and benevolence, or between what is right and what is good. Theſe two would be invariably oppoſed againſt each other, and the former would always give way to the latter. Gratitude, honour, and good faith, would alſo be deſtroyed by the adoption of this dogma; at leaſt, according to the manner in which it is propoſed to be acted upon. For example:

Suppoſe a man owe another the ſum of one hundred pounds, which he knows to be a juſt debt, and which he intends to pay. But being infected with the new philoſophy, he wiſhes to do all the good he can: he ardently longs to ſhew his philanthropy. The man to whom he owes the money is, we will ſuppoſe, wealthy, and, ſtrictly ſpeaking, does not in any manner want it. Still this does not diminiſh the equity of his claim, or the juſtice of his expectations. But the ſentimental gentleman who owes it is actuated by other motives. Hearing that a family or individual is in great diſtreſs, ſuffering the extremes of poverty and wretchedneſs, without a friend to aſſiſt them, he immediately conceives that it will be doing a more extenſive good, to give that hundred pounds towards relieving their diſtreſſes, than to pay it to the man he owes it to. The queſtion as to the ſuperior good which this mode of employing it would produce, may, perhaps, admit of ſome diſcuſſion; but the *rectitude* of the action can admit of none. Juſtice is the link by which all the connections of civiliſed ſociety are ſupported and maintained; and its duties are paramount to every other. A man who can only indulge his philanthropy at the expence of equity, is to be conſidered rather as an idiot than a rational being; for he confounds the obligations of ſociety with thoſe of a morbid delicacy of feeling.—However, we will ſuppoſe he actually diſtributes the hundred pounds in this manner; and thus commits a breach of faith of the moſt ſerious importance. But he conceives that he has done an action which ought to entitle him to the moſt unqualified approbation; and congratulates himſelf, in the ſecrecy of his own heart, upon the maſtery which his feelings have obtained over his juſtice. He expects that his creditor will participate in his ſenſations, when he tells him how he has employed the hundred pounds which ought to have been his: but I will not undertake to vouch for this participation; as, unleſs his

creditor happen to be alſo a *philoſophe*, it is more probable he would recommend his debtor to the care of two bailiffs until the ſum was diſcharged; for he would juſtly imagine, that this *man of ſentiment* might always find objects more diſtreſſed than himſelf, and conſequently more entitled (according to his principle of action) to the hundred pounds.

The immenſe inconveniences which would attend the general practice of this ſyſtem may be eaſily conceived; it is eſſentially calculated to deſtroy all faith between man and man; all confidence; and I will add, all honeſty. If the voice of benevolence is to be obeyed before that of juſtice, the regular habits of ſociety muſt be rooted up; commerce could not flouriſh, nor would the arts or ſciences be patroniſed. In every action between individuals, juſtice is preſumed to be the baſis of it; it is imagined that neither party will *purpoſely* ſwerve from its dictates. And it is this mutual confidence which permits the operations of civiliſed ſociety to be carried on: ſometimes it undoubtedly happens that men play falſe; theſe inſtances are, however, rare, and are compenſated for by the probity and good faith of others. But if there were a general ſyſtem of colluſion and duplicity carried on, if every man felt himſelf at liberty to break his word, and to deceive his friend, who does not ſee that the moſt deplorable confuſion would ſupervene, and that ſuſpicion and diſtruſt would uſurp theplace ofevery generous and every noble ſentiment?

While on the ſubject of the modern philoſophy, allow me, Sir, to make a few remarks upon an axiom as delivered by the great champion of it.

"Every perfection or excellence that human beings are competent to conceive, human beings, unleſs in caſes that are palpably and unequivocally excluded by the ſtructure of their frame, are competent to attain."—*Polit. Juſt.*, *B.* 1, *ch.* v.

Putting corporeal ſtructure out of the queſtion, it does not appear to me that we can attain what we conceive, either as to perfection or depravity, for this poſition, if it mean any thing, muſt extend to both. The mental powers are confeſſedly ſuperior to thoſe of the body; and by no mode of reaſoning can we degrade the former to a level with the latter. It was formerly the darling aim of every one who wrote upon abſtract topics, to endeavour to exalt as much as poſſible the faculties of the mind, and to ſhew that the mind was in its nature and operations greatly exalted beyond the earthly ſhell which contained it. While they conſidered reaſon as an emanation from the Divinity, and its modifications as the nobleſt objects of human ſpeculation, they ſedulouſly endeavoured to inculcate the comparative meanneſs of the corporeal energies. They ſhuddered to confound in one undiſtinguiſhed maſs what belonged only to man and aſcending beings in the ſcale of creation, and that which he ſhared in common with the beaſts that daily met his ſight. They felt and knew the ſuperiority of the intellectual faculties, and were ever zealous in confeſſing it. But it remained for the refinements of modern philoſophy, it remained for the Rouſſeaus, the Voltaires, and the Condorcets of the 18th century, to maintain that there is a perfect equality between the one and the other; that what can be conceived by the former, can alſo be obtained by the latter; though I do not know whether the very ſuperiority of the mind is not implied in the confeſſion, that *its* conceptions muſt precede the *body's* attainments. This would admit of ſome diſcuſſion; but I will not here ſtop to criticiſe words,

or the form of the propoſition; its ſpirit and tendency are what I profeſs to conſider.

It is remarkable that Lord Bolingbroke, who reſembled in many reſpects theſe innovating philoſophers, had not the indiſcriminating hardihood to degrade thus the human mind. Though he occaſionally promulgated the moſt dangerous hypotheſes, and maintained the moſt execrable tenets, yet he cautiouſly abſtained from committing himſelf by endeavouring to ſupport an opinion ſo irrational and ſo ſhallow; but Bolingbroke had a grand and comprehenſive mind, which though too often miſled by enthuſiaſm, yet was capable of the ſublimeſt exertions. The following are his words:

"It ſeems to me, that in order to maintain the moral ſyſtem of the world at a certain point far below that of ideal perfection *(for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining)*, &c."—Letters on the Spirit of Patriotiſm, &c. p. 10.—Ed. 1740.

Such was the decided opinion of this great man, and which he adopted, no doubt, from the moſt perfect conviction; for it certainly was not one of the characteriſtics of *his* mind to receive, upon the eaſy terms of faith, what could not be comprehended, or was incapable of demonſtration. But can any thing be more ſelf-evident to a reflecting mind than the propoſition, that we can conceive what is unattainable by man?

What would become of the brighteſt flowers and ornaments of poetry, if its votaries were reſtricted to the dull realities of exiſtence, or even its poſſibilities? How often has the tragic muſe delighted to depict thoſe commanding characters, either of excellence or depravity, which the world ne'er ſaw! To paint exalted heroiſm and unbending virtue, ſuch as *can* exiſt *only* in the poet's brain, for in the corrupted currents of this life they *cannot* be produced; the undaunted courage, the pure affection, the zealous patriotiſm, the unconquerable fortitude, or the generous ardour, which we behold when the poet's eye

"Doth glance from heaven to earth,
From earth to heaven,
And bodies forth the forms
Of things unknown,"

can only be regarded as the images of a glowing, ardent, and commanding fancy. Nor, perhaps (for depravity is more exceſſive than its oppoſite), did there or can there ever exiſt ſuch conſummate villany, ſuch blood-thirſty revenge, ſuch unſatiated cruelty, ſuch furious malice, or ſuch ferocious barbarity, as ſometimes appear in the page of genius.

Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens
Cui lumen ademptum. VIRG.

But theſe it is which form all the grander beauties and ſublimities of the Muſe; theſe it is which appal, engage, or ſoften the human heart, as they are alternately brought forth. It is thus ſtepping beyond the bounds of reality,

"Exhauſting worlds, and then imagining new,"

which confers upon poetry all its faſcinations, and procures for it all its adoration. To copy the poor pictures of ſurrounding life belongs to the moraliſt, who enforces his precepts by ſimilitudes drawn from exiſtence: but the ſoarings of poetry launch beyond

"This viſible diurnal ſphere,

creates its own beings, and peoples its own worlds!

And even in a correct and logical point of view this axiom is not tenable. The genius of Shakſpeare conceived and drew the myſtic ſorcerer Proſpero, who by "his art" releaſed Caliban from "the cloven pine;" who could put the "wild waters in a roar," and allay them by his word. Here, then, are qualities and perfections

conceived, which surely Mr. Godwin will not presume to say can be *attained* by any one. Does he even believe that his *own* St. Leon can exist, or his sympathetic friend Bethlem Gabor? Has he drawn either of those characters from life? or can he for a moment so delude himself as to imagine that such beings can ever appear in the world? In this case, I believe, he would be content to give up his philosophy for the more appropriate praise of having imagined both the one and the other with the felicity of genius.

Can moral turpitude descend so low as the human mind can imagine? Certainly not; for it presupposes such universal depravity as can never take place in society. When a man steps beyond certain limits in the career of vice, both social and self-interest impel his fellow creatures to procure his destruction, or to render him impotent. The political regulations of society necessarily provide against such cases, and place a check upon the otherwise uncurbed licence of a vicious individual. There is an immutable principle in the human breast, which serves as a monitor to the passions; this principle can never be wholly destroyed: it is impossible; but it may be partially so, and we see instances of it every day. In others it remains totally unviolated, and these form the majority of mankind, as will ever be the case: consequently total depravity, or the entire destruction of every, even the minutest, moral principle or check cannot, in the nature of things, ever exist.

But, will it be said that the human mind cannot conceive or draw such a character? I apprehend not.

Nothing, in fact, would be so easy; for it is merely to concenter in one being, every vice that has existed, does or can exist; to draw a hideous picture revolting to the mind both from its deformity and its impossibility; to accumulate a nauseous mass of moral turpitude in one heap, give it energy and life, and then hold it up, not as a man, but as a wretched exaggeration, as the diseased offspring of a morbid fancy! Yet it would be sufficient to disprove the validity of the assertion, that whatever can be conceived by man may be attained by him.

It is even a doubt with me, whether this principle does not affect our conceptions of the Deity and *his* attributes; for omniscience, omnipresence, and omnipotence, are easily apprehended by the mind, but impiety itself dare not assert that they are within the grasp of human acquisition.

I remain, &c.

PITTACUS.

THE BABILLARD. NO. XII.

Come like shadows; so depart!

SHAKESPEARE.

John Selden.

THE King of Spain (says this author in his *Table Talk*) was outlawed in Westminster Hall, I being of counsel against him. A merchant had recovered costs against him, in a suit which, because he could not get, we advised him to have his majesty outlawed for not appearing; and so he was. As soon as Gondemar, the Spanish Embassador, heard that, he presently sent the money, by reason that, if his master had been outlawed, he could not have the benefit of the law; which would have been very prejudicial, there being then many suits depending between the King of Spain and our English merchants.

Lord Peterborough.

THIS nobleman was asked one day by a Frenchman, if we had the ceremonies of the coronation (meaning the *anointing*) of a king amongst us: "*Sacre t'on les Rois chez vous, milord?*" "*Oui,*" replied the witty peer, "*on les sacre, et on les massacre aussi.*"

Sir Henry Wotton

GAVE this excellent character of Sir Philip Sydney's wit,---"that it was the very meaſure of congruity."

In his character of a *happy life* he has the following beautiful ſtanzas:

How happy is he born and taught
That ſerveth not another's will;
Whoſe armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſimple truth his utmoſt ſkill.

Whoſe paſſions not his maſters are,
Whoſe ſoul is ſtill prepar'd for death:
Untied unto the world by care,
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raiſe,
Nor vice hath ever underſtood;
How deepeſt wounds are given by praiſe,
Nor rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreat;
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppreſſors great.

Who GOD doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmleſs day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from ſervile bands
Of hope to riſe, or fear to fall:
Lord of himſelf, tho' not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Dr. Johnſon.

IN a converſation between the *Duc de Chaulnes*, the duke ſaid to Dr. Johnſon, "that the morality of the different religions exiſting in the world was nearly the ſame." "But you muſt acknowledge, my lord," ſaid the doctor, "that the Chriſtian religion alone puts it upon its proper baſis,---the fear and love of God."

It is ſaid that Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his picture of the infant Hercules painted for the Empreſs of Ruſſia, in the perſon of Tireſias the ſoothſayer gave an adumbration of Dr. Johnſon's manner.

Lord Haverſham.

LORD Haverſham was rendered remarkable by making ſpeeches, and afterwards publiſhing them.—One of theſe effuſions, on the ſtate of the nation in 1705, he had cauſed to be cried through the town for a penny. This *Daniel De Foe* conſidering as a fair object for remark, animadverted upon it in his review, which provoked Lord H. to a defence of his production. De Foe, in his reply to this vindication (alluding to the different fortunes of the peer and himſelf), obſerves, "Fate, that makes footballs of men, kicks ſome up ſtairs, and ſome down; ſome are advanced without honour, others are depreſſed without a crime: no man knows by the beginning of things whether his courſe ſhall iſſue in a peerage or a pillory."

Bubb Dodington.

BUBB Dodington ſaid to Mr. Pelham, when he wanted to be taken into the king's favour, after the death of the Prince of Wales (his patron), whoſe cauſe he had eſpouſed, "All I deſire you to ſay to the king is, that though it never was my intention to offend his majeſty, it is ſufficient he is diſpleaſed, for me to think myſelf to blame;" and, to beſpeak his forgiveneſs, he adds, "I humbly offer him my ſervice, and all the intereſt I have in the Houſe of Commons (he ſeated five members), and out of it, for the reſt of my life." In relating this trait of his own ſervility in his "Diary," he obſerves, "I thought this ſubmiſſion, and this offer of five members at leaſt, would have been deemed ſufficient to wipe away any unfavourable impreſſions, even if I had been a declared *jacobite*."

Alexander.

IT is reported of Alexander, that the firſt time he ſat in judgement on capital cauſes, he would put his hand upon one of his ears while the accuſer ſpoke, to keep it free from prejudice when the accuſed came to make his defence.

Sophocles.

SOPHOCLES, ſpeaking of princes, juſtly remarks, that, although one may enter a court a freeman, we are ſure to return a ſlave.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM

For December 1804.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus juſtitiam."

ART. XXV. *Barrow's Travels in China, &c.*

[Concluded from page 444.]

WE with pleaſure reſume the examination of a work at once intereſting to the philoſopher, the ſtateſman, and the naturaliſt. Few perſons have had better opportunity of collecting materials for forming ſuch a book. After the duty of the embaſſy was brought to an end, the author remained Secretary to General Dundas, the Lieutenant Governor of the Cape, acting as chief.

Mr. Barrow is not only an inſtructive but a pleaſing writer. He is full of rich anecdote; and on the antiquity of the language and ſuperſtitions of the Chineſe he is profound, conveying a great deal of agreeable information with hiſtorical preciſion. He is not, however, free from thoſe little miſtakes which the greateſt hiſtorians are liable to: for inſtance, he commits one which may lead ſome emulative dame of our own country into a difficulty, by inducing her to apply a greaſy ointment to her neck and face inſtead of a *coſmetic* ſhould ſhe, as an inexperienced perſon, be deſirous of heightening the natural lily of her ſkin. After ſpeaking of the ſtiff and formal deportment of the great miniſters of ſtate, and of the light in which they are accuſtomed to regard the female part of ſociety, he informs us that the embaſſy's two friends and colleagues, *Van-ta-gin* and *Chou-ta-gin*, met at Canton an old acquaintance who was governor of a city in Fokien, and who gave them an evening's entertainment on the river in a ſplendid yacht. Our author was privately invited to be of the party. From what he ſaw on this occaſion, he has no doubt but theſe grave men and judges, when out of the imperial court and the tribunal, where they perform all the genuflexions, grimaces, and motions of the body, which the ceremonial inſtitutes of the empire require, can be as convivial in ſecret as the people of other countries. He ſays, that, on entering the cabin, he found the three gentlemen with each a young girl by his ſide, very richly dreſſed: the cheeks, lips, and chin, highly *rouged*; the reſt of the face and neck whitened with a preparation of *cerate*. Now we are perſuaded he muſt mean a preparation of *ceruſs*, which is a fine white lead, and often ſo called. This deleterious preparation is in uſe among our own *frail fair ones*, as a paint for heightening their natural beauties. Page 192.—In another place, in his botanical remarks, he calls the *artemiſia* wormwood, inſtead of mugwort. Page 505.—The Latin name for wormwood is *abſynthium*. Theſe, however, are ſmall faults, like that in page 593, of *ſans* froid for *ſang* froid. But non omnia poſſumus omnes. Of his ſtyle of language throughout, no fault can be found; nor can there be a doubt that the few trifling inaccuracies of grammar muſt have been overlooked by thoſe to whom the correction of the preſs was referred. A little obſcurity of expreſſion will be diſcovered in the following paragraph, which gives an intereſting deſcription of the condition, as to fortune or means, of the people in this part of the globe.

"There is no middle claſs of men in China: men whoſe property and ideas of independence give them weight in the part of the country where they reſide, and whoſe influence and intereſt are conſidered as not below the notice of the government. In fact, there are no other than the governors and the governed. If a man, by trade, or induſtry in his profeſſion, has accumulated riches, he can enjoy them only in private. He dares not,

by having a grander houſe, or finer clothes, to let his neighbour perceive that *he is richer than himſelf*, leſt he ſhould betray him to the commanding officer of the diſtrict, who would find no difficulty in bringing him within the pale of the ſumptuary laws, and in laying his property under confiſcation."

If theſe are faults, Horace would ſay of them

——Quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit naturæ.

After ſpeaking of certain antient characters ſtill extant, by which the Chineſe employ a rude repreſentation of the image for the thing itſelf, as a circle for the ſun, a creſcent for the moon, &c., he takes notice of Dr. Hager's groſs miſconception of the Chineſe language, evinced in a publication of that gentleman, called *Explanation of the Elementary Characters of the Chineſe*.

"In this work" (ſays the author of the Travels, ſpeaking of Dr. H), "he has advanced a moſt extraordinary argument to prove an analogy between the antient Romans and the Chineſe, from the reſemblance which he has fancied to exiſt between the numeral characters and the numeral ſounds made uſe of by thoſe two nations. The Romans, he obſerves, expreſſed their numerals one, two, three, by a correſponding number of vertical ſtrokes I. II. III. which the Chineſe place horizontally 一 二 三. The Romans deſigned the number ten by an oblique croſs ×, and the Chineſe by a vertical one +. This reſemblance in the forming of their numerals, ſo ſimple and natural that almoſt all nations have adopted it, is ſurely too ſlight a coincidence for concluding, that the people who uſe them muſt neceſſarily, at ſome period or other, have had communication together. The Doctor however ſeems to think ſo, and proceeds to obſerve, that the three principal Roman ciphers, I. V. X. or one, five, and ten, are denoted in the Chineſe language by the ſame ſounds that they expreſs in the Roman alphabet. This remark, although ingenious, is not correct. *One* and *five*, it is true, are expreſſed in the Chineſe language by the *y* and *ou* of the French, which, it may be preſumed, were the ſounds that the letters I. and V. obtained in the antient Roman alphabet; but with regard to the *ten*, or X, which, he ſays, the Chineſe pronounce *xe*, he is entirely miſtaken, the Chineſe word for *ten* in Pekin being *ſhee*, and in Canton *ſhap*. This error the Doctor appears to have been led into by conſulting ſome vocabulary in the Chineſe and Portugueſe languages; in the latter of which the letter X is pronounced like our *ſh*. But admitting, in its fulleſt extent, the reſemblance of ſome of the numerals uſed by the two nations, in the ſhape of the character, and of others in the ſound, it certainly cannot be aſſumed to prove any thing beyond a mere accidental coincidence.

"The earlieſt accounts of China, after the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, being written by Portugueſe miſſionaries, and the Chineſe proper names ſtill remaining to be ſpelt in the letters of that alphabet, have led ſeveral etymologiſts into great errors, not only with regard to the letter X, but more particularly in the *n* final, and the *h* incipient, the former being pronounced *ng*, and the latter with a ſtrong aſpirate, as *ſh*. Thus the name of the ſecond emperor of the preſent dynaſty is almoſt univerſally written in Europe *Cam-hi*, whereas it is as univerſally pronounced in China *Caung-ſhee*.

"The learned Doctor ſeems to be ſtill leſs happy in his next conjecture, where he obſerves that, as the Romans expreſſed their *five* by ſimply dividing the X, or ten, ſo alſo the antient character ſignifying *five* with the Chineſe was ×, or ten between two lines thus ⊠; indicating, as it were, that the number ten was divided in two: the Doctor ſeems to have forgotten that he has here placed his croſs in the *Roman* form, and not as the Chineſe write it; and it is certainly a ſtrange way of cutting a thing in two, by encloſing it between two lines; but the learned ſeldom baulk at an abſurdity, when a ſyſtem is to be eſtabliſhed."

He makes many ſenſible objections to the mode of Chineſe education, comparing theſe objections with thoſe often urged againſt the plan of educating youths in the grammar ſchools of our own country. Such as that, ſome of the moſt precious years of their lives

are waſted in poring over the metaphyſics of a Latin grammar, which they cannot poſſibly comprehend; and in learning by heart a number of declinations, conjugations, and ſyntax rules, which ſerve only to puzzle and diſguſt, inſtead of affording inſtruction or amuſement. After acknowledging that where the language to be learned is made the common colloquial language of the pupil, theſe objections may have weight, but he maintains they cannot with regard to the Greek and Latin. He ſhews what advantage a youth of Europe has over one of China, during the time he is ſaid to be poring over his Latin grammar.

"He is in the daily habit of acquiring new ideas, from his knowledge of other languages. His mother-tongue ſupplies him with books, which he is able to comprehend, and from which he derives both entertainment and inſtruction. Without enumerating the great variety of theſe that daily engage his attention, I deem it ſufficient to obſerve, that his Robinſon Cruſoe (the beſt book, with few exceptions, that can be put into a boy's hand) ſhews the numberleſs difficulties to which he is liable in the world, when the anxious cares of his parents have ceaſed to watch over him: it is there pointed out to him that, arduous as many undertakings may appear to be, few are inſurmountable; that the body and the mind of man are furniſhed with reſources which, by patience, diligence, prudence, and reflection, will enable him to overcome the greateſt difficulties, and eſcape the moſt imminent dangers. His Tom Jones, however exceptionable in thoſe parts where, human failings are repreſented under an amiable and alluring dreſs, leaves, upon the whole, a lively impreſſion in favour of generoſity and virtue, and ſeldom fails to excite an indignant glow againſt perfidy, ſelfiſhneſs, and brutality. The young Chineſe has no ſuch relief from his dry ſtudy of acquiring the names and repreſentations of things that to him have as yet no meaning. He knows not a word of any language but his own.

"The laſt ſtep in the education of a Chineſe is to analyſe the characters, by the help of the dictionary, in the manner already mentioned, ſo that he now firſt begins to comprehend the uſe of the written character. Extracts from the works of their famous philoſopher *Cong-foo-tſe* (the Confucius of the miſſionaries) are generally put into his hands; beginning with thoſe that treat on moral ſubjects, in which are ſet forth, in ſhort ſentences, the praiſes of virtue, and the odiouſneſs of vice, with rules of conduct to be obſerved in the world. The *eternal mean*, in the ſtyle and manner of the maxims of Seneca, next follows; and the art of government, with an abridgment of the laws, completes him for taking his firſt degree, which generally happens when he has attained his twentieth year; but, in order to be qualified for any high employment, he muſt ſtudy at leaſt ten years longer."

Mr. B. ſhews what little progreſs is likely to be made in the ſpeculative ſciences by this mode of education, eſpecially as the aſſiſtance of thoſe ſciences is not neceſſary to obtain even the higheſt poſts in the government. The examinations undergone for the attainment of office are, he obſerves, confined principally to the knowledge of the language, and, as far as this goes, they are to the utmoſt degree ſtrict.

"The candidates are put into ſeparate apartments, having previouſly been ſearched, in order to aſcertain that they have no writing of any kind about them. They are allowed nothing but pencils, ink, and paper, and within a given time they are each to produce a theme on the ſubject that ſhall be propoſed to them. The excellence of the compoſition, which is ſubmitted to the examining officers, or men of letters, depends chiefly on the following points.

"That every character be neatly and accurately made.

"That each character be well choſen, and not in vulgar uſe.

"That the ſame character do not occur twice in the ſame compoſition.

"The ſubject and the manner of treating it are of the leaſt conſideration, but thoſe on morality, or hiſtory, are generally preferred. If the following ſtory, as communicated by one of the miſſionaries, and related, I believe, by the Abbé Grozier, be true, there re-

quires no farther illuſtration of the ſtate of literature in China. 'A can-
'didate for preferment having inad-
'vertently made uſe of an abbreviation
'in writing the character *ma* (which
'ſignifies a *horſe*), had not only the
'mortification of ſeeing his compoſi-
'tion, very good in every other reſpect,
'rejected ſolely on that account, but,
'at the ſame time, was ſeverely rallied
'by the cenſor, who, among other
'things, aſked him how he could poſ-
'ſibly expect his horſe to walk without
'having all his legs!'"

In matters of learning, as well as in many other reſpects, the accounts of the Chineſe by the miſſionaries have been very faulty. Theſe people are wretchedly deficient in many points of hiſtory, as well as in the ſciences.

It is ſaid, indeed, that *She-whang-te*, who ruled in China 200 years before Chriſt, ordered all the monuments of learning to be deſtroyed, except thoſe of medicine and agriculture, that hiſtory might be ſuppoſed to commence with his reign. Be this as it may, if we meaſure the intellect of theſe people by the ſcale of European nations, they will be found to hold a very mean rank indeed.—Political conſiderations with reſpect to our creating new intereſts in China inſpired many with the deſire to learn the language. Sir George Staunton, at the age of twelve years, had made a ſurpriſing progreſs in ſtudying the Chineſe character; but ſince the recent fruitleſs attempt to eſtabliſh a diplomatic and commercial connexion with that country, there has not exiſted the ſame motive for applying the due time and attention to it.

It is with ſome regret we are reſtrained from making farther extracts from a volume abounding with novelty and inſtruction; exhibiting ſketches of the government, manners, and morals of more than three hundred millions of fellow creatures, antipodes to us, and concerning whom we had before been ſo much deceived.

Since Mr. Barrow's return to Europe, he has, through the intereſt of noble friends, been rewarded for his zeal and literary merit, by an appointment as ſecretary to one of the firſt boards of the realm.

ART. XXVI. *Poems, Lyrical and Miſcellaneous. By the late Henry Moore, of Liſkeard.*

[Concluded from page 451.]

OUR readers are by this time, we preſume, enabled to form a tolerably correct idea of the ſingular merits of this long neglected poet. They have been preſented with ſome rich ſpecimens of genuine poetry, ſuch as ſeize upon the heart, and charm the moſt grateful paſſions of the mind; they have banquetted on excellencies, unſullied by deformity either of expreſſion or idea: and thus far their pleaſures have been ſuperior to ours; for, in the courſe of the volume, many paſſages occurred which offended greatly by their inſipidity and approximation towards the true Bathos.

Mr. Moore's genius is, in fact, very unequal. Even in the ſame poem, amid ſurrounding beauties, parts might be ſelected which do not bear the remoteſt affinity to the uſual exalted ſtrain of his writings. Among the moſt prominent of his defects, and which are profuſely ſcattered over his work, may be reckoned pleonaſm, tautology, alliteration, "vile antitheſis," and proſopopeia. To the third of theſe he appears to have been enthuſiaſtically attached, every page being moſt redundantly ſupplied with it. We know that ſome writers have affected to conſider this *knack* as a real embelliſhment to poetry. Sometimes it undoubtedly is ſo, for it gives an energy, a ſweetneſs, and an expreſſion to particular paſſages, which nothing can exceed. But it is an ornament which requires to be uſed with great ſkill,

and very temperately; for every one knows that it is mechanically eaſy, and we are apt to deſpiſe for its vulgarity, that which every writer of verſes can attain. It is but to collect an aſſemblage of words, each having an initial reſemblance, and to arrange them in moſt unmuſical cadences. The reader is very forcibly impreſſed with the notion of meanneſs when he beholds this trick reſorted to perpetually; for *diſcretion* is requiſite in uſing even the moſt approved figures of ſpeech, ſo as not to make the productions of the poet appear, like the ſculptured columns of an Hindoſtan pagoda, inelegantly profuſe of extravagant embelliſhment; but how much more ſo is it required in adopting thoſe which are allowed on all hands to have but a doubtful beauty, depending ſolely on their poſition? What can be more ridiculous than to meet eternally with "gory ghoſts"—"wild winds"—"melancholy majeſty"—"poor "pilot"—and,

"Amid the *hollow*, *howling* ruins roar?"

To tell truth, this trifling trick, this twittle twattle, is too technical to pleaſe!—But let us now proceed to the particular examination of the remaining poems.

The "Complaint" is a very ſuperior production; not being, as the title would import, a querulous declamation, but a philoſophical and a pious appreciation of the evils and uncertainties of life. The opening is peculiarly grand, and the following tranſition is ſtrikingly impreſſive.

"Ah, Life! deceitful good!
A rainbow radiance colour'd on a cloud!
Fair is thy dawn, and mild thy riſing morn,
Which purple beams of dewy light adorn.
Soft breathing zephyrs waft thee on thy way,
And round the Graces dance, and Pleaſures play:
But tempeſts ſoon diſturb the ſweet Serene,
O'erſhade the ſkies, and ſadden all the ſcene.
Fond Hope deludes us ſtill with bliſs to come;
But, ah! her bloſſoms periſh e'en in bloom;
Her roſy-glowing joys but gleam, and die;
While diſappointment, pain, and grief, and fear,
Cloud the gay brow, and force the ſtarting tear,
And rend the tortur'd breaſt, and ſwell the ſigh."

In the following lines he probably had Weſt's paraphraſtic tranſlation of Pindar in remembrance: the coincidence is ſtriking.

"Thus while I bade my penſive lyre complain
In a ſad deſponding ſtrain,
By the tempeſt-beaten ſhore," &c.

Thus Weſt:

"Near the billow-beaten ſide
Of the foam-beſilver'd main
Darkling and alone he ſtood."

The concluſion of this ode contains a moral truth which every boſom muſt confeſs.

The next, which is entitled "Peace of Mind," is probably the very worſt in the whole collection. Trite perſonification, dull attempts to ſuit the ſound to the ſenſe, and a wild confuſion of language, are its characteriſtics. It is almoſt aſtoniſhing that the ſame mind ſhould be able to pen, at one time, the moſt daring ſublimities of the lyric muſe, and at another to ſink beneath the dribblings of a mere verſifier. "Fortune and Virtue contraſted" has very little merit ſuperior to the former, either in language or conſtruction; beſides that it has a ſameneſs of ſentiment, which grows wearifome. The following is, perhaps, the beſt it contains:

"Fortune may bid her golden circle glow
Majeſtic on the Monarch's brow,
Trick up a witleſs Lord with borrow'd care,
And kindle on his breaſt a tranſitory ſtar:
Yet could her boaſted ſplendors e'er impart
Senſe to the head, or merit to the heart?

But modeſt Virtue borrows naught from ſtate,
Draws from herſelf her grandeur and her grace."

Of the "Ode to Night," partly written in quatrains, or heroic ſtanzas of four lines, and partly in a more irregular meaſure, it is ſufficient to ſay, that it is compoſed generally with elegance; that the ideas are correct, but not new, and that the morality is unexceptionable.

We have now arrived at an Ode ("The Fall of Zion") which is unqueſtionably one of the ſublimeſt pieces of lyrical compoſition that can be produced. The grandeur of the ideas, the uncommon energy and force of the diction, the abrupt and various tranſitions, and the flowing harmony of the verſe, all conſpire to ſtamp this production with the genuine marks of inſpiration and poeſy. The opening is ſomething like the prompt commencement of Gray's "Bard." We regret that our limits will not permit us to preſent the whole of this exquiſite production to our readers: the following excerpt, however, will convince them that our eulogy is not miſplaced.

"'Hark! it is the clarion's ſound!
Float on the hollow gales the ſhrill alarms;
The hills, the vales, the rocks rebellow round
To arms! to arms! to arms!
Loud, and more loud the ſwelling clangors riſe,
Shake the wide earth, and thunder to the ſkies.
The Nations tremble, as they hear;
Ev'ry face is pale with fear;
The Mother ſtarts, with boding thoughts diſtreſt,
Yearns o'er her babe, and ſtrains it to her breaſt.

"'Where Babel, tow'ring to imperial ſway,
Lifts her proud glories to the gaze of day,
And old Euphrates laves her willowy ſide,
I ſee Heav'n's Angel ſtand,
Th' avenging Angel—in his red right hand
He waves his burning brand,
With fierce reflection gleaming on the tide.
He mounts his ſcythed wain;
He calls his dreadful train
To feaſt on human food;
Ambition, Diſcord, Famine, and wild War,
Rage, Deſolation, Death attend the car,
Ruſhing o'er ſlaughter'd heaps, and bath'd in blood.

"'See from the North a ſudden brightneſs beam!
O'er yonder hills the ſpreading luſtres ſtream,
Like meteors gleaming round the mountain brow,
Then flaſhing down the vale below.
Now ſteeds and men I ſee, a ſhining train!
And brazen chariots light'ning o'er the plain.
On moves the hoſt in firm and dread array,
Their poliſh'd bucklers burn againſt the day,
And round their helms the dazzling ſplendors play.
Amid their ranks Hell's horrid Forms appear,
Frown in the front, and ravage in the rear.
Behind, like clouds, the birds of ravine fly,
Preſcient of blood, and blacken all the ſky.
High waving o'er their heads, Jehovah's ſword
Of living flame, portending vengeance near,
Th' awaken'd vengeance of its injur'd Lord,
Like a red comet kindles half the ſphere.

"'Zion! now for wrath prepare!
Speak the ſigns of earth and air.
See the ſun his golden light
Veil in ſhades of ſudden night!
Peals tremendous howl on high;
All the concave ſeems on fire;
Flaſhing armies in the ſky
Now encounter, now retire;
Meteors red with flaming hair
Thro' the glowing ether glare;
Panic terrors ſtalk below;
Hark! a voice denouncing woe,
Thro' the temple's vaulted round
Sends a *ſhrill* and *ſolemn* ſound;
Depart,' it cries, 'Depart!
And ſtrikes with chill amaze the braveſt heart.'

"There ceas'd awhile the Sire—his pow'rs oppreſt,
Exhauſted, aſk'd an interval of reſt,
A ſolemn pauſe enſu'd;
Around in dread ſuſpenſe his audience ſtood;
Till, rous'd again with freſh prophetic fire,
New ſtrains of horror trembled on the lyre.

"'Tis come—the mighty day! how awful low'rs
Its murky morn! the works of death begin!
Without, the flame—without, the ſword devours,
And famine waſtes within.
Ah! what a groan was there,
As burſting from the boſom of Deſpair!
See o'er her famiſh'd babe the Mother hang!
Maternal fondneſs adding edge to woe,
Keen as her childbed's agonizing throe.

But, oh! my chill'd blood ſhudders at the ſight—
Reſiſtleſs hunger gives a fiercer pang.
Mother, forbear!—Sun, hide thy trembling light!
Blot out the deed accurſt, Eternal Night!' "

This is nt once grand, ſtriking, and impreſſive: the horrid picture is brought full before the eye, painted in the moſt glowing colours which an enraptured mind could ſuggeſt. In the following he deſcribes, with plaintive ſorrow and genuine pathos, the complete deſtruction of Zion.

" ' Joy of the earth! where is thy beauty now?
Where the proud grace that crown'd thy beamy brow,
And ſtate imperial? ſorrowing I behold
Turret on turret roll'd,
And dome on dome in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Like the vaſt wreck and relics of a world.
O name for ever dear!
With ſighs rememb'red, utter'd with a tear,
Fall'n art thou, Salem! mingled with the duſt!
Like ſome bright ſtar thrown blazing from the ſkies.
One undiſtinguiſh'd heap thy grandeur lies,
Yet in ruin ſtill auguſt!

" ' In palaces of Mighty Men
The lurking Chical makes her ſecret den;
In the Temple's hallow'd walks
The ſtrutting Oſtrich ſtalks;
There gorg'd with blood the rav'ning Vulture hies,
There to her mate the ſcreaming Night-bird cries;
The hiſſing Serpent haunts the dread abode,
Whoſe trembling walls rever'd th' indwelling God.
There the grim Lions thirſt for human gore;
And heard at diſtance by the ſhudd'ring ſwain
'Croſs the drear horrors of the deſert plain,
Amid the hollow howling ruins roar.' "

If the reader feel the ſame thrill of delight which we felt on reading, and ſtill feel at remembering, the above paſſages, he will, we are ſure, thank us for having contributed ſo largely to the gratification of ſome of the moſt exquiſite ſenſations of the human mind.

The " Invocation to Melancholy" has many beauties, and many pathetic paſſages, which find a reſponſive chord in every boſom that is ſuſceptible of the impulſes of ſympathy. The author bewails the premature death of a valued friend, and, what is ſtill more afflictive, the loſs of a beautiful, accompliſhed, and intereſting female, to whom his heart was attached, and who made him bleſt by reciprocal affection. Well might he ſay,

" Farewell!—whom not a Mother's frantic woe—
Whom not a Lover's pleading pangs could ſave!
Ah, Death! to human bliſs determin'd foe!
Ah, foe to human glory, ruthleſs grave!"

We will not ſtay to point out the beauty of the tranſition in theſe lines, but proceed to lay before our readers the following exquiſite paſſage. Deſcribing a lover wandering by moon-light, he proceeds,

"All the long night he tells his plaintive tale
Along the liſt'ning vale,
To ev'ry vagrant rill,
To ev'ry bending hill,
And bids the hollow gales in pity bear
His ſwelling ſighs to Her.
Thee beautiful—thee cold—thee ſcornful Maid!
Thee mourns his muſical, his melting lay;
Thee at the cloſing ſhade,
And thee at dawning day."

Can there be any thing more exquiſitely pathetic than this? But the claſſical reader will probably recollect a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar in Virgil.

" Te dulcis conjux, te ſolo in litore ſecum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

The " Ode to Wiſdom" has not much merit; it contains nothing beyond the ordinary invocations to that goddeſs, and is far, very far, inferior to the celebrated " Ode" of Eliza Carter. The " Folly of Diſcontent" may be noticed with equal brevity.

The " Elegy on the Death of a Young Lady" is preciſely in the dull, declamatory ſtyle of all ſimilar compoſitions. The deceaſed muſt be, in courſe, fair, beautiful, virtuous, pious, ſenſible, &c. &c. &c.; her loſs occaſions grief to her

parents, and agony to her lover; young virgins, weeping, are to ſtrew flowers over her grave, which will be emblems of her fair but fading bloom. All this is as it ever has been; but all this would do much better in a man's portfolio than in his works. The common place topics of elegiac regrets are too familiar to produce the effect which was intended.

The next piece has ſome analogy with the preceding, but contains an abſurdity which we did not expect to find in ſo correct a writer. It is an "Elegy on the Death of Mrs. S—;" but we are informed immediately afterwards that Mrs. S—'s ſpirit is ſuppoſed to ſpeak! There is ſomething repulſively incongruous in this. It is attempting to deſcribe what we know nothing about; for this ſaid ſpirit very cordially requeſts of her friends below not to mourn for her, and expatiates pretty largely upon the pleaſures ſhe feels in heaven, and thoſe ſhe has got to feel. This is giving earthly paſſions to a heavenly mind. She deſcribes one of thoſe pleaſures *in futuro* to be, a knowledge of our friends and relations in our after ſtate. But we are not conſcious that we *ſhall* know each other hereafter; and ſtill leſs do we know whether in that ſtate we ſhall continue to have the feelings of conſanguinity. All beyond the grave is dark and myſterious; the thoughts of man, when he would penetrate the gloom, are loſt in confuſion, and their "helm of reaſon" loſt.

The Ode "On the Death of an amiable Child" is pleaſing; and it contains one thought eminently beautiful and pathetic.

"Now in thoſe amaranthine bow'rs
To infant innocence aſſign'd,
You ſmile, and cull unfading flow'rs,
Nor know what ills you left behind."

The "Epiſtle to a Young Lady," written in the heroic meaſure, and in imitation of Pope's moral Eſſays, has conſiderable merit, and ſhews that our author was no leſs qualified for this ſpecies of writing than for moral odes. Some parts are, indeed, extremely good, and as a ſpecimen we ſelect the following:

"One common fate attends the Great and Fair—
Expos'd to Flattery's too pleaſing ſnare,
While in their ear ſhe trills her ſoothing ſtrain,
Truth, that plain counſellor, may preach in vain;
She taints the tender mind, untutor'd yet,
And forms alike the Tyrant, and Coquette:
Like conquerors they range with killing eyes,
And value more the triumph than the prize.
Yet tho' Liſette in queſt of glory ſtrays
To viſits, auctions, balls, aſſemblies, plays,
In vain abroad for fame the Fair would roam,
For ſtill the Female Hero's found at home;
Unlike thoſe flow'rs, which, op'ning to the ſun,
Spread their proud glories to the glare of noon,
Her modeſt beauties ſhun the day's full blaze,
And, bluſhing, ſhrink from Admiration's gaze.
Firſt, Education warps the riſing mind,
Their knowledge all to dreſs and cards confin'd;
To *think's* a tedious ſcience, ſeldom taught,
But Faſhion fills the vacant cells of thought,
And furniſhes her toyſhop of the brain
With all that's frivolous, with all that's vain.
More children, ſtill in novelty they joy
In each new Lover, as in each new toy;
Their varied life is all an infant's play,
They prattle, laugh, and trifle it away;
A very trifle 'tis, in truth, at beſt,
By turns, a ſerious trifle, or a jeſt."

The "Lines to a Young Lady with Milton's Paradiſe Loſt" are but indifferently written, being greatly inferior to the uſual ſtrain of Mr. Moore's compoſition.

We now come to his "Sonnets," of which it will be ſufficient to ſay generally, that they are written with elegance and eaſe; ſometimes ſpritely, and ſometimes energetic. In all he writes, Mr. Moore never fails to include ſome precept of morality, or to enforce ſome Chriſtian duty: this gives a great value to the intrinſic merit of his compoſitions, beſides that they form a kind of era in our literary hiſtory;

for, till now, we had no poet who could be ranked with J. B. Rouſſeau, ſome of whoſe moral odes are exquiſitely beautiful.

The following ſonnet to the "Nightingale" pleaſingly paints our author's own ſequeſtered life, and as ſuch we are perſuaded it will be acceptable.

"Melodious Philomela! pleas'd I hear
In the lone woods thy love-reſounding lay,
Where the world's din, like thunder from afar,
Juſt mutters in the wind, and dies away.

Known to a few lov'd Friends theſe ſhades among,
Cloſe treaſur'd from the noiſy crowd, like thee,
I'd chaunt the rural or the moral ſong,
In native wood-notes warbling wild and free.

Heav'n never form'd me for the world's affairs,
Too much a foe to all its ſtrifes and cares,
Content with little in obſcure repoſe.
To Life's high ſtorm-vext top let others riſe;
Low in the vale my lot more ſafely lies,
Nor heeds which way the raging tempeſt blows."

In the "Hymns" he is ſometimes very excellent, and particularly in that entitled "The unrivalled Beauty and Glory of Religion," which has a great deal of originality and expreſſion.

The volume cloſes with a piece entitled "Private Life, a Moral Rhapſody," which, as our readers will remember, was printed at Plymouth in 1795, at the inſtigation of the author's nephew. Dr. Aikin juſtly obſerves, that there can be no impropriety in annexing it to his Original Poems, even if its intrinſic merit did not entitle it to ſuch preſervation.

This poem is written in the heroic meaſure, and contains many fine alluſions expreſſed in eaſy, flowing, and harmonious verſe. Sometimes he is inelegant, and at others ſeems to ſpan his way along with cautious regularity; ſtill, however, it *has* merit of a very ſuperior order. With the following ſimile we muſt cloſe our extracts from this entertaining and valuable volume.

"The Sun himſelf, intolerably bright,
Dims the weak eye with mere exceſs of light;
While in his Siſter's ſofter looks expreſt,
His image we admire in gentler glories dreſt.
Thus tho' no mortal eye the GOD ſurvey,
Veil'd in the blaze of his eſſential day,
Diffus'd o'er nature's various form we find
The fair reflection of her Maker's mind,
And in his works the Parent Beauty trace,
Majeſtic grandeur with enchanting grace."

Thus we have endeavoured to give our readers a tolerably accurate idea of the merits of this legacy from a good, and a pious, and an ingenious man. Having diſcuſſed each poem ſo minutely, and offered ſo many incidental remarks in the courſe of our obſervations, there remains, of courſe, no room for general criticiſm at the end. We therefore conclude with a ſtrong conviction, that the name of Mr. Moore will deſcend to a diſtant poſterity with accumulated honours, and that his lyrical compoſitions in particular will be read and admired as long as the language in which they are written ſhall continue.

ART. XXVII. *Eſſays, Literary, Political, and Economical. By John Gardiner, M.D. &c.* 2 *vols.* 8vo. *Edinburgh*, 1803.

THIS work is not deſtitute of merit, though it is expoſed to criticiſm. The author is a man of reflection, and though he does not aſtoniſh us by the boldneſs of his conceptions, or the novelty of his theories, yet he diſplays throughout a mind well cultivated, and accurately informed as to the ſubjects upon which it is employed. His materials are the offspring of much and diligent ſtudy, but they are not often uſed with elegance or vigor. His mode of reaſoning is peculiarly open to cenſure; it is all affirmation, without any at-

temnt to demonſtrate what is affirmed. From what *has* happened in politics, morals, or metaphyſics, the author, not with the uſual acuteneſs of Scotch dialecticians, ſagaciouſly infers what will and muſt happen. This defective ſyſtem of reaſoning is moſt conſpicuous in his Enquiry concerning Language, where poſitions are advanced in the moſt unqualified manner, and ſupported by empty and gratuitous aſſertion. The author ſeems not to be aware, that, by this mode of argument, the moſt trifling puerilities are produced, and a ſhow of logical accuracy made, which ſerves only to conceal the moſt deplorable poverty of thought. Mere aſſertion is the operation of a woman's mind, who declares a thing to be ſo, becauſe it is ſo; but in a work which aſpires to the taſk of expounding ſome of the moſt difficult problems that are to be found in metaphyſics and morals, we naturally look for that progreſſive ſeries of premiſes and demonſtrative inferences which can alone convince a rational mind, ſincere in its endeavours after truth. In fact, we expect

"For every *why* to find a *wherefore*,"

and not to be tormented with empty declarations, which are of no value but ſo far as they are ſupported, or endeavoured to be ſupported, by probable evidence.

The volumes before us are likewiſe attended with a ſingularity which we do not remember to have met with before.—The paragraphs of each eſſay or diſſertation are ſucceſſively numbered; a method quite ſuperfluous while the pages are likewiſe thus. Indeed, it does not appear what defenſible motive produced this deviation from ordinary cuſtom. It ſeems to be attended with no kind of pre-eminent advantage, and is therefore unworthy of adoption.

Having offered theſe few preliminary remarks, we ſhall now proceed to a more particular examination of the contents of theſe volumes.

The firſt contains, "Conjectures on the Origin of Language;" "On the different Races of Men;" "On the Formation of the Minds of Children;" and "On the principal Cauſes that promote or retard Population."

The contents of the ſecond volume are, "Hiſtorical Remarks and Obſervations upon Government, and on the Cauſes which have at all Times obſtructed its Advancement to a free Conſtitution;" and "Obſervations on the principal Cauſes which promote or retard the Advancement of Literature, Commerce, and the Arts."

We ſhall firſt pay our attention to his enquiry concerning the Origin of Language, in which he endeavours to ſupport the hypotheſis, that there is no more reaſon for conſidering it of Divine derivation, than there is for navigation or mechanics being aſcribed to the ſame ſource. This argument is not, however, tenable; becauſe we can account for theſe laſt in a regular and ſyſtematic manner, while the other appears to be beyond the limits of demonſtration. When Dr. Gardiner ſays that nature has endowed man with ſuch a high degree of intellect as to enable him to *invent* language, he ſeems to forget the common operations of the mind. We would, indeed, ſeriouſly aſk, what intellect a man *can* poſſeſs *previous* to the formation of language, when the greater part of our knowledge is derived from ſpeech? and how, in that ſtate which preceded the acquiſition of language, mankind contrived to exiſt at all, being unable to expreſs their wants or deſires? For if this faculty be *not* intuitive, it muſt have proceeded by ſlow gradations, like every thing elſe.

Dr. Gardiner is likewiſe of opinion, that there have been *ſeveral*

primitive languages, each peculiar to certain countries or iſlands; becauſe, on the ſuppoſition of an univerſal language, it is natural to ſuppoſe that every ſucceeding tongue would have ſome reſemblance, however faint, to its antient parent. This idea is certainly plauſible; but, yet, our author does not ſupport it with that cogency of which it is capable. Indeed, in our opinion, Dr. Gardiner is very unfit for purſuing a long train of reaſoning: he is too eaſily ſatisfied, and ſubſtitutes mere aſſertion for demonſtration. For example:

"The formation of the plural number from the ſingular, by an alteration in the termination of the noun, *would be eaſy;* but the formation of the caſes, whether by inflection or by prepoſitions, ſometimes called articles, *would be difficult!* The qualities of perſons and of things *would naturally ſuggeſt adjectives;* and pronouns, which give an elegance to language, *would ſoon be invented.* The ſexes of animals would *naturally ſuggeſt a diſtinction by genders;* and what could not be brought under the denomination of maſculine or feminine *would fall to be of the neuter gender*"!! In ſuch a manner as this we might proceed to affirm any thing, however ridiculous or inconſiſtent.

The ſecond eſſay, which concerns the different Races of Men, contains little worthy of obſervation, after the anatomical accuracy of Blumenbach in the ſame path.—The following obſervations, however, are deſerving of attention.

"Were it not for the diſagreeable circumſtance of being obliged to combat the prejudices adopted by men in early youth, it would not be difficult to ſet in as clear a light the wiſdom and benevolence of the Author of Nature, in adopting the conſtitutions of the various races of men to different climates, as we ſee them diſplayed in the creation of animals. What is equally demonſtrative of the parental care of Providence, is, the ample proviſion of ſuch fruits, and other vegetable productions within the tropics, as are by nature calculated for the climate and conſtitution of the inhabitants. If we carry our obſervations on the productions of the earth to the ſouth or north of the tropics, it will be found that both animals and vegetables vary in their nature and qualities as we advance to either pole, but are particularly ſuited to the climate, conſtitution, and wants of the natives. In our progreſs northward, the tropical fruits, plants, and animals, gradually degenerate, till they at laſt vaniſh, and give place to thoſe of Europe, as better ſuited to the people in that quarter of the world. The conſtitutions and habits of life in the northern nations requiring their diet to conſiſt of a larger proportion of meat, and of fewer vegetables, than is uſed in warm climates, Nature, with a moſt benevolent hand, accommodates herſelf to their wants; for in theſe countries, animals fit for the food and clothing of man increaſe in number; but vegetable productions, unleſs for the food of cattle, decreaſe in quantity, till we come to Nova Zembla, or the coaſt of the Frozen Ocean, where the inhabitants live on fiſh, fleſh of ſeals, elks, and other animals, with ſcarcely any bread or vegetables. The natural deſire of men for a larger proportion of meat, as we advance to the northern nations, has a tendency to render the blood warmer, and the bodies of men more capable of reſiſting the effects of cold, to which their habitual exerciſe in hunting and fiſhing alſo contributes. The good effects, however, of this diet will be more particularly ſeen when we come to treat of the ſtandard point of heat of the human body, which, for the preſervation of health and life, muſt be the ſame in all climates and ſeaſons."

His third eſſay, on the Formation of the Minds of Children, would form a very complete manual for the nurſery. We are, indeed, at a loſs to conjecture what poſſible connexion there can be between water-gruel and a literary education; between *mumps*, branks, or *buffets* (vide p. 173, vol. I), and the origin of language; or between beef tea and politics! The title of the work indicates that it treats of Literary, Political, and Œcono-

mical ſubjects; who, then, would ever expect to find a ſet of anile obſervations, fit only for mothers and wet nurſes? Education is always an intereſting though a hacknied topic; and had Dr. Gardiner offered any new or ſtriking remarks upon it, we ſhould have peruſed them with pleaſure, even if we could not with acquieſcence. But he merely retails the exploded precepts of the laſt two centuries; he does not attempt to follow up the bold outlines furniſhed by Rouſſeau, Godwin, Miſs Hamilton, Miſs Edgeworth, &c. &c.: apparently devoted to the good old maxims of his grandmother, he never ſteps beyond them. The principles of education have made great ſtrides towards perfection within the laſt twenty years; and we may hope that, in a few generations, the effects of this progreſs will be felt. The ordinary ſyſtems, as adopted at boarding-ſchools and public ſeminaries, are replete with error: they proceed, in fact, upon narrow, ſelfiſh principles, which warp the natural bent of the human heart, and make man a being more ſelf-centered than he is by nature. A general ſyſtem, founded upon truth, freedom, and virtue, would, we are perſuaded, produce the happieſt reſults; indeed, we are inclined to think that a daily approximation towards it is taking place.

The following extract contains a great deal of truth, though its doctrines may, perhaps, be urged ſome times, when other more cogent reaſons are not to be found.

"In European countries, where our care increaſes with the delicacy and diſeaſed ſtate of the children, and where proviſions are in greater abundance, the population is proportionably greater. Hence it follows, that in civilized nations, where many weakly children are reared, there muſt be a greater proportion of delicate men and women than in ſavage countries. For the good of the public, it is to be wiſhed, that thoſe perſons with infirm conſtitutions would not intermarry, but that each would ſelect in marriage, for the ſake of their offſpring, and to diminiſh a tendency to hereditary diſeaſes, their huſband or wife from a healthy family with a ſound conſtitution. This is one of thoſe advices which Arioſto would have placed in the moon, with things to be forgotten; for in marriage, more attention is in general paid to wealth, connexions, and intereſt, than to conſtitution. Since this is, and always will be, the caſe, while individuals of either ſex ſelfiſhly pay a greater regard to wealth and their eaſe, than to the health and happineſs of their offſpring, we muſt have delicate females among us. If ſuch delicate women, therefore, ſhall prefer a good-natured healthy young woman, who has more and better milk than her own, ſhe certainly thereby not only confers a benefit on her child, but on herſelf, by the preſervation of her conſtitution.

"I incline not to go farther with my apology for mothers not nurſing their children, though we may include, with propriety, in the number of bad nurſes, ſome women of faſhion and diſſipation, whoſe avocations in paying and receiving viſits, in going to public places, card-playing, and ſitting up at night, render them altogether unfit for the exact and conſtant duty which muſt be diſcharged in nurſing*. I have even gone farther ſometimes, in recommending nurſes to women free from every hereditary diſorder, eſpecially in their firſt child, either on account of their youth and inexperience, or who I ſuſpected not

"* On the ſubject of a certain perſon of rank pretending to nurſe her child, Lady M. W. Montague, in her uſual vein of humour, makes the following obſervations: 'If Mrs. '——— was a buxom, ſturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exerciſe, enjoyed proper returns of reſt, and was free from violent paſſions (which you and I know is not the caſe), ſhe might be a good nurſe for her child; but, as matters ſtand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratifia, nor frets at quadrille, nor ſits up till three in the morning, elated with gain, or dejected with loſs; I do think that the milk of ſuch a cow, or of a nurſe that came as near it as poſſible, would be likely to nouriſh the young ſquire much better than her's. If it be true, that the child ſucks in the mother's paſſions with her milk, this is a ſtrong argument in favour of the cow, unleſs you may be afraid that the young ſquire may become a calf: but how many calves are there, both in State and Church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?' "----*Letter* 53.

to be ſufficiently ſtrong for the fatigue of that duty to which every good nurſe muſt ſo conſtantly attend; theſe women having, with proper aſſiſtance, often proved exceeding good nurſes to the reſt of their children: and, when they are not materially hurt by nurſing, I have always adviſed them to continue the practice. With the exceptions juſt made, every woman moſt unqueſtionably ought to nurſe her children; for, notwithſtanding what has been ſaid, the affection, the care, and ſedulous attention of the mother, in every thing that relates to the health and dreſs of the infant, muſt be greatly ſuperior to that of a mercenary woman. There is, however, little reaſon to reflect againſt women for not undertaking this duty; for moſt of them naturally incline to it, if we except ſome perſons of opulence; and, even among theſe, it is now more general than formerly."

Dr. Gardiner prefers women as the inſtructors of children till a certain age. He ſays, juſtly, that the addreſs of women to children is much more engaging than that of men; their more delicate, affectionate, and gentle manners and language, are better ſuited to gain the love and confidence of their pupils than the leſs ſoft addreſs of the other ſex. Yet it may be doubted whether women are, generally ſpeaking, better qualified for the taſk of education than men; they have not often ſufficient energy of character to repreſs the luxuriant ſhoots of error which but too often ſpring up in the infant mind. Their manners being ſoft, delicate, and engaging, make them rather objects of pleaſure than reſpect; and, yet, much as every liberal mind muſt contemn the idea of coercion when carried to any extent, it certainly is not poſſible to avoid it altogether. Nay, there are ſome offences that ought to be puniſhed corporeally by way of ignominy, and to denote their flagrancy.

We ſhall now proceed to conſider the laſt eſſay in this volume, which is upon the principal Cauſes that promote or retard Population; in which he argues in a very ſatisfactory manner, and according to Dr. Smith, in ſupport of a perpetually free importation and exportation of corn, without duty, bounty, or drawback. His remarks in this ſubject receive alſo a ſuperadded value at the preſent moment, from their application to the corn bill, which has proved ſo generally obnoxious.

The following remarks upon the argument, that the price of labour is in moſt caſes proportioned to that of proviſions are judicious, and well written.

"A certain portion of the wages of the induſtrious labourer goes regularly to the Exchequer in the duties on leather, ſoap, candles, ſalt, malt liquors, and malt ſpirits: but theſe lucrative branches of the revenue, in the preſent ſtate of our public debt, are indiſpenſable. As theſe taxes, however, operate decidedly in raiſing the price of labour, and have all the bad conſequences of ſuch an effect on our manufactures; ſo, the heightening the price of proviſions by a bounty on the exportation of grain, is certainly an overſight in the Legiſlature. This forced exportation, by means of a bounty, operates ſeveral ways in increaſing the price of grain in the home market; it prevents the plenty of one year from compenſating the ſcarcity of another; and this ſcarcity the Legiſlature inadvertently ſeems anxious to preſerve, by impoſing a duty on importation; which muſt diſcourage the induſtry of the country, and, conſequently, population. For to prohibit, by a perpetual law, the importation of foreign corn and cattle, is, in reality, to enact, that the population and induſtry of the country ſhall at no time exceed what the produce of its own ſoil can maintain. Beſides, the bounty on exportation loads the whole realm, when wheat is near to forty-eight ſhillings a quarter, with two different taxes, moſt ſeverely felt by the induſtrious labourer: the one is, what is contributed for payment of the bounty; and the other is, the tax which ariſes from the advanced price of the commodity in the home market."

The eighth ſection of this differ-

tation, which relates to the Expediency of a Modus or Compenſation for the Tithe, is undoubtedly the moſt valuable part of the whole book. The author abandons here vain and ſpeculative enquiries for the more uſeful labour of endeavouring to benefit his fellow creatures, by removing an oppreſſive tax, which nature and reaſon alike condemn. His arguments are applicable to the ſubject, and diſplay a vigorous, well informed mind. The diſcuſſion itſelf is of too complex a nature to appear with any availability in the ſhort compaſs which we are compelled to allot to each article in our Miſcellany. But we recommend it as a perſpicuous ſtatement of facts, and a ſound, rational, and argumentative endeavour to remove ſo vexatious a burthen.

We cannot, however, ſo warmly applaud his opinion, that common beggars ſhould not be ſuppreſſed. Theſe are, in every ſenſe of the word, a public nuiſance; and one which the legiſlature ſhould ſedulouſly endeavour to remove. Dr. Gardiner's reaſons for their being ſuffered are extremely weak; but as they lead to the deſcription of a curious fraternity ſtill exiſting, we will extract the whole for the advantage of our readers.

"I am even ſuch a ſceptic, as to diſapprove the ſuppreſſing altogether common begging, ſo ſtrongly recommended by ſome men of conſiderable credit with the public; not only on account of the impoſſibility of preventing it, but from a view of leſſening the number of beggars, when reſtricted under certain regulations. In certain pariſhes, a few beggars may be licenſed, after their life and converſation have undergone a ſcrutiny by a committee of the managers for the poor, in which ought to be the miniſter, and one or two elders of the church. If, after this examination, it ſhall be found that the pauper has not been guilty of any groſs immorality, a badge, with his name, that of the pariſh, and number in which he ſtands on the roll, engraved on it, ſhould be given him, to be worn on ſome conſpicuous part of his dreſs, to entitle him to the alms of the pariſh. No ſuch licenſed beggar, however, ſhould be allowed to ply for alms out of his pariſh; and, perhaps, the times of begging ought to be reſtricted to two days in the week; but if found guilty of theft, drunkenneſs, rioting, or other glaring immoralities, he ſhould be ſent to bridewell, and his badge taken from him.

"A certain fraternity of mendicants, called Beadmen, from a roſary they wore at their belt when the Roman Catholic was the eſtabliſhed religion of this country, ſtill ſubſiſts in Scotland, and is not altogether diſſimilar from what is here propoſed; the licenſing of beggars. This Royal ſociety of mendicants, commonly called Bluegowns, from a cloak of that colour they are obliged to wear, with a badge on the right ſide of the cloak before, with the King's name, the name of the pauper, and number in which he ſtands on the roll, engraved on it, was inſtituted, if I miſtake not, in the reign of James the Fifth, to ſay a certain number of ave-maries daily for the King's ſafety. This is a whimſical enough inſtitution of mendicants, conſiſting of an equal number with the years of the King's age; and their ſmall penſion, or annual alms, likewiſe made up of a number of pence correſponding to the years of the King, given them by his almoner, on his Majeſty's birth-day. At this time is alſo delivered to each a new cloak, and a ſlight refreſhment of bread and ale: after which, a ſermon, ſuitable to their condition, is preached to them in the church of the Canongate.

"From ſome legacies left by the members of the different incorporated trades of Edinburgh, and particularly of Saint Magdalene's Chapel, to the beadmen of their reſpective corporations, it ſeems probable that this fraternity of Bluegowns conſiſted originally of indigent mechanics. However this may be, they are at preſent compoſed chiefly of common labourers, who, on account of their age or infirmities, are unable to work for their ſuſtenance. Theſe paupers are not reſtricted to any particular pariſh, but are licenſed to beg through the ſeveral counties of Scotland: the gown and badge are teſtimonials of their poverty and innocence; and they being thus warranted to the public as proper objects of charity, few perſons refuſe them alms. I have here briefly run over an imperfect hiſ-

tory of our headmen, to ſhow that, if a few of the innocent poor, unable to work, were, after a ſtrict examination into their character, licenſed to beg, there could be no hazard of their ſtarving. Such a plan, I am perſuaded, would leſſen conſiderably the number of beggars; for thoſe who were licenſed would be obliged to keep within their pariſh; and if any one attempted to beg without a badge, they would not certainly meet with the ſame ſympathy from the public."

The following eſtimate of the progreſſive population of this country from the time of Julius Cæſar may be regarded as a valuable document.

"I ſhould ſubject myſelf to juſt and ſevere criticiſm, were I to pretend to great accuracy in the ſeveral calculations I have made of the population of this country, from the firſt invaſion of Julius Cæſar to this time. Though the *data*, however, are but few on which we can proceed with certainty in eſtimates of this kind, yet, from the pains I have taken in ſearching records and hiſtorians, it is probable that there cannot be in theſe calculations any conſiderable error. I ſhall therefore venture to ſet down, in round numbers, what I apprehend to have been the population of the ſeveral periods mentioned in this diſſertation. At the firſt invaſion of Julius Cæſar, A.C. 55, there were probably in this iſland, of all ages, about eight hundred and fifty thouſand perſons; in the year of our Lord 350, when the Roman provinces in Britain were in their moſt flouriſhing ſtate, nearly three millions. But, from the gradual decline of the Roman power, and proſperity in Britain, from the above period, to their final departure in 446, having carried with them moſt of the Britiſh youth capable of bearing arms, the number of inhabitants decreaſed conſiderably. This depopulation was ſo rapidly carried on by the invaſion of the Scots and Picts, ſucceeded by famine and peſtilence, and afterwards by the Saxons, in their commotions and wars with the Danes, through the whole of the Heptarchy to the time of Alfred, that their number, at the death of this great man in 900, did not perhaps amount quite to two millions. From this period to the Conqueſt, population increaſed ſo ſlowly, that, from Doomeſday-book, and other documents, it is not thought that in England it was much above two millions. From the poll-tax, granted in 1377, and conſequent ſubſidy-roll, the population of England was eſtimated at two millions, three hundred and fifty-three thouſand, two hundred and three. But, from the vaſt number of men carried off by the deſtructive wars with France in the beginning of the fifteenth century, both countries were ſo depopulated, and their finances ſo exhauſted, that neither kingdom could ſometimes bring into the field above ten or twelve thouſand men. This depopulation was ſo kept up, or rather increaſed, by the bloody conteſts between the Houſes of York and Lancaſter, that it is by hiſtorians imagined that, at the acceſſion of Henry VII, the number of people in England did not greatly exceed that at the Conqueſt. I omit, here, to ſtate the population of England at the end of Elizabeth's reign, and likewiſe that of the time of Charles II: from this laſt period, however, the number of inhabitants in Britain gradually increaſed; but did not, probably, till after the year 1740, greatly exceed ſeven millions.

"The progreſſive riſe of the population of this country, from the beginning of the ſixteenth century to the preſent time, with the extenſion of our manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, and theſe keeping a conſtant and regular pace with one another, demonſtratively prove the cauſes of the increaſe of numbers in any country; and that depopulation will ever attend the reverſe of theſe proſperous circumſtances. But the preſent number of inhabitants in Britain, now aſcertained to be above eleven millions, is ſtill capable of being conſiderably increaſed by an augmentation of the product of the earth, in the improvement and cultivation of the commons and waſte lands, as propoſed in ſection third. This improvement of our lands ought to keep pace with the increaſing ſtate of our manufactures; for the population of every country depends principally on theſe two circumſtances. Mr. Anderſon, in his hiſtory of commerce, mentions a report, that the Duke of Portland is in poſſeſſion of a calculation, which makes the number of manufacturers in Britain amount to five millions, two hundred and fifty thouſand ſouls: the annual value of the

several articles, in which they are employed, when completed, he estimates at 51,310,000*l.* If we could depend on these calculations in 1783, they are the strongest proof that can be given of the wonderful effect that manufactures have in increasing not only the population, but the wealth and power of every state."

In our next number we shall offer some observations upon the remaining dissertations in the second volume of this work.

THE DRAMA.

THE Opera is, as it were, naturalised in England; it is therefore an object of interest to the fashionable part of the community that it should be more regularly conducted than it has been for some years past. Mr. Goold commences under very favourable auspices, and there is reason to expect that the subscribers will be satisfied under his management. On Saturday the 24th of November it opened with the "Rape of Proserpine;" and as the vocal powers of Mrs. *Billington* and Mad. *Grassini* were called up in this serious piece, it is not extraordinary that the audience testified their approbation at this first treat in the season.

DRURY LANE.] Mr. Elliston, whose incessant application to the duties of his profession as an actor has gained him many friends, was, on Saturday the 24th of November, put upon what might have been thought a very arduous undertaking, amid the many new characters he has performed of late. *Hamlet* has not been without several admired representatives since the days of Garrick. There certainly was nothing in the attempt like the rashness of Phaeton; and, if there was a little of the boldness of the son of Apollo, he might, perhaps, have justified himself under a failure with the same words: "magnis tamen excidit ausis."

He completely succeeded, however, in all that depends upon the judgement and action of the performer. We can hardly conceive it possible for an audience to be more affected than it was under that part of the representation where Hamlet is reproaching his mother in her closet. The queen was more respectably played than usual by Mrs. Powell.

COVENT GARDEN.] On Saturday, Decemb. 1, MASTER BETTY, the celebrated *young Roscius*, made his first appearance in London in the character of Achmet, in Dr. Brown's Barbarossa. The avenues to the pit and galleries began to fill at two o'clock, and in little less than two hours, more persons were collected than the whole house would hold, the doors of which were opened exactly at five. The pit overflowed in a few minutes; and it was discovered that many persons had made their way into it through the empty cellar of the tavern. Numbers of the disappointed complained of the preference given to *private friends* and *heavier purses*, and of the infraction of the treaty with the public, that *all shall have an equal chance* upon the common terms of admittance. Those who are content to wait in the street for hours, ought to have, at least, an equal right. Numerous inconveniences occurred, and some accidents happened. Mr. C. Kemble came forward on the stage to speak an occasional address; but, as the audience conceived that it was to make an apology for Master Betty, or for changing the play, the noise was tremendous, and not a word of it was heard even in the orchestra. At length this astonishing youth made his appearance with an air the most modest and dignified, receiving the loud and repeated greetings with a composed sensibility. As we have entered very particularly into the merit of this young candidate for dramatic fame in our

biographical ſketch, we ſhall only remark here, that the manner in which he preſented the ring to the tyrant, and recounted the ſtory of Selim's murder, confirmed his juſt pretenſions to public admiration: but when, in the preſence of Zephira, he exclaimed

O, powerful Nature! thou wilt ſure betray me,

the houſe was enchanted, as it not only ſhewed his exquiſite power of delivering ſentiments of the pathetic and affectionate kind, but alſo led the audience to aſcribe the ſame inhabitants to his own breaſt.

His appearance in the character of *Frederick*, in *Lovers Vows*, endeared this youthful actor to an admiring public ſtill more, the character being in its nature congenial to his tender age: he did all that it is poſſible for repreſentation to effect. In the ſcene where he diſcovers himſelf to Wildenheim, his father, we cannot account for the uncommon power he has over our feelings and tears, except we aſcribe it to the ſimplicity which conſtitutes the juſtneſs of his acting. Let us hazard the aſſertion, and let it ſuffice, that it equalled, perhaps ſurpaſſed, any thing we have ever ſeen on a theatre.

In the other characters which he has ſince performed, he maintains the ſame reputation. The ardor for ſeeing him is increaſed rather than diminiſhed; but thoſe who ſympathize with the youth as much as with the actor, are glad that he has been allowed to repoſe from the fatigues of the profeſſion; and are ſtill more glad that the indiſpoſition mentioned as a reaſon for it, is not a ſerious one.

On Monday, the 10th of December, a new piece, by T. Dibdin, was brought out at the ſame houſe, called "Thirty Thouſand; or Who's the Richeſt?" Of this little opera it may be ſaid, that the incidents, dialogue, and denouement, are truly inſipid, but the airs (of which one, we believe, was written on purpoſe for the finger of it) are charming. Braham was rapturouſly applauded in the principal ſong, which we have thought proper to print with our few pieces of poetry, as it relates to the valour and death of one of our moſt diſtinguiſhed generals.

POETRY.

SONNET TO R. E. AND E. O. S.

WHEN Pleaſure ſpread her ſnow-white arms, and ſmil'd,
And bade me kiſs the ſparkling cup of joy,
I ſeem'd again to play the truant boy,
With Fancy's dream elate, with rapture wild.

On charmed wings, by Friendſhip's voice beguil'd,
Fly the ſweet hours of innocent employ,
And rural ſports my long bent mind decoy
To wonted eaſe, for ſtill I'm Nature's child.

Flown are thoſe hours, and laughing Pleaſure flies,
Blighting the roſe that now betrays a thorn;
Cold in my breaſt each new-born fancy dies,
That ſprings unanſwer'd, ſince from you I'm torn.
I feel the tear that gems the ſchool-boy's eyes,
Who, looking ſad behind, weeps on black Monday's morn.

H. F.

The following is the Air in "Thirty Thouſand," which was purpoſely compoſed for Mr. Braham's voice, and which, as it alludes to the death of the brave General Abercrombie, an officer ſo dear to the ſoldiery of Great Britain, it will no doubt be thought well worth a place in our Miſcellany.

RECITATIVE AND AIR (BRAHAM), FORESAIL—MR. BRAHAM.

'TWAS on the ſpot in ancient lore oft' nam'd,
Where Iſis and Oſiris once held ſway
O'er kings who ſleep in pyramidic pride;
But now for Britiſh valour far more fam'd,
Since Nelſon's band atchiev'd a glorious day,
And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie died.

With a mind unſubdu'd, ſtill the foe he defied
On the ſteed which the Hero of Acre ſupplied,
Till, feeling he ſoon to FATE's ſummons muſt yield,
He gave SIDNEY the ſword he no longer could wield:
His Comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The ſtandard of Albion, with victory crown'd,
Wav'd over his head as he ſank on the ground:
"Take me hence,' my brave fellows," the vet'ran did cry,
"My duty's complete, and contented I die."

The following is the Ballad of Logan Water, *which Mr. Burns ſuppoſed to be old, but of which he ſays, in a letter to Mr. Thompſon, dated 7th of April,* 1793, *that he recollects only theſe two lines:*

While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me ot Logan Braes.

Which two lines he has adopted as the burthen of a ſong of four ſtanzas to the ſame tune. The lovers of Scotiſh Poeſy are, however, moſt reſpectfully aſſured that this Ballad was written in Glaſgow, about twenty years ſince, by the gentleman whoſe name is now prefixed to it. The firſt two ſtanzas were printed in the Star Newſpaper of Saturday, May 23, 1789, *ſigned with the initial letter of the Author's name. They were thence copied and ſung at Vauxhall, and publiſhed. The third ſtanza now firſt appears. But the Song had been, from* 1783, *popularly known and ſung in the ſouth-weſt of Scotland. To aſſign it to its proper owner is an act of neceſſary diſtributive juſtice.*

LOGAN WATER. BY JOHN MAYNE, AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF "GLASGOW."

BY LOGAN's ſtreams that rin ſae deep,
Fu' aft, wi' glee, I've herded ſheep,
I've herded ſheep, or gather'd flaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan Braes:
But, wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And, fu' o' grief, I herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes!

Nae mair at Logan Kirk will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan Kirk!
I weil may ſing, thae days are gane—
Frae Kirk and Fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes!

At e'en, when Hope amaiſt is gane,
I danner dowie and forlane,
Or ſit beneath the hawthorn tree,
Where aft he kept his tryſte wi' me—
O! cou'd I ſee thae days again!
My lover ſkaithleſs and my ain!
Belov'd by friends, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliſs on Logan Braes!

MODERN DISCOVERIES
AND
IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE;
With Notices reſpecting Men of Letters.

[Specifications of patents are requeſted to be ſent to the editor before the 18th of the month, if an inſertion in the firſt number is deſired.]

Specification of a Patent granted to Mr. John Bywater, of Nottingham, for making and vending within England, Wales, and the Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, his Invention of a new Method of clothing and unclothing of the Sails of Windmills while in Motion, provided they are made after the Dutch manner, or as the generality of Sails are conſtructed.

THE invention conſiſts in rolling or folding up to the whip, and unrolling or unfolding again the cloths of common windmill-ſails, while in motion, by means of cylinders or rollers of any ſhape, as long as the ſails, with a toothed wheel at one end of each, working either directly or indirectly into two wheels without arms, which are hung ſo as to turn upon a ring of iron fixed to the ſhaft head cloſe behind the back ſtocks, and which may be alternately ſtopped, ſo that the wheels at the ends of the cylinders muſt directly, or by means of a connection of wheels called carriers, or nuts, work into them by revolving round them through the power of the wind acting on the ſails, ſo that the cylinders muſt neceſſarily turn round, and roll up, or fold, or unroll, or unfold the cloth (which is faſtened to them), according to the reſpective wheel without arms that is ſtopped as aforeſaid for that purpoſe.

This diſcovery has long been a deſideratum with the millers, and the patentee has ſo far ſucceeded as to

leave at will any quantity of cloth on the ſails at any time in an even breadth from top to bottom. A drawing and explanation of this invention, in compliance with a proviſo in the patent, is given into the office by the patentee. The fitting up a windmill ſo conſtructed may be rendered more or leſs expenſive according as the ſeveral parts, ſuch as the cylinders, are made of wood or other materials. A main conſideration is the avoiding the ill effects of a ſudden guſt of wind which may ariſe in the abſence of the miller. This inconvenience is provided againſt by a pair of centrifugal balls (like the governor of a ſteam engine), placed ſo as to adjuſt the lever, and allow the mill to uncloth itſelf when the ſails are driven faſter than a given velocity. This precaution, however, may or may not be adopted, it not being an eſſential part of the patent.

Patent to Mr. Michael Logan, Engineer, of Rotherhithe, for a conſervative Lock for continuing Canal Navigations with a given Quantity of Water.

The nature of this invention may be in ſome meaſure deſcribed by the following principles. 1, That a light body will put a heavy body, laid upon an horizontal ſurface or plane, in motion, when connected by a line over a pulley, the velocity of which is in proportion to the abſolute weight of the one, and the relative weight of the other. 2, That "an accelerated or continually increaſing reſiſtance, however great, is equipoiſed by an equally accelerated or continually increaſing power; which principle is here to be applied to the motion of fluids. 3, When any two fluid bodies, by an uniformly accelerated motion, produce an equilibrium, any aſſigned force ſuperior to their *inertia*, ſupplied to one or to the other, will alternately make them, cauſe or effect, or power or reſiſtance. The eſtabliſhed powers of the conſervative lock conſiſt in and depend upon the univerſal foregoing principles; but to give an exemplification of its principal parts, conformable to thoſe principles, would require an accompanying plan of conſtruction and ſections. The general dimenſions of the lock, upon this plan, are as follow: length from the lower to the upper pier head 95 feet: width of the lock, 18 feet: depth of the lock from the ſurface of the upper level, 14 feet: length of lock on the lower level, 60 feet.—Flux and reflux of the lock, from and to the receſs, 8,820 cubic feet, or 245 tons of water. Where the water-gate exceeds 250 ſquare feet in the area, it may be divided into two.

Patent to Joſeph Wilkes, Eſquire, of Meaſham, County of Derby, for a Method of making Paſte to be uſed in weaving and ſizing Calicoes, and for paſting Paper, and ſundry other Things, wherein Paſte is required to be uſed.

In the compoſition of this paſte, it will be requiſite to collect a quantity of a mealy ſort of potatoes, according to the quantity of paſte required; theſe waſh clean, and boil them well, without peeling, ſo as to make them mealy, when boiled; and, after maſhing them in a tub or other veſſel, waſh clean as many raw potatoes of a mealy ſort as are equal in quantity to the potatoes maſhed, and to one third more of that quantity; that is to ſay, if one buſhel and a half of mealy potatoes are boiled to maſh, then take two buſhels of raw potatoes of a mealy ſort, and obtain the ſtarch or flour of the raw potatoes by grating them into a tub of water, and by running the water ſo impregnated through a ſieve; which water, containing the ſtarch or flour, ſhould remain in the veſſel ſeveral hours undiſturbed, in order to allow the ſtarch or flour to ſubſide to the bottom; and, when the flour is properly ſettled, pour the water therefrom, and put the ſtarch or flour ſo obtained into freſh water, and paſs it through a finer ſieve into another veſſel, leaving the ſtarch or flour to ſubſide as before, and again pour the water off. Pour into the maſhed potatoes ſufficient water to dilute them, for the purpoſe of beating them and paſſing them through a ſieve, and then beat them well: next paſs them through a ſieve into a copper or other veſſel that will bear heat, and, when the contents are almoſt boiled, add thereto the ſtarch or flour produced from the grated potatoes, and boil the whole together about the ſpace of twenty minutes, carefully ſtirring the ſame about all the time it is boiling; at the end of which time the mixture in the copper will be formed into the patent paſte here preſcribed. The paſte ſo made ſhould be put into a veſſel of large ſurface, for the purpoſe of ſpreading it to cool advantageouſly. And ſuch veſſel may be filled

with the ſaid paſte to the depth of from four to ſix inches.

FRANCE.

In *Les Petites Affiches de Lyon*, a journal printed at Lyons, by Meſſrs. *Ballanche*, father and ſon, we read the following announcement:—"The friends of religion and of the ſciences have long wiſhed for a new edition of the *Lettres edifiantes et curieuſes des Miſſionaires Francais dans les diverſes Parties du Monde*, or edifying and curious Letters from the French Miſſionaries in different Parts of the World. Meſſrs. Ballanche, printers and bookſellers of this city (Lyons), will ſpeedily ſatisfy the public impatience on this head. Their edition, which will be publiſhed by ſubſcription, not only includes the former edition, but contains intereſting and important details relative to the very origin of the miſſions in both the Indies. The new editors are in poſſeſſion of a very rich collection of materials in this kind." We cannot but highly approve of this undertaking, ſay the French journaliſts. It is in the *Lettres edifiantes*, &c. more than in any other work, that we learn to become acquainted with China. It is true, that theſe letters, written almoſt all by monks, contain many things trivial, and many things puerile. Nothing is more inſipid, for example, than the details with which thoſe good fathers abound relative to their apoſtolical labours, their little ſhuffling eluſory tricks, &c. &c. But in all this foil there is gold, and men of taſte well know how to diſcover it.

M. Heurteloup, member of the legion of honour, and firſt ſurgeon of the French armies, has lately addreſſed what he calls a reclamation to the publiſhers of *La Decade Philoſophique*, relative to a fact already announced in the foreign journals (and which we have likewiſe tranſcribed from them, ſee our laſt number, page 419), reſpecting M. *d'Aretin*, librarian to the Elector of Bavaria, at Munich, who has diſcovered an antient MS of the 13th century, containing, according to his account, a recipe for the compoſition of *le feu gregeois*, commonly called *the Greek fire* (ſaid to be known to the antients, and made uſe of by them even in the water, for the burning of veſſels), as likewiſe of gunpowder, &c. On this occaſion, a paragraph having appeared in the French journals to the following purport, "that an antient MS of the imperial library of Paris contains, likewiſe, a recipe for the Greek fire, and might well be a duplicate of the MS at Munich," M. Heurteloup remarks, that he knows not by whom this intelligence has been furniſhed; but he adds, for a certainty, that when the diſcovery of M. d'Aretin was announced, he thought it his duty to inform the government, that there actually was in the imperial library a MS which might well be ſimilar to that of Munich; ſo that, upon an invitation from the miniſter which was made to him, he pointed out this MS, which has ſince been deciphered, and even printed (doubtleſs, ſays he, by authority), with notes annexed, worthy, ſays M. Heurteloup, of the great reputation of the learned gentleman who is the author of them. But, he adds, to affirm that this MS contains a recipe for making the Greek fire, would require ſome actual experiments, ſuch as he had propoſed, and which M. Heurteloup thinks have not been made. Now, ſays he, that the work is printed, and that every one has it in his power to aſcertain by poſitive experiments the recipes which it contains, an aſſurance may be obtained whether or no the fatal ſecret makes a part of them.—Be this, however, as it may with reſpect to the diſcovery, M. Heurteloup claims the merit of anteriority. He ſubjoins in a note:—"It is well known that an individual propoſed to Louis XV to purchaſe the ſecret of a compoſition, which, if it was not really the Greek fire, was, at leaſt, ſomething ſimilar; and that ſome experiments were made with that combuſtible material in the road of Breſt harbour, with a certain degree of ſucceſs, but that the king, after having paid for the ſecret, had never divulged it."

The claſs of Languages and of French Literature of the National Inſtitute of France has nominated in its ſitting of the 11th Vendemiaire, in lieu of the late M. Le Cardinal de Boiſgelin, M. Dureau de la Malle, who has publiſhed a complete tranſlation of Tacitus. Tranſlations of Salluſt and of Titus Livy have been announced by the ſame author. The ſuffrages balanced between this candidate and M. Laujon, author of *L'Amoreux de quinze Ans*, of the well written comedy *Le Couvent*, of the opera named *Eglé*, and of ſeveral volumes of ſongs.

M. Bastien, bookſeller, of Paris, is about to publiſh ſhortly the philoſophical, hiſtorical, and literary works of D'Alembert, all the antient editions of which had become long ſince very ſcarce. It will conſiſt of fourteen volumes in octavo, and its publication will be rendering an eſſential ſervice to the ſciences and to letters.

La Decade Philoſophique makes mention of a M. Cauchois, who is at this time actively employed in the conſtruction of an inſtrument to meaſure objects by means of the diminution of their apparent magnitude. It is farther mentioned (without, however, abſtracting from this artiſt the merit of his invention, but rather to furniſh means for the perfection of his diſcovery) that M. Jain, of Morges, in the canton of Vaud, in Switzerland, had deviſed, in the year 1786 or 1787, a ſimilar inſtrument, the model of which he preſented to the Society of Phyſical Sciences of Lauſanne. Two perſons who ſee the ſame object, without any mutual communication, perceive it in two different manners, modified (as it is expreſſed) by the diverſity of their genius: in aſſimilating and comparing the reſults of the above artiſts, a greater degree of perfection may be hereafter expected.

M. Francois, of Neufchateau, has lately revived the memory of the celebrated Olivier de Serres, by publiſhing a beautiful edition of his excellent work, entitled *Theatre d'Agriculture*. In the preface he remarks, with a very proper ſenſe and reſentment of national injuſtice and ingratitude, that this curious and intereſting performance had been neglected and forgotten, merely becauſe the author was a Proteſtant.

M. le Docteur de Lafontaine, Counſellor of the late King of Poland, and M. Le Comte Joſeph Siaratouſki, have recently tranſmitted to M. Alibert, phyſician of the hoſpital St. Louis, at Paris, ſeven ſpecimens or patterns in nature of the *Poliſh plica*, which are extremely rare and curious. The magnificent deſigns, in colours, of this extraordinary malady, conſidered in its different ſpecies and varieties, will form part of the ſplendid and important work which M. Alibert deſigns to publiſh on the diſeaſes of the ſkin, and which the bookſeller Barrois will ſpeedily publiſh a proſpectus of. The moſt celebrated artiſts will concur in this noble and magnificent undertaking, and will exhibit in the ſame (as the foreign journals announce) all the learned and refined luxury of the graphical and typographical arts.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of Peterſburgh has lately publiſhed the firſt number of a Technological Journal, the intention of which is to diffuſe throughout the Ruſſian empire the knowledge of new diſcoveries, and their application to the arts, &c. One volume, containing two numbers, will appear every year.—We cannot help applauding all the recent meaſures adopted in Ruſſia to accelerate the progreſs of the ſciences and the arts. It appears that government there are not afraid of the men of letters and ſcience, nor even of the philoſophers, who inſpire ſo much terror into ſome other governments.

Dr. Milne's Botanical Dictionary is at length ready for publication: from the high eſtimation in which this work has ever been held by the moſt celebrated botaniſts of all nations, it is ſurpriſing that it ſhould have been ſo long withheld from the public. This edition, by its embracing all the modern diſcoveries, and being embelliſhed by the firſt artiſts of the country, may juſtly be deemed a valuable acquiſition, and indiſpenſibly neceſſary to every perſon who is cultivating the pleaſing ſcience of botany.

The long expected general Treatiſe on Cattle, including breed, management, and medicine, by Mr. Lawrence, author of the New Farmers' Calendar, is at length ready for publication. Beſides the fulleſt inveſtigation of every branch of the ſubject by this really practical writer, the public will be gratified with a clear view of that moſt intereſting and important national object, the improvement of our clothing wool, to a full and decided equality with that of Spain, by the Spaniſh croſs.

Dr. Thornton is about to publiſh an anſwer to the various objections lately raiſed againſt vaccination, with proofs of the efficacy of the cow pock, intended principally for the uſe of families.

Mr. Delafond, who, during forty-five years of a life devoted to the Britiſh naval ſervice, in the courſe of which he frequently diſcharged the functions of Deputy Judge Advocate to the Fleet, has been aſſiduouſly en-

gaged in collecting and arranging materials for a Treatise on Naval Courts Martial, which will make its appearance in the month of January next. This treatise does not exhibit a mere recapitulation of forms and precedents, but, after enquiring into the origin of naval judicial institutions, aspires to explain the principles on which they are founded; the laws and regulations by which they are governed; and to point out those defects yet to be remedied in a system possessing much inherent excellence. Such a work, comprised as it is in one moderate octavo volume, cannot but prove acceptable to naval officers in general, among whom it has long been a desideratum.

Mr. Sharpe, who has lately favoured the lovers of the arts with a beautiful edition of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, is now employed in embellishing a body of English poetry, which he will commence publishing in a few weeks.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

BONAPARTE is now the crowned Emperor of France. His coronation was performed with all the solemnity and magnificence that are generally displayed on similar occasions. The Corsican and the usurper, as the English papers, in imitation of the invectives of Demosthenes against Philip, love to term him, is become, like Charlemagne, the head of a new dynasty. His right, like that of the heads of most dynasties, is really founded upon the sword: the addresses to him from the Senate attribute it to the free choice of the sovereign people, of whom between three and four millions gave their suffrages for his ascent to the imperial throne, and for the preservation of the imperial dignity in his family. Whatever weight this may have had upon the mind of the emperor, it is certainly a remarkable deference to public opinion; and there cannot be a doubt that multitudes in France will be so far swayed by it, as to believe their monarch's pretensions to authority upon the people's choice equally valid with those of his predecessor founded on birth. Our William the Conqueror did not disdain the same art, and at his coronation both Saxons and Normans were asked, whether they elected him for their sovereign of England: and the loud acclamations of the foreigners and natives, testifying their approbation within the church at Westminster, being unhappily construed by the Norman soldiers without into a tumult against their lord, occasioned the death of many of their English fellow subjects.

Whatever may be the claims of the new emperor, he has now possession of the throne. The bravery of a soldier, the talents of a statesman, and fortune, to use his own language, have conducted him to this elevation. To preserve himself in his seat, the same talents are requisite; and, by his answer to the Senate, he points out the real truth of the rise and fall of thrones: and his assertion is just, that, when a family is irresolute, and mutable in its counsels, regardful of its own interests, and not those of the nation, it deservedly is thrown from its high rank, and leaves the post to be occupied by a more spirited successor.

Our newspapers prophesy the fall of the new family, and declare the upstart incapable of maintaining his post, because his throne is not surrounded with hereditary nobility, and he has it not in his power to form around him a body of dukes and princes. These unfortunate common place writers either never knew, or have forgotten, that the word duke means only the general of an army, and that the emigrant nobility of France are representatives merely of those generals who once performed to Charlemagne and his successors the same office as the lately created marshals of France have done to Bonaparte. Hereditary nobility is not necessary also to monarchy, for the greatest and oldest monarchy in the world has subsisted, and does subsist, without it. Because certain institutions have subsisted at certain times, and in certain places, it does not follow that they must not give way to the circumstances of other times; and the emperor will find no great difficulty in inventing marks of dignity, which will be as much coveted and respected as those conferred by the kings his predecessors.

To us it is of no sort of consequence whether he is a king, or consul, or emperor. He is the head of a great nation now at war with us, and that

nation has exerted the ſame power which this nation did in the laſt century, when, ſetting aſide the hereditary claims to the crown, it raiſed the Brunſwick family to a throne. We cannot, however, fail of noticing the remarkable circumſtances in the change of families, and the modes by which they are operated. Little did the Bourbon family think, when it purchaſed Corſica from the Genoeſe, and when it prided itſelf on baffling the efforts of the Britiſh adminiſtration to aſſiſt the gallant Paoli, and the brave defenders of his iſland's independence, that a few years would produce ſo ſtriking a contraſt, and that the ſon of one of the enſlaved Corſicans would trample on its dignities, and leave its deſcendants to a precarious ſubſiſtence on foreign powers.

The aid of religion has always been called in to ſanctify the proceedings by which a ſovereign is entitled to the allegiance of his ſubjects. This, being an avowal on the part both of ſovereign and ſubjects of their dependance on a ſuperior and inviſible power, cannot but be conſidered as a very important and uſeful ceremony; and however it may have been impaired by ſuperſtitious rites or doctrines, it is in its end and deſign deſerving of human reverence. A mind like that of the emperor would naturally avail itſelf of ſuch a circumſtance; and as the Catholic religion is profeſſed by the great majority of his ſubjects, he would of courſe look to the moſt dignified character in that perſuaſion to perform the ſacred rites which were to be uſed on his coronation. This has not eſcaped the cenſure of our newſpapers, who take too great a lead, unhappily for this country, in the formation of the public opinion. The emperor is accuſed of the utmoſt cruelty in compelling *his Holineſs, the worthy good old man, the venerable Pope*, to come from Rome, and to give under this compulſion the ſanction of his holy character to uſurpation.

What would our anceſtors think of this language? they, who were accuſtomed to view in the pope the head of the moſt artful combination that ever exiſted in the world againſt the common ſenſe and the common rights of mankind! Far be it from us to wiſh any man to be deprived of any civil right on account of his religious opinions; and when we declare ourſelves for an entire emancipation of both Roman Catholics and Proteſtants from religious teſts, as entirely incompatible with good government, and being the engines of faction, we may ſtill view with abhorrence the attempt in Proteſtants to palliate the errors of popery, and to cover with a garb of holineſs thoſe characters who ought to be expoſed, as our anceſtors did expoſe them, and were juſtified in ſo doing, in their true colours to the contempt of mankind.

The Emperor of France acquieſced in the religious ſentiments of his ſubjects, but he would not accept the crown from the ſuppoſed ſacred hands of one whoſe predeceſſors had been accuſtomed to give and to claim the right of giving them away. This is a mark of proteſtantiſm which peculiarly deſerves attention, and ſhews that, though France is returned to its antient ſuperſtition, the civil power has emancipated itſelf from the degrading ſubjection under which it had long been held to the ſuppoſed rights of the church. The pope in his council declared the motives for his journey to ariſe, in great degree, from gratitude to the ſovereign of France for the benefits of the Concordat, and the reſtoration through his means of his kingdom to the boſom of the church. Still the weakneſs of the papal power is evident in this meaſure, and every true Proteſtant will rejoice that its throne is ſhaken: it is now tottering, and in one or two more generations its pretenſions will be more thoroughly ſifted, and Chriſtians will diſdain to receive their faith from the impure ſources of eccleſiaſtic tradition.

The gigantic power of France, and every thing that tends to its conſolidation, naturally excite attention; and the meaſure adopted by the cabinet of this country of ſtopping the Spaniſh veſſels has been the ſubject of great ſolicitude. The outrage committed on Spain, not being immediately reſented, led to various conjectures. Delays after delays in the retiring of the embaſſadors from each court led ſome to think that the negotiations might terminate without a rupture. Whatever may be the iſſue, it is too evident that Spain, however intereſted in the reſult, cannot act for itſelf: its councils muſt be dictated by the cabinet of France; and whether it returns the blow, or ſubmits to the affront it has

received, it must equally remain an object of pity to its aggressors. Scarcely two hundred years have elapsed since the navy of Spain was an object of terror to this island, since its monarch was the richest and most powerful sovereign of Europe: the country now holds out the awful example of the ease with which a high spirited people may be brought to the lowest point of degradation. The inquisition robbed the mind of its energy, and the luxury of the Indies enervated the body. The court corrupted the people, and every effort to elevate the country was dreaded as the mean of depressing the power of the sovereign. Well may England then dread, that its new mode of taxation, and its luxuries arising from commerce, may in a shorter period produce as degrading effects.

The fallen state of Spain is hurtful to Europe, and our attack is therefore considered by many to be impolitic. The pretext is, that its treasures would find their way into the coffers of Bonaparte, and that it is better to have an open enemy than an insidious friend. But Spain is not an insidious friend. It suffers with reluctance those measures which it cannot resist; and it becomes a question of common prudence, whether we do not lose more, and much more, by attacking Spain, than Bonaparte gains from that country in a state of neutrality. The fact is, that the money obtained from Spain is of little consequence to the French emperor as to his war with Britain. This war occasions to him a very small expence; it has not increased the number of his forces but in a trifling degree, and this increased number is paid by the revenues of Hanover: the building of a number of gun boats does not cost him more than a score of our large ships does us; and this chimæra, which keeps us in such state of terror, accomplishes his aim as effectually as a numerous fleet and army. His war is on our finances, and the dollars of Spain will neither increase his efforts, nor retard their fall.

The probable loss to Britain from a war with Spain is of more serious importance. Bonaparte must render assistance to his ally, and has a pretext for entering into that country with a numerous army. Portugal is little able to cope with him; and thus the whole country beyond the Pyrenees will bend to this all-grasping power. Already our Portuguese merchants tremble for the result. Their effects in Portugal could not be deemed in a state of tolerable security the moment a French force entered Spain; and if the house of Lisbon should fall in the contest, the hopes are held out to us of reimbursing ourselves at its expence by the seizure of the Brazils. Similar advantages are expected to be obtained in Spanish America; but it is not considered that all we could do, by attacking Spain in that quarter, would only contribute to give the natives that independence, which, in the course of another generation, they will acquire without our assistance.

Such prospects naturally inspire us with the wish, that the report of a letter from the French emperor, with terms of peace to our court, may be founded in truth. The two powers at war can but see their mutual inability to hurt each other on those elements in which each has gained so great sway. By sea we are powerful, as they are on land. Nothing is gained on either side by the present hostilities; and it is not easy to say what can be gained by the continuance of them. We must, however, wait till the minister gives his reasons for the conduct he has pursued, or intends to pursue; and, if we suspend our judgement, we retain the right of exercising it, when he condescends to impart his motives to the public.

European politics have little in them consoling to an Englishman. The mind, disgusted with the repetition of the same intrigues, seeks for refuge in some other quarter of the world, and is anxious to know whether similar errors are to be every where perpetuated. The United States of America form a striking contrast to the countries of Europe. They are increasing their territories, but without violence; their less civilised neighbours receive for tracts of land implements of agriculture; and, if their chace is diminished, their means of subsistence are increased by the improved powers of cultivation. The president, in his message to the congress, details in a clear and satisfactory manner the results of the late measures of his administration, the success of his negotiations with Spain, and the expected success with our court; to which he does not so much attribute the insults upon his coast by British shipping, as to the con-

duct of certain commanders. To repreſs, however, theſe inſults, meaſures are taken, by the building and fitting out of proper veſſels in certain parts, and by them the coaſt at leaſt will be kept in a ſtate of ſecurity. The great point ſeems to have been, to keep the ſtates as much as poſſible from being involved in European diſputes; and as long as peace is maintained, though commerce may ſuffer partially, yet thoſe loſſes are not to be compared with thoſe which the country in general would ſuſtain in a ſtate of war. The prudence of theſe meaſures is evident in the ſtatement given of an increaſing revenue and decreaſing debt. Upwards of twelve millions of dollars have been paid off within the laſt three years, and in the courſe of a few more years the whole debt will be extinct. What a contraſt America has now an opportunity of offering to the world, if, by avoiding the errors of the mother country, it ſhould yearly diminiſh the rate of taxation, and yet by an increaſing population ſee its revenues increaſe; and if, in the improvement of the country in draining marſhes, digging canals, levelling hills, it ſhould expend from its increaſed revenues in the next hundred years only one-tenth part of that ſum which Great Britain has borrowed to conſume in war!

Our domeſtic politics preſent very little that is intereſting. As the meeting of parliament has been ſo long deferred, little tranſpires of the negotiations of parties. It is ſurmiſed, however, that the miniſter has by ſome means been able to ſtrengthen himſelf in the manner he wiſhed, and yet he will find it difficult to vindicate himſelf for the ill ſucceſs of thoſe meaſures of defence on which he boaſted ſo much, and on which account he vilified ſo much the meaſures of his predeceſſor. The great families ſtill look with a degree of diſguſt on the means by which he came into power, and the little pretenſions he had to ſpeak of an efficient adminiſtration, unleſs he had the vanity to conceive that he was the only perſon qualified to preſide in the councils of the country, and that with his aſſiſtance any implements might be made equally uſeful. On all ſides there is a general complaint of the manner in which we have been repreſented in foreign courts, and of the opportunity given by the exceſſively injudicious letter of Lord Hawkeſbury, to treat our diplomacy with contempt. The credit of the nation, wounded in this manner, cannot but excite the feelings of every generous mind; and the approaching ſeſſion of parliament is expected to enquire more into the actions than into the ſpeeches of the head of adminiſtration, to ſee how far they correſpond with each other.

The flotilla at Boulogne has kept within harbour, and the winds have driven our ſhips from the uſual ſtation. Another object of experiment was preſented, therefore, to the operations of our navy, and this was an attempt upon a fort at the mouth of the harbour of Calais. A fire ſhip was conducted with equal judgement and ſpirit cloſe to this fort, and its exploſion damaged it, but to what extent is not known. The fort is ſaid to have annoyed our cruizers, and to have given occaſional aſſiſtance to the gun boats making for Calais harbour; but we could never, from our view of the place, attribute ſo much conſequence to it. Whatever was the damage, we cannot doubt that it may eaſily be repaired; and we ſhould be ſorry that Calais harbour ſhould receive any injury, as its good condition is of much more importance to England than to France. In time of peace it is frequented chiefly by Engliſh veſſels, and the new emperor will ſcarcely be able to prevent the commerce of the two towns, Calais and Dover, being in Engliſh hands. The ſtate of the boats within the harbour of Boulogne we have reaſon to believe has excited attention; and the reſult of that attention, if we were fully acquainted with the plan, we ſhould not think ourſelves juſtified in publiſhing.

In the courts of law, ſome of the proceedings at the late Middleſex election have been diſcuſſed; and upon actions for perjury, two perſons, who voted for Sir F. Burdett, have been convicted, as it appeared that they were not in poſſeſſion of a freehold to realiſe their votes. This is doubtleſs a very high crime; and both the man who can perjure himſelf in this manner, and the wretch who tempts him by money to commit the perjury, are equally the objects of every man's deteſtation. That this is too frequently done in elections, we muſt lament; but we ſhould be very averſe from imputing to the candidates of either ſide the crime of ſoliciting to perjury, be-

cauſe in a numerous body of voters one or two perſons have foreſworn themſelves. And in the caſe before us we ſhould ſuſpend our judgement on the criminality of parties, except the perſons convicted of the crimes, becauſe it is poſſible that a bribe may be offered by the agents of one party, to induce a voter to vote for the oppoſite party, with the ſole view of bringing that party into contempt. The queſtion, however, will be brought before its proper tribunal upon the meeting of parliament; and the refuſal of Sir F. Burdett and his friends to take any meaſures in imitation of his antagoniſt, previous to that meeting, does them high credit. The purity of election is of ſuch great importance, that whatever may have been the motives of the proſecutors, or the means uſed to carry their deſigns into execution, it cannot but be an advantage to the public to prevent open perjury; at the ſame time it is to be deſired, that ſome efficacious means might be adopted to prevent individuals, or bodies of men, from abuſing their public truſt, by making uſe of their offices to allure or to threaten men to vote for their favourite candidate.

To the caſes of perjury we are ſorry to add two infamous acts of adultery. The one with a mother of nine children, the other with a ſiſter-in-law. The jury in one caſe gave a verdict of ten thouſand pounds, the other of five thouſand pounds. We cannot too much applaud the verdict, for the adulterer can ſcarcely plead exceſs of paſſion and human frailty to mitigate his ſentence in either inſtance; and if a man, on leaving the kingdom on profeſſional duties, may not confide his wife's honour ſafely with a brother, the fraternal tie is broken, and the comforts of domeſtic life are embittered with the moſt degrading ſuſpicions.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN DECEMBER, 1804.

ANTIQUITIES.

AN Hiſtorical and Deſcriptive Account of St. Edmund's Bury, in the County of Suffolk: by E. Gillingwater. 6*s*.

The ancient Cathedral of Cornwall hiſtorically ſurveyed: by J. Whitaker, B.D. 2 vols. 4to, 2*l* 2*s*. Stockdale.

FINE ARTS.

An Eſſay on Light and Shade, on Colours, and on Compoſition in general: by M. Garthſide. 4to, 1*l* 1*s* 6*d*.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biographical Sketch of W. H. W. Betty, the Young Roſcius: by G. D. Harley. 2*s* 6*d*. Symonds.

Authentic Memoirs of the Young Roſcius; with Critical Remarks on his Theatrical Abilities. 6*d*.

The Life of Bonaparte, drawn from authentic Sources: by W. Burdon, A.M. 4*s* 6*d*.

DRAMA.

Matrimony; a Petit Opera, in two Acts, as performed at Drury Lane: altered from the French, by J. Kenney. 1*s* 6*d*.

Elbow Room; a Pamphlet, containing Remarks on the ſhameful Increaſe of the private Boxes of Covent Garden; with a Variety of original Obſervations relating to the Management of that Theatre; alſo a comparative View of the two Houſes, ſhewing the Puerility of a great Man's Prophecy, who was to have turned Drury Lane Theatre into "a Splendid Deſert," &c. &c.: by Thomas Gilliland. 8vo, 1*s*.

Critique on the Firſt Performance of Young Roſcius at Covent Garden, on Saturday, December 1, as it appeared in the Britiſh Preſs (Newſpaper) on Monday, Dec. 3, 1804. 6*d*.

The Infant Roſcius; or an Inquiry into the Requiſites of an Actor; compriſing a Critical Analyſis of Young Betty's acting on the London Boards; with a Sketch of his Life, &c. &c.: by J. Harral, Eſq. 1*s* 6*d*.

Miſcellaneous Plays: by Joanna Baillie. 8vo, 9*s*. boards. Longman.

EDUCATION.

The Faithful Contraſt, or Virtue and Vice accurately delineated, in a Series of Moral and Inſtructive Tales: by Mrs. Hurry. 3*s* 6*d*.

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Evening Amuſements; or the Beauty of the Heavens Diſplayed; in which ſeveral ſtriking Appearances to be obſerved on various Evenings in the Heavens, during the Year 1805, are deſcribed, and ſeveral Means are pointed out by which the Time of young Perſons may be innocently, agreeably, and

profitably employed within Doors: by W. Friend, Esq. M.A. 3*s*.

LAW.

The Statutes passed in the last Session of Parliament, 44 Geo. III, being the second Sessions of the second Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; edited by T. E. Tomlins, Esq. 12*s*.

The Trial of Capt. J. Caulfield, Esq. for Criminal Conversation with the Wife of Capt. G. Chambers, in the Court of King's Bench, Dec. 3, 1804: by R. Johnson, Esq. 1*s*.

The Trial of Capt. P. Dennys for Criminal Conversation with the Wife of Col. George Dennys, his Brother: taken in short hand by R. Johnson, Esq. 6*d*.

MEDICAL.

Practical Observations on Insanity: by J. M. Cox, M.D. 5*s*. Baldwin.

Outlines of a Plan calculated to put a stop to the Progress of the Malignant Contagion which rages on the Shores of the Mediterranean, should it unfortunately make its Way into this Country: by R. Pearson, M.D. 1*s* 6*d*.

Proofs of the Efficacy of the Cow Pock, with an Answer to the Objections lately raised against Vaccination: by Robert John Thornton, M.D.

A Practical Treatise on the superior Efficacy and Safety of Stizolobium, or Cowhage, internally administered in Diseases occasioned by Worms: by W. Chamberlaine, M.D. Ninth edit. 3*s*.

A Treatise on the Venereal Disease, with concise Directions for curing it in all its Appearances: with some useful Hints tending not only to lessen its Virulence, but to prevent it altogether: by C. Erskine, Surgeon. 2*s*.

MILITARY.

A Supplement to the Treatise on Military Finance, containing the Pay and Allowance of Generals and General Staff Officers, whether attached to the Regular or Volunteer Force, with the Mode of making up their Accounts, &c. &c. 2*s*. Egerton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Voltairiania; selected and translated from the French: by Mary Julia Young. 4 vols. 1*l*.

The Coronation Ceremony of Buonaparte; with an Account of the Pope's Journey to Paris, as they appeared exclusively in the British Press Newspaper, on Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1804. 1*s*.

Some Account of a recent Work, entitled "Elements of General Knowledge," being Part the Second: by J. Davison, M.A. 4*s* 6*d*. Payne & Co.

Selections from the Works of Taylor, Hooker, Hall, and Lord Bacon; with an Analysis of the Advancement of Learning. 7*s*. Mawman.

A General and Circumstantial Account of the Fire that happened at Chelmsford, on Monday, Oct. 22, 1804, by which fourteen Hanoverian Soldiers fell a Sacrifice; with a poetical Monody and extempore Prayer: by a Spectator of the awful Scene. 1*s*.

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The Claims of the British West India Colonists to the Right of obtaining necessary Supplies from America, in Answer to Lord Sheffield's Strictures: by G. W. Jordan, Esq. F.R.S. 3*s*.

Characteristic Anecdotes from the History of Russia; with Notes, Chronological, Biographical, and Explanatory; from the French: by B. Lambert. Ostell.

Considerations upon the Necessity of discussing the State of the Irish Catholics in the ensuing Session of Parliament: by Jas. Mason, Esq. 1*s* 6*d*.

Elements of Mechanical Philosophy; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures on that Science: by John Robinson, LL.D. vol. 1, including Dynamics and Astronomy. 1*l*. boards.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Series of Essays introductory to the Study of Natural History: by F. Skrimshire. 7*s*.

NAVIGATION.

A Complete Collection of Tables for Navigation and Nautical Astronomy: by J. D. M. Ries, Esq. F.R.S. 1*l* 1*s*. Faulder.

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The Modern Griſelda, a Tale: by Miſs Edgworth. 3*s*. Johnſon.

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*** T. Booſey's Catalogue of French and German Books, in Addition to that of June laſt.

REPORT of DISEASES in a WESTERN DISTRICT of LONDON,

From November 21 *to December* 21, 1804.

ACUTE DISEASES.	
Catarrh	19
Pleuriſy	2
Ophthalmia	6
Sore Throat	1
Hooping Cough	2
CHRONIC DISEASES.	
Chronic Cough and Dyſpnœa	20
Hæmoptyſis and Conſumption	13
Dyſpepſia	11
Head-ach	2
Aſthenia	3
Chronic Hepatitis	2
Enterodynia	3
Hemicrania	1
Jaundice	1
Dyſentery	2
Chronic Rheumatiſm	14
Lumbago	3
Paralyſis	2
Painters' Colic	1
Dropſy	2
Amenorrhœa	2
Hyſteria	1
Leucorrhœa	1
Dyſuria	3
Hæmorrhois	1
Worms	3
Cutaneous Eruptions	7
	128

Notwithſtanding the combination of wet and cold weather, which has been prevalent during the greater part of the laſt month, the uſual increaſe of the number of diſeaſes at this ſeaſon has not taken place. Scarcely more than half the number of patients have come under the reporter's notice, which the month of December heretofore generally produced. A majority of the diſeaſes in the preceding liſt are thoſe which originate from cold;---complaints of the cheſt and rheumatiſm. Conſumption of the lungs has been in more than a proportionate degree prevalent, and in ſeveral inſtances has proved very rapidly fatal; having occurred in many who had not been ſubject to any pulmonary complaint in preceding winters, and in the ſpace of three or four months terminated in death. Inflammation of the eyes has alſo been a frequent complaint, and, in two inſtances, three or four individuals in the ſame family were attacked with it about the ſame time. And in ſome there has been a tendency to diſeaſe in the biliary organs, rather greater than is uſual at this ſeaſon of the year. But, on the whole, the catalogue of diſeaſes is at preſent unuſually ſmall, and confined to a few varieties.

DOMESTIC INCIDENTS;

Moſt important Marriages, Deaths, &c., in and near London: together with Biographical Memoirs of eminent Perſons deceaſed.

SMITHFIELD Annual Cattle Show. The Smithfield Society this year held their annual exhibition in another yard of Mr Wooton's, on the ſame ſide as formerly, but nearer to the centre of the market. It was laſt year ſurmiſed, that the rage for exhibitions of this deſcription was on the wane, a ſymptom by no means diſcoverable in the preſent; on the contrary, never was a ſimilar ſpectacle ſo multitudinouſly attended. One would have ſuppoſed that uncommon things had been announced in the preſent bill of fare, and that ſomething precocious and ſupernatural was to be exhibited on the bucolic, in rivalry to that which we nightly crowd to ſee upon the mimic ſtage. The throng and preſs were moſt extraordinary, both at the gate and in the yard, and the money takers were put to all they could do, *to ſee that nobody paid twice.* Even the ladies, laudably ambitious of becoming judges of *good fleſh*, crowded into the very interior, and there were actually a number of female amateurs preſent each day: to the praiſe of their reſolution be it ſpoken, and in the glowing language of Macbeth, may they henceforth produce none but heroes. Sooth to ſay, theſe fine and happily quiet and docile animals and their viſitors kept very loving diſtances, and an accident might have produced unpleaſant conſequences. One, and only one, of the oxen did not love company, and, had it depended on himſelf, would have given very *ſtriking* proofs of his diſlike. The exhibition continued from Thurſday the 13th, when the Society only were admitted, until Tueſd* following, including two market days.

Nothing of very extraordinary or peculiar excellence offered itſelf this year, but the animals were generally good and worthy of attention, as a fair ſample of what improvement has effected. We muſt, however, except the pigs, which were, as they generally are at theſe exhibitions, of that trumpery ſquab ſpecies, guiltleſs of all form, beauty, or meaning, and which would ſcarcely be ſold on the pavè at Smithfield within a ſhilling per ſtone of prime pork. It is moſt extraordinary, that no amateur will be at the pains of exhibiting a well bred and uſeful pig. Farther, the owners of the pigs ſhewn this year made the ſtrange miſtake of producing no regiſter of their keep, from which default no prize could be awarded.

Of the oxen, the Herefords, as uſual, were the crack of the ſhow; their union of length and width, their immenſe table backs, their fine yet ſufficient bone, placid temper, and quick proof, ſeem to daſh and diſhearten all competition. The fame of Mr. Weſtcar ſeems identified with that of the Hereford ox:—once more a winner, again he has carried off the firſt and other prizes. In ſimilar language we may ſpeak of the Duke of Bedford, with his Devon oxen and South Down ſheep: his Grace was alſo again a winner. The ſmall, brinded five year old Scot, fed on graſs, hay, and turnips, with which the Duke won the ſecond prize of ten guineas in claſs 3, was bred by her Grace the Ducheſs of Gordon.

PRIZES, OXEN. Principal prize twenty-five guineas, in claſs 1, won by Mr. Weſtcar's ſpotted Hereford ox. Second prize, claſs 1, fifteen guineas, Duke of Bedford's red Devon ox. Principal prize, claſs 2, twenty-five guineas, Duke of Bedford's dark dun ox, Glamorgan and French. Second prize, claſs 2, fifteen guineas, Mr. Weſtcar's large red Hereford. Principal prize, claſs 3, fifteen guineas, Mr. King's red four year old Scot. Second prize, claſs 3, ten guineas, Duke of Bedford's brinded five year old Scot. Principal prize, claſs 4, fifteen guineas, Duke of Bedford's dark red Kentiſh cow; had borne five calves. Second prize, claſs 4, ten guineas, Mr. Pickford's yellow ſpotted Holderneſs cow; had borne five calves. Prize in claſs 5, ten guineas, Mr. Gilbert's black four year old ox, North Wales, fed in Leiceſterſhire on graſs and hay, and having gained the greateſt weight of fleſh in a given time.

PRIZES, SHEEP. Prize in claſs 8, Mr. Weſtcar's three New Leiceſter two ſhear ſheep. Prize ten guineas, claſs 6, Mr. Plaiket's three ſhearlings, ſame breed. Prize ten guineas, claſs 9, Duke of Bedford's three two ſhear South Downs. Prize ten guineas, claſs 8, Duke of Bedford's three ſhearling South Downs.

As to the *mirabilia*, or things particularly noticeable, we will begin with

two twin ſiſters, one, in courſe, a free marten, ſmall black polled cattle, ſo extremely like Galloway Scots, that even Lord Galloway himſelf, one of the great breeders of the North, really ſuppoſed them ſuch. They were, however, too delicate and fine in the bone to be entirely of that breed, and were the produce of a zebu, or Indian cow, and a Suffolk polled bull. This bull might, perhaps, be really a Scot fed in Suffolk, and if not preciſely ſo, the Suffolks are a variety of the Galloway breed, ſo that our very good Lord of Galloway was not ſo wide of his mark as many ſuppoſed. Theſe cattle are the property of Alderman Sir William Curtis, the proprietor alſo of the beſt farm-yard in the county of Middleſex, who obligingly on the ſecond day ſent the Indian cows, dam and grandam, for the public inſpection. Sir William has had the old cow in his poſſeſſion fourteen years; another inſtance, among many, of the facility with which the animals of hot climates are naturaliſed to this. The Kentiſh cow was moſt complete and beautiful; to be compared, for ſhew of blood in the head and legs, with nothing ſo aptly as with the Arabian and Engliſh courſer. This Kentiſh breed is of Suſſex extraction, ſhortened and reduced in ſize chiefly by Welſh and Scotiſh croſſes. The Holderneſs or Yorkſhire ſhort-horned cows, particularly the red one, made a fine diſplay for ſymmetry and high proof; and none more than the ox of that bred, which, if fattened to his utmoſt capacity, would attain more than the elephantic ſize. But there was not generally that exceſs of fattening, heretofore ſo juſtly condemned. One of the Hereford oxen, by no means over fat, aſtoniſhed all the ſpectators by his enormous height and bulk, being alſo ſhort-legged and well made, though ſomewhat coarſe in the bone. Equally ſurpriſing was the placid meekneſs of his diſpoſition, or rather his careſſing kindneſs to all who honoured him with a viſit in his looſe ſtable, where he ſtood among his numerous friends, without the leaſt reſtraint or faſtening; and yet there are *human* creatures who can feel delight in the torture of ſuch an animal! Two remarkably compact well fed oxen came in on the Monday; one Hereford, the other apparently a mixture of the Hereford and long horned breed. It is ſingular there were no long horned cattle exhibited this year, owing, probably, to the recommendation of labouring oxen. The SHEEP were generally good, Cotſwolds, Lincolns, South Downs, and New Leiceſter; the wool of ſome of theſe laſt was remarkably fine.

In the company of amateurs and graziers were his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Clarence, the Prince of Eſterhazy (the greateſt ſtock-maſter in the world), the Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, Earl of Buckinghamſhire, Lord Galloway, Lord W. Ruſſell, Earl of Ayliſbury, Sir Joſeph Banks, Sir W. Curtis, Sir R. Layton, Lord Sackville, Lord Sheffield, Sir Thos. Carr, G. and R. Byng, Eſqrs. W. Northey, Eſq. Arthur Young, Eſq. Cha. Gordon Gray, Eſq. —— Gordon, Eſq. of Belvue, in Kent; Meſſrs. Weſtcar, Porter, Crooke, Honeybourne, King, Hudſon, Giblet, Garrard, Farey, Bracey Clarke, Cotterills, with an immenſe train of &c. &c.

The preliminary dinner was on the Thurſday, when about thirty attended, and various new members were admitted. At the grand dinner at the Crown and Anchor, on Monday, about one hundred and ninety were ſumptuouſly entertained, forming a happy mixture of feſtivity with the buſineſs of the day and the purpoſes of the meeting. The uſual toaſts were given, and the Preſident, the Duke of Bedford, made a moſt pertinent and pleaſing ſpeech, which afforded general ſatisfaction to the numerous company in which he preſided.

Among other improvements projected and forming within the Precincts of the Tower of London, it is intended to remove the working gunſmiths' ſhops from the vicinity of the magazine, where they now ſtand, to a large building which is raiſing without the walls, on the wharf near Iron Gate. That antient building, called the White Tower, formerly uſed as a ſtate-priſon, will be converted into a depôt for arms, and its Gothic windows are to be conſiderably enlarged.

The public market at Staines, which had been diſcontinued for ſome years paſt, has been lately revived; and the Lord of the Manor, in compliance with the wiſhes of the inhabitants, has conſented to make it a free market.

Married.] W. Robins, Eſq. of the

General Poſt-Office, to Miſs Quarrell, of Eveſham.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, W. Holmes, Eſq. to Mrs. Brown, widow of the late G. B. Eſq. of Hull.—Mr. P. Granger, of Limehouſe, to Miſs Jones, only daughter of the late J. J. Eſq. diſtiller, in Whitechapel.—Mr. Hakewell, of Mortimer Street, Cavendiſh Square, to Miſs A. Frith, of Kentiſh Town.—At Croydon, Mr. J. Colſon, of Poland Street, to Miſs M. Buxwell, late of Baſinghall Street.—At St. James's, Piccadilly, the Ruſſian General Sablonkoff, to Miſs Angerſteyne.—The Hon. Berkeley Paget, youngeſt ſon of the Earl of Uxbridge, to Miſs Grimſtone, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Bucknall, and niece to Lord Viſcount Grimſtone.—J. Mazzinghi, Eſq. of Sloane Street, to Miſs Hodges, of Millbank.—The Hon. H. Gardner, ſon of Admiral Lord Gardner, to Miſs Cornwall, youngeſt daughter of the late J. C. Eſq. of Hendon.—At Kenſington, G. Battye, Eſq. to Miſs G. Wynyard, youngeſt daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. W.—His Excellency Count St. Martin de Pont, many years ambaſſador from the King of Sardinia to the Court of London, to Lady Fleetwood, relict of the late Sir Thos. F. Bart.—At Stoke Newington, W. Everett, Eſq. ſon of T. E. Eſq. of Ludgerſhall, to Miſs Ellis, of Palatine Houſe.—The Hon. C. Butler Agar, brother to Lord Viſcount Cliffden, to Miſs Hunt, of Llandrock, in Cornwall.—J. Smith, Eſq. of Beccles, to Miſs Foulgar, of Cavendiſh Street, Cavendiſh Square.—At Walthamſtow, F. Weatherhead, Eſq. to Miſs E. Warner.—At Enfield, Mr. Paul Bevan, to Miſs Capper, eldeſt daughter of Mr. C. of Gracechurch Street.

Died.] Joſiah Boydell, Eſq. Alderman of the city of London. This celebrated character, who has been ſo juſtly honoured with the title of the Father of the Arts, was born at Donnington, in Shropſhire, in Jan. 1719. His father, who was a land-ſurveyor, had deſtined him for his own profeſſion; but, from a ſudden predilection to the art of engraving, he left his native place, walked up to London, and at the age of 21 apprenticed himſelf for ſeven years to an engraver! His conduct during his apprenticeſhip was eminently aſſiduous; for in this period he perfected himſelf in drawing and the art of perſpective, and even attained the French language without a maſter, making a point of attending the French chapel, to acquire the *pronunciation*. The laſt year of his indentures he purchaſed of his maſter, paid a viſit to his native place, and married an amiable perſon, the object of his early affections; after which he returned, and commenced buſineſs for himſelf. His firſt publication made its appearance in 1745, and was called The Bridge Book. The ſucceſs this little work met with gave him great encouragement; and he continued to employ himſelf in deſigning and engraving many views of places in and about London, beſides copying prints from Vandevelde, Brooking Berghem, Oſtade, Caſtiglione, Salvator Roſa, &c. and the manner in which they were executed evinced conſiderable talent. Finding how much the taſte for prints prevailed, and obſerving with concern the immenſe ſums drawn out of the country by foreign artiſts, he, with that patriotic ſpirit which ſo peculiarly characteriſed him, reſolved to endeavour to turn this current of wealth, and this by his induſtry and perſeverance he finally did. In Woollet he found an artiſt who could equal if not excel any foreign one. The firſt prints which he engraved were the Temple of Apollo from Claude, and the two premium pictures of the Smiths of Chicheſter: theſe were followed in 1761 by the Niobe and the Phaeton from Wilſon, which might be juſtly called the two great pillars on which Woollet's reputation was built, and proved ſuch a ſpecimen of the Engliſh ſchool as gained the admiration of all Europe. Alderman Boydell now firſt attempted that undertaking, which from its magnitude has aſtoniſhed every nation in Europe. We allude to his ſchool of Britiſh hiſtorical painting in the ſplendid eſtabliſhment of the Shakeſpeare Gallery. By his engraving at an immenſe expence a vaſt number of fine prints, and endeavouring to eſtabliſh this ſchool, he has expended more than three hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. The benefits that were thus obtained to the arts and artiſts muſt be obvious to many: indeed, they are of that nature as juſtly to rank him as one of the firſt benefactors of his country. Of his conduct as an alderman, ſheriff, and chief magiſtrate, his conduct was ſuch as will long be remembered moſt gratefully. Attentive to the in-

tereſts and wiſhes of his fellow-citizens of every denomination, humble as a citizen, but ſplendid as a magiſtrate. In the council-chamber of Guildhall are proofs of his patriotiſm and ardor for the promotion of the arts. We allude to the pictures there preſented by him to the corporation. On his private character we might dwell with great pleaſure; ſuffice it to ſay, it was diſtinguiſhed by ſimplicity of manners, integrity of mind, private worth, and ſolid piety.——At his chambers in the Temple, aged 76, J. Wynne, Eſq. a bencher of the Middle Temple, and brother of the Right Hon. Sir William W. Maſter of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.—In Beaumont Street, T. Mayer, Eſq. late of the city of York.—At Kentiſh Town, in his 67th year, R. Heighway, Eſq. of Brachenwood Green, near King's Walden, in Herefordſhire. He was ſenior attorney of the Marſhalſea Court, and had been formerly an officer in the ſecond troop of horſe guards.—In Upper Gower Street, of a paralytic diſorder, aged 73, G. Wilſon, Eſq. formerly an eminent ſolicitor in the Court of Chancery.—At Brompton, aged 60, very ſuddenly, Mr. Harriſon, formerly maſter for many years of the White Horſe cellar, in Piccadilly.—Aged 86, the Rev. W. Ramſden, D.D. Maſter of the Charter Houſe.—Aged 66, Mr. G. Carpenter, proprietor of the well known houſe ſo much frequented by fiſhermen, in the Marſh under Chingford church, county of Eſſex. Returning from Edmonton, in Middleſex, in a chaiſe-cart, one of the wheels came in contact with a ſtone at the corner of Marſh-lane, Edmonton, with ſuch violence, that Mr. C. was thrown out: the unfortunate conſequence of which was, that one of his eyes was nearly cut out, his collar bone broken, and his ſhoulder diſlocated. He was taken up, apparently lifeleſs, to the Golden Lion Inn, in Edmonton, and languiſhed for a few days, till he died.—At Peterſham, Surry, aged 81, W. Cranke, Eſq. formerly a merchant of Biſhopſgate Street, London.—After an illneſs of only three hours, Mrs. Teaſdale, wife of Rich. T. Eſq. ſolicitor, of Biſhopſgate Within.—At St. Albans, highly reſpected by the whole neighbourhood, aged 72, Mrs. Hirons, wife of the Rev. Jabez H. miniſter of the Preſbyterian congregation there, and one of the three daughters of the Rev. Samuel Clark, D.D. 38 years miniſter at the ſame chapel, and who died Dec. 4, 1750. Mr. Jabez H. was aſſiſtant and ſucceſſor to Dr. Clark. Mrs. H. was interred in St. Peter's churchyard, in a grave cloſe to that of her father and mother.—At his lodgings in Jermyn Street, St. James's, Major Lawrence Parſons, of Pembroke Place, in King's county, Ireland, late of the regiment of Royal Fuzileers, and brother to Sir L. Parſons, M.P. for the ſaid county.—At Greenford, in Middleſex, the Rev. J. Maule, Rector, and formerly fellow of King's College, Cambridge.—In Pancras Lane, Bucklerſbury, aged 66, Mr. W. Adſinck, merchant.—Lieut. Cuthbert Adamſon, of the Royal Navy, and an elder Brother of the Trinity Houſe. In early life, he accompanied Commodore Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, on his voyage of diſcovery towards the North Pole.—At Newington, Surry, J. Laver Clarke, Eſq. 43 years a clerk in the Accomptant's Office of the Hon. Eaſt India Company.—At Acton, in Middleſex, aged 105, Mr. J. Thomas, a farrier.—At South Lambeth, John Dollond, Eſq. the celebrated optician in St. Paul's Church-yard.—Aged 74, Ab. Winterbottom, Eſq. an eminent attorney in Threadneedle Street. He ſunk under the infirmities of age, and the loſs of his wife; and by this and other privations, being left almoſt alone in the world, he terminated his life, by a piſtol, at his houſe at Highbury Place, near Iſlington. He was ſecretary and ſolicitor to the Magdalen Charity, and ſolicitor to the South Sea Company. He died in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune.—At Dulwich, having nearly completed his 72d year, W. Hocks, Eſq. formerly an eminent brewer in the pariſh of Bloomſbury, but who for many years paſt had retired from buſineſs. He was a gentleman of a ſound underſtanding, matured by a long and attentive obſervation of the world: he was ever active in the ſervice of his friends, and, from his general reputation for probity and good ſenſe, he was frequently importuned to accept the office of executor and truſtee, in which confidential and frequently very troubleſome truſts he acquitted himſelf with judgment, ſpirit, and fidelity. His benevolence expanded itſelf in the moſt ſeaſonable acts of protection and kindneſs to the moſt remote branches of his family, and indeed to all who ſolicited his aſ-

ſiſtance. He was affectionately intimate with his domeſtics, and kind and liberal to his tenants.—At the advanced age of 104 years, Mr. T. Whittington, of Hillingdon, in Middleſex. He retained the uſe of all his faculties to the very laſt hour, in almoſt as much perfection as at any preceding period of his life, and could walk a diſtance of two or three miles with uncommon eaſe. He had a ſtrong and conſtant attachment to drinking; but his only liquor was gin, of which he daily drank two or three glaſſes till within a fortnight of his death. He had a perfect recollection of the perſon of Queen Anne, of whom he frequently ſpoke. In the firſt Scotch rebellion, in the year 1715, he was actively employed in conveying troops and baggage from Uxbridge to London.—At Hammerſmith, Mr. W. Hewlett, ironmonger, of the Strand. —In an apoplectic fit, a few minutes after he had entered the corn-market, Mr. J. Sherwood, corn factor, of Mark-lane.—At her houſe in Lower Seymour Street, the Dowager Counteſs of Shaftesbury.—At Enfield, Mrs. Geledneki, wife of A. G. Eſq.—H. Tonge, Eſq. of Devonſhire Street, Portland Place.—At Bethnall Green, in a private madhouſe, Mr. Newton, formerly an eminent ſurgeon at Brighton.—At his apartments in the Britiſh Muſeum, the Rev. Samuel Ayſcough, one of the librarians of that noble and magnificent inſtitution, and late vicar of Endham, in Kent, to which living he was preſented by the Crown, on the 7th of Dec. 1803. Mr. A. compiled the immenſe catalogue, in 2 vols. folio, of the library of printed books in the Britiſh Muſeum, and alſo a ſyſtematically arranged catalogue of all the manuſcripts in that national depoſit; beſides an index to Shakeſpeare, and to the Monthly Review, and other periodical publications. He was naturally modeſt and taciturn, and had belonged to the Britiſh Muſeum nearly twenty years.—In her 56th year, Mrs. M. Smith, wife of Robert S. Eſq. of Baſinghall Street, and daughter of the late J. Bogle French, Eſq. An excellent woman, who to a conſcientious diſcharge of the ſocial and domeſtic duties added a firm belief in the doctrines of the Chriſtian religion, and a practical obſervance of its precepts.—In Suffolk Street, Charing-Croſs, Mr. C. Banniſter, formerly of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden theatres, but latterly of the Hay-Market, and father of Mr. John B. the celebrated comedian. He was juſtly conſidered as an admirable vocal performer, wherein he was chiefly indebted to nature; but although a conſpicuous ornament of convivial circles, his timidity laid ſuch a reſtraint upon his powers, as to prevent him from becoming a good comic actor. Even in his beſt days, he ſeldom appeared on the ſtage, except in ſinging characters. Though ſo long engaged in theatrical life, whenever he performed he uſed to walk behind the ſcenes during the intervals in great apparent emotion and agitation. Mr. B. was an excellent mimic of public performers; and, in particular, could imitate Foote in the character of Major Sturgeon with great ſpirit, and a cloſe adherence to the original. His colloquial pleaſantry cauſed his ſociety to be much courted; and had he liſtened to the warnings of prudence, he might undoubtedly, have ſecured an ample proviſion for the vale of years, into which he deſcended through many embarraſſments; but he always found a ſure reſource in filial affection, and ſpoke of the aſſiſtance which he derived from that affection in terms of the livelieſt gratitude. A long and invincible attachment to the bottle had debilitated his conſtitution to ſuch a degree, that of late years it was neceſſary to revive him with comfortable cordials, before he could preſide at the feſtive board with his wonted hilarity. His remains were interred in the family vault, in St. Martin's church; and a numerous company of friends teſtified their affection and reſpect by attending them to the grave.

Further ſupplementary Account of the late Lord Duncan: ſee page 280. —This diſtinguiſhed veteran, born in the town of Dundee, North Britain, was the deſcendant of a very antient and reputable family, which has, during a long ſeries of years, been in poſſeſſion of the lordſhip of Lundie, in the county of Perth. The annual rental of the family eſtate, which came to Lord Duncan, about two years and a half ago, in conſequence of the deceaſe of his elder brother, Colonel Duncan, is eſtimated at 500*l*. We have already obſerved, that his lordſhip through life was diſtinguiſhed by a ſtrong ſenſe of religion and unaffected piety. This virtue ſeems, indeed, to have formed a grand and

leading feature of his private character. This obſervation, in ſome perſons, may excite a ſmile of contempt; but the rational and liberal-minded will learn with real ſatisfaction, that Lord Duncan felt it an honour to be a Chriſtian. He ever exemplified the precepts of religion in his practice, and the public obſervance of it was uniformly kept up wherever he had held the command. When the great action was decided in his favour, which has ſignaliſed his name, Admiral D. ordered the crew of his ſhip to be called together, and at their head, upon his bended knees, in the preſence of the Dutch admiral (who was not a little affected with the ſcene), he offered up ſolemn thanks and praiſe to the God of battles.—Let it be added, that his demeanour, when in the cathedral of St. Paul's on the day of general thankſgiving, and when, of courſe, his lordſhip was the "obſerved of all obſervers," was ſo humble, modeſt, and devout, as greatly to increaſe that admiration which his long ſucceſsful ſervices had ſo juſtly merited for him. In ſhort, Lord D. exhibited one more inſtance and example of the truth of the aſſertion, that courage and true piety ought to be inſeparably allied; and that the former virtue without the latter loſes one of its principal and moſt excellent ornaments and moſt leading adjuncts.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

With an Account of the principal Marriages, Deaths, &c., under the Heads of the different Counties: arranged in alphabetical Order.

BERKSHIRE.

Married.] At Reading, Mr. Richards, attorney, to Miſs Higgs. — At Sonning, Mr. J. Samuel, farmer, to Mrs. E. Newkirk. The united ages of this couple amount to 130 years. The bridegroom, by his former wives, four in number, has had a progeny of 32 children and 27 grandchildren!

Died.] At Cypenham, near Windſor, aged 89, Jacob Bryant, Eſq. This gentleman was born at Plymouth, in Devonſhire, but received his grammatical education at Eton, from which ſeminary he proceeded to King's College, Cambridge. Declining to take orders, he became ſecretary to the late Duke of Marlborough, and a private tutor in his family, and attended his grace in his military expeditions, as likewiſe in an official ſituation at the Board of Ordnance. Mr. B.'s firſt publication appeared in 1767, intitled, Obſervations and Enquiries relating to various Parts of Antient Hiſtory, containing Diſſertations on the Wind Euroclydon, and on the Iſland of Melité, with an Account of Egypt in its moſt early State, and of the Shepherd Kings, in quarto. This volume abounds with learned reſearch and bold conjectures; but the author relinquiſhed ſome of the opinions broached in the latter part of his life. Mr. Bryant's moſt celebrated, and truly valuable, work, is the "Analyſis of Antient Mythology;" the object of which is, to lay the caſe of infidelity, by tracing the earlieſt hiſtory of mankind through the traditional remains of all nations. About the ſame time alſo Mr. B. publiſhed an anonymous tract, intitled "*Vindiciæ Flavianæ*," being a defence of the teſtimony of Joſephus to Chriſt, in the ſo much diſputed paſſage generally ſuppoſed to be ſpurious. The ingenuity of this defence made many converts, and, among the reſt, the late ingenious and learned Dr. Prieſtley. As a polemical or controverſial writer, Mr. B. diſcovered more livelineſs of fancy than vigor of argument. In his diſpute with Dr. Prieſtley on the ſubject of neceſſity, he was thought to be evidently worſted. In converſation Mr. B. was cheerful, entertaining, and inſtructive. The death of this accompliſhed ſcholar was ſomewhat premature, being brought on by a hurt on his leg, occaſioned by an unfortunate fall from a chair, while in the act of reaching down a book. A predominant and truly laudable trait in his character was, a firm conviction of the truth of Chriſtianity; and hence he had nothing ſo much at heart as to convince others. To this important object he aſſiduouſly devoted all his learning and all his intellectual powers.

CHESHIRE.

Died.] At Cheſter, T. Richards, Eſq. one of the Aldermen of the Corporation.—At Nantwich, deſervedly reſpected, D. Harris, Eſq.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Intended Incloſure in this county: Cotton's Common, in the pariſh of Outwell, in the Iſle of Ely.

Died.] At Cambridge, T. W. Temple, Eſq. of Corpus Chriſti College,

and youngeſt ſon of the Rev. Dr. T. of Northwood Place, county of Suffolk. —In the iſland of Jamaica, J. Thorpe, Eſquire, of Chippenham Hall, a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world. He has bequeathed the ſum of 60,000*l* per annum to Maſter Thorpe, his grandſon, and ſon of Lady Sufan Drew, now a ſtudent in the Univerſity of Cambridge.

CORNWALL.

Married.] At Launceſton, Mr. Score, attorney, of Sherborne, to Miſs Jones, daughter of the Rev. C. Jones.—At Grampound, Mr. S. Harris, printer and ſtationer, of Falmouth, to Miſs M. Symonds.—At St. Ives, Mr. J. Roſewall, Lieutenant in the Corps of St. Ives Volunteers, to Miſs Roſewall. — At Bodmyn, T. Duke, Eſq. of London, to Miſs Edyvean.

Died.] Aged 21, Mr. H. Cock, Enſign in the ſecond battalion of Mount's Bay Volunteers.

CUMBERLAND.

A ſpacious building has been lately finiſhed and fitted up at Carliſle, for the uſe and purpoſes of a cotton twiſt manufactory: it is ſuppoſed to be one of the moſt extenſive concerns ever entered into in this part of the country. The ſteam-engine, made by Meſſrs. Bolton and Watt, of Birmingham, contains a power equal to that of thirty-ſix horſes, and keeps at work 30,240 ſpindles. The ſite of the building occupies 39 yards 2 feet in length, by 22 yards in breadth; and by means of twenty-two hollow caſt-iron pillars in each room, which receive the ſteam from the engine, a ſuitable degree of heat is always preſerved, and the uſe of fire, except what is requiſite for the ſteam engine, is thereby rendered totally unneceſſary.

Married.] At Carliſle, Alex. Lawrie, Eſq. ſurgeon to the recruiting diſtrict, to Miſs M. Brooke. — At Appleby, Lieut. Jacques, of the Royal Navy, to Miſs King, of Penrith.—At Gretna Green, H. Curwen, Eſq. eldeſt ſon of J. C. Curwen, Eſq. by his preſent lady, to Miſs Stanley, eldeſt daughter of E. Stanley, Eſq. of Whitehaven.

Died.] At Carliſle, Mr. T. Lowthian, attorney.—At Cockermouth, in an advanced age, Mrs. Dykes, a maiden lady, ſiſter to L. Dykes Ballantyne, Eſq.—At Whitehaven, Mr. W. Yoward, commonly called the Chimney Doctor, from his ſucceſsful judicious efforts in clearing apartments of ſmoke. —The Rev. T. Hugginſon, Vicar of Newchurch, in Pendle, and maſter of an academy there.

DEVONSHIRE.

The foundation ſtone of a new market-houſe has been lately laid in the town of Plymouth, for the building of which, in a commodious and ornamental manner, on the tontine plan, the ſum of 10,000*l* has been ſubſcribed by the inhabitants.

Veſtry meetings have been lately held in the city of Exeter, at the particular requeſt of the mayor, to conſult on a plan for the laudable purpoſe of better cleaning, lighting, and improving the various ſtreets within the city. It is intended to number the houſes, to mark the names on the ſeveral ſtreets, for the correct information of ſtrangers, and to erect a number of new lamps in the different pariſhes where wanted, to be lighted and kept burning during the night, in addition to thoſe already erected. Of theſe lamps the pariſh of Trinity has already engaged for thirteen.

Married.] At Uffcombe, Mr. Southerton, ſurgeon, to Miſs A. Tapſin, of Eaſtleigh, near Biddeford.—At Sampford Peverell, J. Pugh, Eſq. of Thoverton, to Miſs Cowlin.—At South Molton, —— Mills, Eſq. to Miſs Sufan Dormer, of Fowey.—At Corſcombe, J. Bellamy, Eſq. of Cheddington Houſe, to Miſs A. Hann, of Benville Park.—At Exeter, Mr. R. Evans, druggiſt, to Miſs M. L. Toby, of Bridport.

Died.] At Exeter, Mrs. Hedgeland, wife of Mr. P. Hedgeland, bookſeller. —The Rev. C. P. Caillard.—At Plymouth, Mrs. F. Date, mother of Mr. Date, merchant, and ſiſter of the late Admiral Jefferies, of Southampton. — At Sampford Peverell, aged 68, Mr. W. S. Dix, formerly a merchant of Exeter.

DURHAM.

Married.] At Durham, Mr. Mark Bowman, chemiſt, to Miſs Hardcaſtle, of York.

Died.] At Durham, Mrs. Shaftoe, wife of Mr. W. S. attorney.—Aged 78, Mr. John Nicholſon, ſtone-maſon, and Sword-bearer to the Provincial Grand Lodge of Freemaſons for this county.—Aged 77, the Rev. T. Capſtick, Curate of the perpetual curacy of St. Andrew Aukland, near Biſhop Aukland.

ESSEX.

Married.] At Walter Belcham, the Rev. P. H. Raymund, of Sickleſmere

Mount, to Miſs Edwards, of Bradfield Lodge, county of Suffolk.—At Colcheſter, Mr. R. Greenwood, ſon of Mr. G. merchant, to Miſs E. Benwell, daughter of Dr. B. of Dover.—At Great Waltham, the Rev. Richard Froſt, diſſenting miniſter, of Great Dunmow, to Miſs Portway.

Died.] At Colcheſter, the Rev. S. Sandys, rector of Lexden.—Mrs. Mann, wife of Mr. M. corn merchant.—At Witham, Mr. W. Gullifer, attorney.—At Maryland Point, aged 85, T. Kilner, Eſq.—At Weeley Hall, near Colcheſter, Miſs Lockhart, ſiſter of Lieutenant Colonel L. of the Royal Lanerkſhire regiment.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The reſort of viſitors to Cheltenham during this laſt ſeaſon has exceeded that of any former years. The new ſaline ſpring is ſituated upon an elevated ſpot of ground, which commands a fine proſpect of the town and neighbourhood. Its diſtance from the old well, in the lane leading to Badgeworth, is about 300 yards; and there is a convenient footpath leading through the fields or meadows that adjoin the lane. The water, in its appearance, ſomewhat reſembles that of Harrowgate, and contains a greater portion of ſulphureous gas than the other wells of Cheltenham did in their original ſtate. Its effects on the human ſyſtem are not unlike to thoſe of the lower ſpa, and no greater quantity of water is required for a doſe. It is particularly adapted to afford relief in bilious diſeaſes, complaints ariſing from the ſtomach, eruptive and cutaneous affections, and inteſtinal worms.—During the ſummer a pump was fixed in the well, which works at the depth of 40 feet: it is now covered over by a temporary building. The water was ſo generally approved of, that 2 hogſheads and upwards were conſumed every morning. This was conſidered as a fortunate circumſtance, as the other wells were not ſufficient to ſupply the preſſing demand. The above new diſcovered ſpring yields 70 gallons of water in an hour.

Married.] At Hawkſbury, W. Rodway, Eſq. to Miſs Allen, of the Pound.—At Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, Captain Roome, of the Bombay eſtabliſhment, to Miſs S. Shakeſpeare, daughter of David S. Eſq. of the iſland of Jamaica.

Died.] At Glouceſter, Mrs. Richardſon, wife of Samuel R. Eſq. of Herſol Cartlo, near Cowbridge, county of Glamorgan.—At Cirencester, Mr. Sam. Baikerville: a gentleman of whom this character is given, that "his religious profeſſion was without bigotry, his piety without oſtentation, and his integrity without ſtain.—At Randwick, aged 84, Mr. T. White, father of the Rev. Dr. W. profeſſor of the oriental languages at Oxford.—At St. Briavel's, the Rev. T. Edmunds, curate, and rector of Swindon, near Cheltenham.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] At Newchurch, Mr. Mark Young, poſtmaſter, of Ryde, to Miſs P. Keach.—At Upton Gray, Mr. W. Ewe, of Louth, in Lincolnſhire, to Miſs A. Leech, 2d daughter of T. L. Eſq. of Biden.—In the Iſle of Wight, J. Word, Eſq. collector of the cuſtoms at Cowes, to Miſs Arnold, eldeſt daughter of Mrs. A. of Slatwoods, near Cowes.

Died.] At Wincheſter, Mrs. Jolly, wife of Mr. J. linen draper.—Aged 64, Mrs. Brice, relict of the late Colonel B.—At Portſmouth, Miſs Moyle, ſiſter of J. M. Eſq. merchant.—Miſs Sharp, daughter of Mr. S. druggiſt.—At Hackwood Park, the Hon. Miſs A. O. Powlett, 2d daughter of Lord Bolton.—At Bracknell Banks, aged 63, Rear Admiral Iſaac Vaillant, a humane good officer, and amiable in the private circle of domeſtic life.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

It is intended ſhortly to apply to Parliament, for powers to enable the farmers, &c. of this county to draw their waggons with five horſes, and to place this county, in that reſpect, on the ſame footing as the counties of Wales; a meaſure which appears to be highly reaſonable, on account of the frequent hills of conſiderable ſteepneſs which occur in the different roads.

Married.] At Leominſter, Mr. J. S. L. Pattiſhall, ſurgeon, to Miſs Williams, daughter of the late Rev. T. W.—At Fardiſland, C. B. Unett, Eſq. of Broadward Hall, to Miſs Stone, eldeſt daughter of the Rev. J. Stone, LL.D.

Died.] R. Corbett, Eſq. of Longnor Park, in the commiſſion of the peace for this county.

KENT.

Married.] At Hythe, Lieutenant Baldock, of the Eaſt Kent militia, to Miſs Charlotte Terry, of Brockland.—At Folkſtone, Mr. W. Marſh, brewer, to Miſs Farley.—Captain W. Bagſter,

commiſſary in charge of the army, Barham Downs, to Miſs Sankey, daughter of J. S. Eſq. of Digger Court.

Died.] At Canterbury, aged 75 years, W. Gottling, Eſq. Captain of Invalids in the Royal Artillery.—At Rocheſter, Mrs. Ramſay, relict of the late Rev. J. R. Vicar of Teſton.—At Margate, in his 52d year, Mr. N Auſtin, ſolicitor.—At Shottenden, in the Iſle of Thanet, Miſs Staines, daughter of R. S. Eſq.—At Eaſt Malling, aged 25, Lieutenant W. H. Young, of the Royal Marines.—At Cranbrook, in his 75th year, Mr. S. Wilmhurſt, brewer.—At Wickham, the Rev. G. A. Thomas, D.D. Rector.

LANCASHIRE.

Married.] At Blackburn, Mr. G. Waddington, cotton merchant, to Miſs Bury, of Burnley.—At Preſton, W. Barley, Eſq. of Kirkham, to Miſs Swainſon.—At Warrington, J. Clare, Eſq. to Miſs Bolton, of Winwick.—At Liverpool, Mr. J. Fletcher, merchant, to Miſs Hodgſon.—Mr. M. Poole, merchant, to Miſs Parker, late of Bowland, near Lancaſter.—G. L. Dale, Eſq. of Heaton Norris, to Miſs Moſs.—At Mancheſter, the Rev. Dr. Davies, head maſter of the Free Grammar School at Macclesfield, to Miſs Street.

Died.] At Lancaſter, Mrs. Saliſbury, wife of R. S. Eſq. of Walton, near Preſton.—At Mancheſter, Mr. G. Banks, printer and ſtationer.—Mr. Cheeſe, organiſt at the Collegiate Church. Though blind, he was juſtly conſidered as an excellent compoſer and performer.—Miſs E. Phillips, late of Hollinghurſt.—At Liverpool, Mr. R. Ogilvy, merchant.—C. Pole, Eſq. an alderman of the corporation, and treaſurer of the Dock Office.—Aged 104, Mrs. Fletcher.—Mrs. Edge, widow, of Higher Ardwick; a valuable character in private life, and a truly virtuous woman.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Married.] G. Fillingham, Eſq. of Syeſton, to Miſs Hough, daughter of T. H. Eſq. of Eaſthorpe, near Belvoir.—At Leiceſter, Mr. John Coleman, hoſier, to Miſs Oram.—Mr. J. Roberts, hoſier, to Miſs Lomas.—T. Denman, Eſq. of London, to Miſs Vevers, of Saxby.

Died.] At Sibſon, Mrs. Neale, relict of the late Rev. T. N. Rector of Tollerton, county of Nottingham.—At Briſtol, Miſs Louiſa Anne Hartopp, 5th daughter of Sir Edmund Cradock H. Bart. M.P. for this county.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A new Wet Dock has been lately opened at Grimſby, in this county, for the better and more extenſive accommodation of ſhipping in that long neglected harbour. Three additional acres have been excavated, for the purpoſe of erecting wharfs, warehouſes, &c. on the ſite. This antient port now bids fair to reſume its former rank as a ſea port, and to extend its mercantile conſequence, for which it poſſeſſes great facilities, by its vicinity to the North Sea, &c. &c.

A regular Mail has been lately eſtabliſhed, to proceed ſix days in a week, from Thorne to Epworth, by the way of Crowle: this muſt prove a very material accommodation and commercial benefit to that diſtrict, which before might be conſidered as, in ſome meaſure, inſulated from other parts of the county.—A letter from London to Epworth, which would arrive at Doncaſter in the ſpace of twenty-two hours, frequently could not reach Epworth till five days afterwards.

Married.] At Lincoln, Mr. Andrew, ſchoolmaſter, to Miſs Heſcott.—At Pelham, near Gainſborough, the Rev. W. Duncan, Rector, to Miſs S. Hurſt, of Aiſby.—At Thoreſby, J. Kipling, Eſq. of Overſtone, in Northamptonſhire, to Miſs Iſabella Wood.

Died.] At Lincoln, in a very advanced age, Mrs. Whichcote, relict of the late Rev. Dr. W.—At Gainſborough, at the very advanced age of 107, Mrs. Elizabeth Bullard, widow. She died without any ſymptoms of pain or ſickneſs, and till of late could ſew without the help of ſpectacles.—At Nacton, near Lincoln, aged 75, the Right Hon. George Earl of Buckingham, Baron Hobart, of Blickling. His lordſhip ſucceeded to the titles and eſtate on the demiſe of his brother, the late Earl, Auguſt 3, 1793. In the year 1757, he married Albinia, the daughter of Lord Vere Bertie, ſon of Robert Duke of Ancaſter, by whom he has left two ſons, with three daughters. His lordſhip had never raiſed the rents of his numerous tenantry, but purſued to the laſt the excellent maxim, "Let the poor man live."

NORFOLK.

Married.] At North Walſham, Mr. Dix, to Miſs Caſtel, eldeſt daughter of

the late Rev. J. Caſtell, of Brooke.—At Norwich, Mr. C. Maitland, attorney, of Lynn, to Miſs Chriſtian.—At Lynn, Mr. C. Browne, of Snetterton, to Miſs Brame, only daughter of T. Brame, Eſq.

Died.] At Norwich, in his 84th year, the Rev. J. Peele, Superior Miniſter of St. Peter's Mancroft, Rector of Bawſey, &c. He was a gentleman of an unruffled temper, a ſtrong mind, a clear, ſolid judgment, and a benevolent diſpoſition. His friendſhips were warm and ſteady, and his charities large and numerous. He was learned without pedantry, and was very generally eſteemed for his excellent miniſterial qualifications. The pariſh intend to erect a monument in honour of his memory.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. Hitchmough, attorney, of Banbury, to Miſs E. Swinſen, of Daventry.—Edward Grant, Eſq. of Litchborough, to Miſs Marriott, eldeſt daughter of Mr. R. Marriott, of Badby.

Died.] At Northampton, aged 85, the Rev. Edw. Miller, Vicar of All Saints pariſh, and Chaplain to the County Gaol. Theſe offices he had filled upwards of thirty-five years, with the character of a truly pious Chriſtian, and an upright, honeſt man.—Mrs. E. Wilſon, relict of the late Mr. J. Wilſon, brewer.—At Kirby, near Blakeſley, Mr. S. Tite, grazier.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Newcaſtle, Capt. W. Charlton, of the Royal Navy, to Miſs Davidſon, only daughter of the late T. Davidſon, Eſq. Clerk of the Peace for this county.—At North Shields, Mr. W. Burnett, ſurgeon, to Miſs M. Buddle, of Wall's End.

Died.] At Newcaſtle, at an advanced age, Lieut. Col. Blakeney. He had been dreadfully wounded at the battle of Bunker's Hill, in North America.—At Tynemouth, Lieut. Conſtable, of the Eliza tender, ſtationed at that port.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] At Nottingham, Mr. S. Rowbotham, Maſter of the Free Grammar School of Bunny, to Mrs. E. Gunn.

Died.] At Nottingham, Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. Jones, hoſier.—Captain Macdonald, of the 5th battalion of the Army of Reſerve.—Mrs. Shipman, Matron of St. Mary's Workhouſe.—Mrs. Wilſon, aged 73.—Mr. Beckwith.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. J. Phillott, Fellow of Corpus Chriſti College, Oxford, and ſon of the Rev. Dr. Phillott, Archdeacon of Bath, to Miſs Caroline Harris, daughter of R. Harris, Eſq. of Ether.

Died.] At Oxford, Mr. Samuel Walker, Yeoman Beadle of Law in the Univerſity.—Aged 62, Mr. T. Nix, maſter of the Black Horſe Inn.—Aged 54, Mr. John Langford, ſurgeon.—At Henley Park, near Henley-upon-Thames, Mrs. Harris, wife of Joſ. Harris, Eſq. of Stanford, in Worceſterſhire.

SHROPSHIRE.

Died.] At Shrewſbury, Mr. E. Hutton, woollen draper.—At Coalbrooke Dale, aged 60, Mr. Mark Gilpin, of the ſociety of Quakers, and many years principal clerk to the Coalbrooke Dale Company. He was a perſon of a truly amiable character, and a model to his numerous offſpring, and all around him, of unaffected piety, integrity, meekneſs, and affability.—At Ninehead, near Wellington, Miſs Ann Bird, an amiable young lady, cut off in the bloom of life.—On board the Narciſſus frigate, cruiſing in the Mediterranean, acting as a midſhipman, aged 18, Mr. T. O. Rock, ſecond ſon of the Rev. J. Rock, of Shrewſbury. This gallant young gentleman fell while boarding and ſetting fire to ſome French ſhips in the Bay of Hieres.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Ranton, Mr. C. Hart, of Ranton Hall, to Miſs Whieldon, of Haughton.—At Uttoxeter, Mr. Brandon, hoſier, of Leiceſter, to Miſs Bates.

Died.] At Stafford, aged 58, Mrs. Sylveſter.—At Uttoxeter, at a very advanced age, Mrs. Rachael Hervey.—Mrs. Hollier, of Barton Park.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Bath, Dr. George Hazleton, phyſician to the houſehold of the Duke of Kent, to Miſs Frances Du Puy, of Taunton.—J. Higgins, Eſq. of Turvey Abbey, in Bedfordſhire, to Miſs Longuet.—Lieut. Col. Smith, of the 83d regiment, to Miſs Cantelo.

Died.] At Briſtol, Mr. Reynolds, ſen. one of the proprietors and head manager of the Bedminſter and Aſhton coal works.—At Bath, Miſs Eliza Browne, eldeſt daughter of the late Hon. John Browne, uncle to the Marquis of Sligo: a lady of lively wit, and an amiable diſpoſition.—Suddenly, H. Clifford, Eſq.—T. Banſtead, Eſq. many years Deputy Judge Advocate of the Fleet, and one of the magiſtrates of

Bath.—At Tiverton, near Bath, aged about 80, Mr. Bremble, a very ingenious carpenter, who ſuperintended the building of the Upper Aſſembly Rooms, and where he has ever ſince had an apartment. Mr. B. about 40 years ago publiſhed a collection of poems, and has ſince compoſed ſeveral pieces not deſtitute of poetic merit; many of them humorous, and all of a moral tendency.—At Chew Magna, W. Abraham, Eſq. banker, of Bath.—At Flaxburton, J. Sparrow, Eſq.—At Clifton, the Hon. George Napier, Comptroller of Army Accounts in Ireland. He was generally reſpected as a brave ſoldier, and an upright ſervant of the public.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Brent Ely, W. H. Scourfield, Eſq. of Robeſton Hall, in the county of Pembroke, to Miſs Maria Goat, of Brent Ely Hall.

Died.] At Bury, Mrs. Middleditch, mother of Mr. Middleditch, chemiſt.—At Ipſwich, aged 82, P. Clarke, Eſq. Senior Alderman of the Corporation.—Lord Chedworth, Baron of Chedworth in Glouceſterſhire. His lordſhip was born Auguſt 22, 1754, and ſucceeded to the titles and eſtate on the death of his uncle Henry Frederick, the third Lord Chedworth, on the 17th of October, 1781.—At an advanced age, Mrs. Lloyd, lady of R. Savage Lloyd, Eſq. of Hintleſham Hall, near Ipſwich.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Racton, the Rev. C. B. Ponſonby Lowther, of Manningford, Wilts, to Miſs Eliza Callbeck, niece to Rear Admiral Sir Iſaac Coffin.

Died.] At Brighton, H. Donaldſon, Eſq. army agent, of Whitehall, London; a gentleman of complacent manners, a generous temper, and active benignity of heart.—At Wakehurſt Place, aged 80, Joſeph Peyton, Eſq. Admiral of the White.—Miſs Doyley, of Buxted Place.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] At Birmingham, Mr. W. Radcliffe, engraver, to Miſs C. Hemming, of Walſall Heath.

Died.] At Warwick, Mr. Eyre, druggiſt.—Miſs Veaſey.—At Birmingham, in her 37th year, Mrs. E. Blakemore.—At Haughton, aged 63, Mr. Saunders, formerly of Stallbrooke Hall, near Stafford.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Birmingham, Mr. J. Bedford, ſon of the Rev. B. B. to Miſs Anne Bedford.—At Worceſter, Mr. M. Betts, glover, to Miſs Bevan.

Died.] At Worceſter, Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. S. woollen draper.—Mrs. Aickin, the wife of F. A. Eſq. of the 1ſt or King's regt. of dragoon-guards, and niece to the late Lord Petre.—Mr. Bevan, maſter of the Hen and Chickens public-houſe.—At Bromeſgrove, in an apoplectic fit, Mr. Jackman, an eminent tanner.—At Aſton, near Tenbury, Sam. Goode, gent.

YORKSHIRE.

The Earl of Carliſle has lately preſented to the Dean and Chapter of York, to be placed in the Minſter, a window of beautiful painted glaſs, purchaſed during the late troubles in France from the church of St. Nicholas, in the City of Rouen, in Normandy. The ſubject is the Viſitation of the Virgin Mary; the figures are as large as life, admirably conceived, and have been always conſidered as deſigned either by Michael Angelo or by Sebaſtian de Plombo.

Married.] At Doncaſter, Mr. Maſon, attorney, to Miſs Mandall.——At Barnſley, Dr. Doe, to Miſs Taylor.—At York, G. Treacher, Eſq. ſon of the late Rev. T. T. of Begbrooke, in Oxfordſhire, to Miſs Swaynſton, daughter of the late Dr. Allen S.—The Rev. W. Croſts, Vicar of North Grimſtone, to Miſs Carr, of Bolton Abbey.

Died.] At Sheffield, after a long indiſpoſition, the Rev. Thos. Bryant, many years miniſter of a congregation-meeting in Scotland Street.—At Tadcaſter, aged 93, Mr. J. Hartley, father of Mr. Alderman H. of York. He was highly eſteemed, during the whole of his well-ſpent life, as a ſincere chriſtian and benevolent man.—At Beverley, aged 28, Miſs Tygar, eldeſt daughter of the late Mr. John T.—Aged 80, Mrs. Wolley, relict of the late Rev. Godfrey W. Rector of Thurnſcoe.—At Myton-upon-Swale, aged 73, the Rev. John Carter, Vicar. He was univerſally eſteemed and beloved as a diligent and faithful paſtor by a numerous circle of friends and pariſhioners.—At his ſeat, at Langold, aged 64, T. Gally Knight, Eſq. juſtice of peace for this county and Nottinghamſhire, and formerly M.P. for Aldborough.—At Spofforth, aged 22, G. Tripp, Eſq. late Capt. in the 25th regt. of foot.—At Hotham, aged 86, Mrs. Burton, widow of the late R. B. Eſq.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, NOVEMBER 1804.

D	H	Baro.	T.out.	T.in	H	C	Wind	Weather, &c.	Rain 4,32
1	8	29.68	50	56	64	3	SW 1	hazy	
	2	29.73	57.5	58	62	3	WSW 2	: little rain	
2	8	29.89	52	56.5	65	h	WSW 0	. wind NE . chiefly cloudy and rain at times	
N	2	29.95	55.5	58	64	4	NE 1	hazy . rain at times : more wind	
3	8	30.39	47	55	62	4	NE 3	. fine	
	2	30.40	48	54	56	1	E 4	. cloudy night : lefs wind	
4	8	30.27	42	50.5	60	4	ENE 2	. fine	
	2	30.16	45	51	58	2	ENE 3	. thick upward at eve	
5	8	30.03	40.5	48.5	62	h	E 2		
	2	30.03	44	49	60	4	E 3	. fine eve and lefs wind	
6	8	30.12	39	47.5	58	f	E 1		
	2	30.11	42	47.5	57	h	E 1		
7	8	30.02	39.5	47	59	h	N 1	. foggy	
	2	29.93	45	48	61	f	N 1	. fine night . thick upward : little rain	
8	8	29.65	48.5	50	67	4	SE 1	foggy . lefs cloudy : cloudy	
	2	29.56	52.5	52	64	5	SSE 1	. little rain at eve	
9	8	29.56	43	51.5	67	f	SE 0	. not cloudy	
	2	29.57	52.5	56	66	3	SSE 0	foggy : rain . fair . rain	
10	8	29.39	51.5	53.5	68	f	SSE 1	rain . wind W and fine : thick upward . rain	
	2	29.36	56.5	56	67	h	W 2	chiefly rain	
11	8	29.38	52	56	70	h	NE 1	continual rain	
	2	29.50	52.5	56	68	h	NNE 1	much gentle rain . fair night : little rain	
12	8	30.09	48	54.5	69	f	NE 1	little rain . wind SSE and chiefly cloudy	
	2	30.09	55	56	64	4	ESE 1	. more cloudy : rain at times	
13	8	29.82	52.5	56.5	64	5	S 2	hazy	
	2	29.79	58	58	67	5	S 2	hazy	
14	8	29.72	54	58	66	h	SSW 1	. chiefly rain but brighter at times	
	2	29.70	54.5	58.5	65	h	SSW 1	little rain . brighter at times and not cloudy	
15	8	29.92	46.5	56	65	h	N 1	. chiefly drizzly	
	2	29.98	46.5	55	65	h	N 1	drizzly at times	
16	8	30.12	44.5	52.5	66	h	N 1	. chiefly drizzly	
	2	30.14	48.5	53.5	68	h	NNE 1	drizzly . fair eve	
17	8	30.23	47	52	68	f	E 1	drizzly fog . fine : more cloudy	
F	2	30.27	49.5	52.5	66	4	SE 1	. thick upward . not cloudy eve	
18	8	30.28	46.5	52.5	67	2	SE 1	foggy . more foggy . cloudy	
	2	30.28	52	53.5	64	4	SE 1	. thick upward and little wet at times	
19	8	30.18	51.5	53.5	65	h	SSW 2	. much rain	
	2	30.09	53	54.5	67	5	SW 2	rain . fair . rainy eve . fine	
20	8	30.27	44	52.5	64	3	WNW 1	foggy . fine	
	2	30.19	50	53	61	2	SSW 1	. rainy night : more wind and fine	
21	8	29.69	52.5	54.5	63	3	WNW 2	. little rain . fine	
	2	29.90	51.5	54	56	2	W 2	. clear night : more wind . lefs wind	
22	8	29.90	45	52.5	62	1	W 1		
	2	29.99	47.5	51.5	57	2	W 2	. little fog at eve . clear	
23	8	30.11	41.5	50	63	3	W 1	foggy . thick upward . little rain	
	2	29.97	48.5	51	64	5	WSW 1	. rainy eve . fair . chiefly rain	
24	8	29.99	40.5	49	64	h	NNE 1	continual rain fleet and fnow	
	2	29.95	38.5	48	66	h	NE 1	much fnow and rain : fair and more wind	
25	8	29.98	42	49	61	h	E 1		
	2	29.98	44.5	48.5	58	5	ENE 2	. fine eve . clear	
26	8	30.19	37.5	46.5	61	2	NE 1	foggy	
	2	30.24	43	48	62	3	NE 1	: little rain	
27	8	30.14	38	46.5	65	h	NNE 1	little rain and fnow . chiefly fine	
	2	30.20	40	46	59	4	E 2	. thick upward at eve	
28	8	30.16	37	44.5	59	5	ENE 1	. thick upward : little fleet	
	2	30.13	37	45	60	h	NE 1	. little fleet . rainy night : fair	
29	8	30.11	36.5	44.5	64	f	NE 1		
	2	30.10	38.5	44.5	62	h	NE 1		
30	8	30.09	36.5	44.5	61	2	ENE 1	foggy . thick upward : brighter	
	2	30.09	39.5	49.5	61	3	ENE 1	foggy . thick upward : clear morn	

PRICES OF STOCKS from NOVEMBER 26 to DECEMBER 24, 1804, both included.

By Messrs. Anthony Clarke and Robert Marsden, Stock Brokers, Princes Street, Bank.

Days	Bank Stock.	3 p. Ct. Reduc.	3 per Cent. Consols		4 p. Ct.	5 per Cents Navy.	5 p. Ct. 1797.	Long Anns.	Short Anns.	Imperial 3 per Cent.	Imper. Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchequ. Bills.
Nov.														
26	.....	57½	58¾	¼	74	91⅛	...	16 7/8	...	...	...	180½	1s 2s dif.	par 1s dif.
27	.....	57½	58¾	¼	74⅛	91⅛	98⅜	16 7/8	...	...	9½	.....	.....	par 1s dif.
28	166	57⅝	58¾	¼	74⅛	91⅜	98⅞	16 7/8	...	...	9⅜	.....	.....	.....
29	.....	58	58⅝	¼	74¾	Shut	98⅞	16⅞	...	56¾	...	.....	.....	par 1s dif.
30							St. Andrews Day.							
Dec.														
1	167½	58⅛	58⅝	⅛	74⅞	...	...	17	...	56⅞	9½	.....	.....	.....
3	.....	58⅛	58⅜	⅛	74⅛	...	98⅜	17	2¾	57	...	.....	.....	.....
4	168	58⅛	58⅞	9	75	...	98⅜	...	...	...	...	182¾	.....	par 1s dif.
5	.....	58⅜	Shut		75	...	98⅜	17⅛	...	57½	...	Shut	.....	.....
6	169	58½	...	...	75⅛	...	98⅞	17⅛	...	...	9⅜	.....	.....	.....
7	168½	58⅛	...	...	75	...	98⅞	17⅛	...	57¼	...	.....	.....	.....
8	.....	58⅛	...	...	74⅞	...	98⅞	17	...	...	9½	.....	.....	.....
10	168	58⅛	...	...	74⅞	...	...	17	2⅝	...	...	.....	1s 2s dif.	par 1s pm.
11	168	58⅛	...	...	74⅞	...	98⅞	17	...	...	9½	.....	.....	.....
12	.....	58⅛	...	...	74⅞	...	...	17	2⅝	57⅛	...	.....	.....	par 1s dif.
13	.....	57⅞	...	...	74⅛	...	98⅞	17	...	56⅞	...	.....	1s. 2s dif.	par 1s dif.
14	167½	57⅞	...	...	74⅛	...	99	16⅞	...	56⅞	...	.....	.....	par 1s dif.
15	.....	58	...	...	74⅜	...	...	17	2⅝	...	9½	.....	.....	par 1s dif.
17	.....	57⅞	...	...	74⅛	...	...	16⅞	2⅝	56⅞	...	.....	.....	par 1s dif.
18	167½	57⅞	...	...	74⅛	...	99⅛	16⅞	...	...	9¼	.....	.....	par 1s dif.
19	166¾	57⅞	...	...	74⅛	...	99⅛	16⅞	2⅝	56⅝	9½	.....	.....	.....
20	167	57¾	...	...	74¼	...	99⅜	16⅞	...	...	9½	.....	.....	.....
21							St. Thomas's Day.							
22	.....	58	...	...	74⅛	...	99⅛	17	...	...	9½	.....	.....	.....
24	.....	58	...	...	74⅛	...	...	17	...	...	...	.....	.....	2s disct.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140 lbs. Avoir-dupoise, from the Returns received in the Week ended Dec. 15, 1804.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d
Middlesex	102	4	59	1	43	11	32	11
Surrey	110	8	52	0	50	0	33	8
Hertford	86	2	10	6	46	6	28	6
Bedford	84	9	62	4	42	9	29	8
Huntingdon	81	0	.....		44	0	24	4
Northampton	76	4	48	0	41	2	25	4
Rutland	85	6	.....		43	0	25	0
Leicester	78	4	.....		43	6	28	3
Nottingham	95	4	53	6	47	1	29	4
Derby	85	8	.....		47	8	31	8
Stafford	85	0	.....		44	11	31	6
Salop	79	2	53	10	45	10	25	9
Hereford	79	11	48	0	49	9	27	6
Worcester	82	9	46	0	43	4	31	4
Warwick	80	11	.....		45	1	27	11
Wilts	83	8	.....		43	10	31	2
Berks	105	1	.....		45	0	29	6
Oxford	82	10	.....		41	10	26	6
Bucks	85	8	.....		44	4	28	1
Brecon	83	1	48	0	45	7	26	8
Montgomery	79	8	.....		43	2	23	6
Radnor	79	0	.....		45	5	25	2

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d
Essex	107	8	52	6	49	8	31	6
Kent	102	9	45	0	52	9	35	0
Suffex	102	8	.....		51	10	35	10
Suffolk	99	5	49	9	48	4	29	0
Cambridge	89	7	57	2	41	4	23	4
Norfolk	94	6	54	0	45	5	25	9
Lincoln	85	5	52	2	43	2	24	2
York	80	10	53	10	40	10	26	9
Durham	82	8	.....		.....		25	6
Northumberland	79	10	54	0	43	8	26	8
Cumberland	74	11	50	7	38	8	27	1
Westmorland	83	4	49	6	35	2	26	9
Lancaster	77	6	.....		44	5	29	10
Chester	76	5	.....		46	10	27	0
Flint	.....		.....		43	0	.....	
Denbigh	92	11	.....		44	7	24	0
Anglesea	60	0	.....		40	0	24	0
Carnarvon	78	0	.....		41	4	23	6
Merioneth	90	0	56	0	44	0	24	0
Cardigan	73	0	.....		37	6	20	0
Pembroke	69	10	.....		41	7	21	8
Carmarthen	84	3	.....		44	10	21	0
Glamorgan	86	10	.....		50	8	24	0
Glocester	82	11	.....		47	0	27	2
Somerset	89	5	.....		49	10	28	10
Monmouth	92	5	.....		50	0	.....	
Devon	95	3	.....		44	2	27	0
Cornwall	83	2	.....		40	10	26	1
Dorset	94	10	.....		49	7	32	11
Hants	99	0	.....		49	8	32	7

Average of England & Wales.
Wheat 84s 4d; Rye 51s 8d; Barley 45s 0d; Oats 27s 5d.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE country at this dead time of the year offers little variety of remark. The froſt, although it puts agricultural labour nearly to a ſtand, will confer incalculable benefits on the ſoil, and, if it continues, will be the harbinger of what we ſo greatly want,---a luxuriant and productive wheat crop. A ſeries of warm rainy winters would bring abſolute famine upon the country. Turnips, hay, and cattle food, ſtill plentiful, as before: oil cake has riſen from 12 to 17 guineas. The general ſtate of the land, and the appearance of the young wheats, equal the beſt hopes of any former year. No complaint in the country but on account of the laſt wheat crop, which is, to the full, as bad as been repreſented; excepting in Scotland, where it may be looked upon as nearly an average crop. Barley promiſes rather more as to quantity than has been ſtated. Oats, beans, and peaſe, ſomewhat beyond an average crop. Although markets are lower, yet the fineſt ſamples of wheat are worth 120s per quarter; an enormous price for Chriſtmas!

Although the cattle markets have fluctuated much, yet both beef and mutton are worth at Smithfield 5s 4d per ſtone, and the beſt veal 7s. Fine dairy pork ſold lately, at Barnet, at the rate of 31s 6d for a pig of ſix ſtone; but now it is probable that ſuch a ſize would command 35s, or even 37s: a pig of twelve ſtone from 60s to 65s. In the North, pork has been plenty, and far cheaper than in the South. Iriſh proviſions very plenty, and lower in price. The beſt or London bacon 6s per ſtone. As to the government purchaſes in Smithfield, they are, in general, managed very judiciouſly, and according to the ſtate and demand of the market, that they may as little as poſſible affect private buyers: Mr. Melliſh bought very few oxen this week. The prize cattle, contrary to expectation, and indeed the example of laſt year, went off readily, and at great prices. The beſt ox ſold for 100*l*; beſt ſheep 8*l* 8s; ditto pig (Mr. Weſtern's), 6*l* 10s. Two, which were not prize oxen, ſold for 80*l* each. Mr. Giblet, the great butcher in Bond Street, bought one lot of twenty-eight oxen, the property, and fed by the famous grazier, of Mr. Weſtear, of Oxfordſhire. There are a great many young ſtore pigs in the country, but, inſtead of keeping them on to future improvement, the breeders, on account of the price of corn, are ſending them to London markets; the conſequence of which will be, perhaps, a ſcarcity of pigs again.

Middleſex, December 21, 1804.

BILL of MORTALITY, from November 20 to December 25, 1804.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between					
Males 1073	2050	Males 939	1888	2 and 5	208	50 and 60	179
Females 977		Females 949		5 and 10	91	60 and 70	134
				10 and 20	56	70 and 80	95
Whereof have died under 2 years old 491				20 and 30	129	80 and 90	55
				30 and 40	212	90 and 100	13
Peck Loaf 5s 6d, 5s 6d, 5s 7d, 5s 6d, 5s 5d.				40 and 50	223	101, 1—103, 1	
Salt 14s per Bufhel; 3¼d per lb.							

Total, Chriſtenings and Burials, from December 13, 1803, to December 11, 1804.

CHRISTENED			BURIED		
Males...11390	In all 21543		Males...8605	In all 17038	
Females 10153			Females 8433		
Whereof have died,					
Under 2 years of age 4881	20 and 30...1297	60 and 70...1198	101...4		
Between 2 and 5...1924	30.....40...1824	70..... 80... 810	103...1		
.....5.....10... 676	40.....50...1935	80..... 90... 413	105...1		
..... 10.....20... 458	50.....60...1599	90.....100... 77			

Decreaſed in the Burials this year 2544.

☞ There have been executed in Middleſex and Surry 10; of which number (6 only) have been reported to be buried (as ſuch) within the Bills of Mortality.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, NOVEMBER 25 TO DECEMBER 23 INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES.

(The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheſes.)

ALLEN John, late of the Inner-temple, money ſcrivener (Allen, Clements-inn).

Batſon Wm. Oxford, glaſs and chinaman (Roberſon and Co. Oxford).....Bunning Wm. formerly of Stamford, Lincoln, late of Oxford-ſtr. linen draper (Evans, Goſwell-ſtr.)....Barrett J. Northumberland-ſtr. Strand, victualler (Templer, Burr-ſtr. Eaſt-ſmithfield).....Bowen T. Charing-croſs, watch maker (Harriſon, Northumberland-ſtr. Strand)...Buſh G. Briſtol, chemiſt (Cook or Langley, Briſtol, and Roſſer and Son, Kirby-ſtr. Hatton-garden)...Bell Jas. Caniengby, Lincolnſhire, miller (Cope, Boſton, or Wilſon, Caſtle-ſtr. Holborn)...Beaumont J. Dorſet-ſtr. Spitalfields, cabinet maker (Ruſſen, Crown-court, Alderſgate-ſtr.)...Bridcoake John, late of Bedford, near Leigh, Lancaſter, cotton manufacturer (Parr, Mancheſter, or Swale, New Boſwell-court, Carey-ſtr.)...Birch Elizabeth and Wm. and Wm. Marſh, late of Fleet-ſtr. paper ſtainers (Jones, New-court, Crutched-friars).....Bowden Rich. Mancheſter, manufacturer (Cheſhyre and Co. Mancheſter)...Baldwin W. late of Holt, grocer (Withers, jun. or Ballachey, Whalebone-court, Lothbury).....Barker Hugh, Briſtol, tailor (Leman, Briſtol, or Edmunds, Lincolns-inn)....Baxter J. Harwich, linen draper (Brame and Co. Ipſwich, or Mayow, Grays-inn ſquare)...Barr John, Wantage, Berks, ſcrivener (Ward, Farringdon, Berks, or Tarrant and Co. Chancery-lane)....Burrough J. Red lion-ſtr. Spitalfields, baker (Evans, Thavies-inn).

Clark Fol. Coventry-ſtr. hoſier (Holmes, Old-ſquare, Lincolns-inn)...Carr John, Biſhop Wearmouth, Durham, joiner (Thompſon, Biſhop Wearmouth, or Blackiſton, Symonds-inn)...Cox Joſeph, Gravel-lane, Surry, carpenter (Meymott, Charlotte-ſtr. Blackfriars-road)....Coulthard Joſ. Bell-wharf, Lower Shadwell, victualler (Wild, Warwick-ſquare, Newgate ſtr.)...Corbett Wm. Grays-inn, ſcrivener (Roberts, Ely-place).....Carpenter J. Thetford, Norfolk, dealer (Dugmore, Thetford, or King, Tooks-court, Chancery-lane)...Cuff Wm. Smithfield-bars, hardwareman (Thomas, Bearbinder-lane)...Coulſon J. Craven-ſtr. Finſbury, grocer (Gatty, Angel court, Throgmorton ſtr.)...Chalklen, Deptford, draper (Hurle, Cloak-lane, Queen-ſtr.).

Davies Rich. Caſtle-ſtr. Long-acre, broker (Hughes, Croſs-court, Long-acre)..... Downham Wm. Heaton Norris, Lancaſhire, timber-merchant (Hudſon, Stockport, or Jackſon, Walbrook)....Derbyſhire J. late of Witton, Cheſhire, innkeeper (Damvile, Knutsford, or Wright and Co. Paper-buildings, Temple).

Eſpener Chas. Kingſton-upon-Hull, woollen draper (Codd and Co. Kingſton-upon-Hull, or Allen and Co. Furnivals-inn)...Epworth John, late of White roſe-court, Coleman-ſtr. factor (Beetham, Bouverie-ſtr. Fleet-ſtr.)...Erwin James, Wood-ſtr. warehouſeman (Gregſon, Throgmorton-ſtr.)...Evil Mark, late of Tiverton, Somerſet, brewer (Taylor and Co. Bath, or Pearſon and Son, Pump-court, Temple).

Fiſher Henry, late of Hawkhurſt, Kent, tailor (Waterman, Tenterden, or Follett, Temple)...Firmingley John, Sculcoates, York, cooper (Lyon and Co. Bedford-row, London, or Bedford, Hull)...Fow-

ler W. late of Rochester, dealer (Smedley, Aldersgate-str.).

Gibson R. H. Ratcliffe-row, St. Luke, Middlesex, dealer (Mayhew, Lower James-str. Golden-square)...Grimrod J. and M. Guest, Manchester, cotton merchants (Foulks and Co. Manchester, or Foulks, Bury-place, Bloomsbury)...Gardner Franklin, Butt-lane, Deptford, mariner (Blunt, Old Pay-office, Broad-str.) ...Gerst Chas. John, Circus, Minories, merchant (Berridge, Bartletts-buildings, Holborn)...Goodman Wm. Wolverhampton, tin plate worker (Smith, Wolverhampton, or Price and Co. Lincolns inn) ...Garland Matthew, Grove str. Deptford, victualler (Sherwood and Co. Canterbury square, Southwark).

Hodgson Joseph, late of Haxey, Lincoln, tailor (Pearson, Doncaster, or Bleasdale and Co. New inn)...Hawkins Jas. the elder, Rotherhithe wall, Surry, boat builder (Sheppard, Dean-str. Tooley-str.) ...Hull Luke, late of Wharton, Warwick, jobber (Owen, Atherstone, or Tebbutt, Staple-inn)...Hulbert R. late of Chippenham, Wilts, linen draper (Clarke and Son, Bristol; Harvey, Chippenham; or Jenkins and Co. New-inn)...Hart Sam. Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, dealer, (Weatherby, Newmarket).....Harris J. Keynsham, Somersetshire, tanner (Daniel and Co. Bristol, or Pearson, Pumpcourt, Temple).....Higgs D Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, liquor merchant (Jenkins and Co. New-inn, or Whittingham, Chipping Sodbury)..... Hamilton S. Shoe-lane, printer (Wright and Co. Chancery-lane)...Hancox Wm. the younger, Penn, Stafford, sheep and pig dealer (Price and Co. Lincolns-inn).

Johnson G. Chichester, carpenter (Dally, Chichester, or Ellis, Hatton-garden)... Jarman Chas. and Jas. Attwood, Oxford-str. shoemakers (Bower, Cliffords-inn)... Jones Wm. Strangford, Herefordshire, dealer (Allen, Hereford, or Allen, Clements-inn).....James Henry, late of St. Mary Axe, merchant (Carter, Staples-inn).

Lindsay George, late of Bermondsey New-road (Saunders and Co. Cliffords-inn) ...Lawton John, late of Liverpool, boot maker (Murrow, King-str. Liverpool, or Blackstock, St. Mildreds-court, Poultry)...Lightfoot T. Lowton, Lancaster, manufacturer (Edge, Manchester, or Edge, Inner-temple).

Mallone Matthew, Manchester, innkeeper (Sharpe and Co. Manchester, or Milne and Co. Temple)...Metcalf J. Bedale, Yorkshire, plumber (Morton, Bedale, or Dyneley and Sons, Grays-inn)...Macdonach Owen, Bennett-str. St. James's, victualler (Simpson and Co. Kings-bench-walk, Temple)...Mills J. P. Ford-str. near Colchester, shopkeeper (Brown, Little Friday-str. Cheapside).

Norton G. late of Little Wild-str. Lincolns-inn-fields, carpenter (Blandford and Co. Kings-bench-walk, Temple).

Oxenham Wm. Exeter, tallow chandler (Campion, Exeter)...Osborne C. Wapping-str. surgeon (Mason, Great Prescot-str. Goodmans-fields).

Paris J. S. late of Aldwinkle, Northampton, victualler, now a prisoner in the Fleet (Mawley, Bell-savage-yard)..... Price R. Cannon-str. stationer (Orchard, Hatton-garden).

Richards T. P. Bath, baker (Skurray, Bath, or Batten and Co. Temple)...Roberts F. St. Martins-court (Fothergill, Cliffords-inn)...Robinson G. and J. Paternoster-row, booksellers (Wright and Co. Chancery-lane).

Sewell J. Manchester, joiner (Milne, Manchester, or Ellis, Curtitor-str.)...Simpson A. Princes-str. Soho, watch maker (Robinson, Charter-house square)...Stephenson R. South Shields, Durham, baker (Bainbridge, Newcastle-upon Tyne, or Atkinson, Chancery-lane)...Shawcross Wm. Romilley, Chester, J. Tomlinson, Manchester, and Jas. Confterdine, Denton, Lancaster, cotton spinners (Partington, Manchester, or Hurd, Kings-bench-walk, Temple)...Salisbury J. Manchester, cotton spinner (Johnson, Manchester)...Simpson F. Lancaster, merchant, (Willis, Lancaster, or Bleasdale and Co. New-inn).....Simpson John, Liverpool, merchant (Kirkpatrick, Liverpool, or Blackstock, St. Mildreds-court, Poultry)...Shenstone J. M. Portsea, Hampshire, salesman (Compigne, Gosport, or Tarrant and Co. Chancery-lane)...Smith Eliz. Well-str. Oxford-str. linen draper (Jones, Bernards-inn).

Tanfield G. Strand, London, victualler (Fryett, Millbank-str. Westminster)... Thornton Ed. Stroud, Gloucestershire, apothecary (Newman, Stroud, or Constable, Symonds inn).

Welch Henry, Strood, Kent, carpenter (Morsan, Chatham, or Aubry, Tooks-court, Chancery lane)...Woodroffe Ed. Woollaston, Gloucestershire, iron manufacturer (Baron, Colford, or Williams, Staples inn).....Wilkins Henry, Bristol, tallow chandler (Hartley, Bristol, or Gabell, Lincolns-inn)...Wilmshurst G. late of Red-cross-str. carpenter (Palmer, 15, Grays-inn)...Wood Jesse, Wartling, Sussex, shopkeeper (Langridge and Co. Lewes)...White R. Cambridge, scrivener (Cooper, Cambridge)...Warlow J. Haverfordwest, brewer (Stephens, Bristol, or Blandford and Co. Inner-temple)... Wilson H. late of Claines, Worcester, dealer (Hooper, Worcester, or Edmunds and Co. Exchequer-office, Lincolns-inn) ...Wilcox Daniel, Liverpool, sail maker (Wyatt and Co. Liverpool, or Windle, Bartletts-buildings, Holborn)...Witty F.

A. Great Earl-ſtr. Seven-dials, ironmonger (Allingham, St. Johns-ſquare)

Yeardley Joel, jun. and R. Jones, Sheffield, linen drapers (Tatterſhall, Sheffield, or Blakelock, Elim-court, Temple).

DIVIDENDS.

Aſpin J. Margate, linen draper, Dec. 29... Agnew J. Groſvenor-ſq. banker, partner with J. Strange, J. Daſhwood, and G. Peacock, Jan. 8.....Auber P. Eaſt-place, Lambeth, flour factor, Jan. 19... Archer T. Hereford, linen draper, Jan. 22.

Bennett W. Ivy-lane, carpenter, Dec. 15... Bruce S. Oldham, Lancaſter, dealer, Dec. 15...Boys J. Teſton, Kent, carpenter, Dec. 22...Brown T. Jewry-ſtr. Aldgate, woollen draper, Dec. 29...Baker C. Preſcot, Devon, tanner, Dec. 21...Beaumont G. Newmarket, grocer, Dec. 22...Bull T. Broad-ſtr. Briſtol, brandy merchant, Dec. 22...Boddy J. Upper Thames-ſtr. grocer, Feb. 2...Blyth T. Birmingham, factor, Jan. 3...Bird H. M. and B. Savage, Jeffreys-ſquare, merchant, Jan. 22 ...Byrne F. Birmingham, japanner, Jan. 11...Burton A. Keading, innholder, Jan. 15...Beaumont W. Shrewſbury, draper, Jan. 8...Buſhnell T. late of Weſtminſter-road, wheelwright, Jan. 15...Blowers J. Halefworth, Suffolk, ſhopkeeper, Jan. 12...Bunce J. late of Abingdon, Berks, ironmonger, Jan. 19.

Cheyney J. Oxford-ſtr. linen draper, Dec. 15...Claſſon T. Burr-ſtr. Eaſt Smithfield, Dec. 22.....Coulthard J. Bucklerſbury, warehouſeman, Jan. 29...Curtis J. and J. Stephens, late of Penrhyn, Cornwall, ſhopkeeper, Jan. 5...Curling E. late of Margate, hoyman, Jan. 11...Clauſon H. J. late of America ſquare, Jan. 12.

Dutton J. Catherine-court, Tower-hill, ſhip broker, Dec. 15...Dobſon H. late of Godmancheſter, and E. Dobſon, Brompton, Huntingdon, millers, Dec. 28... Dunkin J. Red-croſs-ſtr. rectifier, Feb. 2.

Engliſh Sarah, Charing croſs, haſier, Dec. 22...Emmett H. Manchester, colourman, Jan. 8...Edwards M. late of Buſh-lane, cotton broker, Dec. 29...Eaton J. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 3.

Felton T. Briſtol, dealer, Dec. 19...Fiſher G. White-hart-yard, Drury-lane, woollen draper, Dec. 15...Freeth S. and J. Bayley, Birmingham, merchants, Dec. 24....Fulcher H. Shoe-lane, victualler, Jan. 12...Frampton J. Stourton Caundle, Dorſetſhire, butcher, Jan. 15...Finnis R. Taviſtock ſtr. ſcrivener, Jan. 26 ....Fletcher E. Sowerby, York, woolſtapler, Jan. 21.

Gillham R. Holywell-ſtr. Dec. 15...Golt T. Whitehaven, merchant, Jan. 15... Gameau J. A. V. Albermarle-ſtr. bookſeller, Jan. 12....Gainsford E. late of Cowden, Kent, corn dealer, Jan. 22... Glenton, F. and Jeſſe Neſs, Newcaſtle-upon Tyne, chemiſts, Dec. 28...Giorgi B. late of Ratcliffe-highway, chemiſt, Jan. 26...Gower R. T. Soper, and J. Beavis, Birmingham, leather dreſſers, Jan. 18.

Hewitt J. Wilſon ſtr. Moorfields, weaver, Dec. 17, and Jan. 21...Hartley Fran. widow, and B. Hartley, Fleet-ſtr. ſilk mercers, Dec. 22...Holland W. Borough, linen draper, Dec. 22...Hammerton T. Lyng, Norfolk, paper maker, Jan. 10... Hughes R. Chandos ſtr. Covent-garden, woollen draper, Jan. 5...Hart. W. Lothbury, Blackwell-hall, factor, Jan. 22... Hambly W. Falmouth, Cornwall, merchant, Jan. 8...Hanſard M. and S. Leonard, Dover-ſtr. Piccadilly, milliners, Dec. 22...Hunter P. Briſtol, merchant, Jan. 5...Heale J. Beckington, Somerſet, baker, Jan. 14...Harroſs J. George-yard, ſilk dyer, Jan. 15...Harriſon J. Stoke-upon-Trent, manufacturer of earthenware, Jan. 15.

Jackſon W. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 17 .....Jarratt J. Water-lane, Tower-ſtr. broker, Dec. 22...Johnſon W. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 18...Jameſſon A. and T. Claſſon, Burr-ſtr. Eaſt Smithfield, merchants, Dec. 22...Johnſton J. St. James's, brewer, Jan. 5...Joyce W. and W. Batchellor, Briſtol, ſilverſmiths, Jan. 12.

Ketland J. New City-chambers, Biſhopſgate-ſtr. merchant, Jan. 24...Knight W. Tunbridge-wells, Kent, banker, Jan. 29 ...King J. late of Coventry, innholder, Jan. 14.

Louis L. late of Oxford-ſtr. grocer, Dec. 21, and 26...Lloyd F. Bridge-ſtr. Weſtminſter, linen draper, Dec. 22...Longworth A. Eaſt Smithfield, ſtable keeper, Dec. 29...Lacy J. and C. Northampton, bankers, Jan. 8...Laſt J. South Elmham, Suffolk, ſhopkeeper, Jan. 12.....Le Leivre A. Finch-lane, merchant, Jan. 21 Lymington W. late of Exeter, currier, Jan. 19.

Maſt T. Tempsford Mills, Bedford, miller, Dec. 18...Merſon E. Ilminſter, Somerſet, mercer, Jan. 22...Meallin W. L. Manchester-ſtr. Manchester ſquare, ſurgeon, Jan. 12...More R. Halefworth, Suffolk, linen draper, Jan. 15...Margeſſon J. Church-court, Clements-lane, merchant, Jan. 12...Munck F. Fulkſtone, tanner, Jan. 11...Moore N. Lancaſter, merchant, Jan. 28.

Nichols S. Bath, upholſterer, Dec. 26... Nicholſon W. Carleton, Royſtone, York, farmer, Dec. 31....Newman R. late of Dartmouth, Devon, ſhipbuilder, Jan. 12.

Planck P. Long-acre, refiner, Dec. 15.... Pyall J. late of Sittingbourne, Kent, ſhopkeeper, Dec. 22...Pugh Ann, Chatham, Kent, ſhopkeeper, Dec. 22...Perkins J. late of Huntingdon, banker, Dec. 28...Poppleton P. now or late of Almonbury, York, dryſalter, Dec. 27.... Pryer W. Hackney, Middleſex, ſtock-

broker, Jan. 12...Patterſon S. Oxford, haberdaſher, Jan. 12...Pizey H. late of Sun ſtr. Bithopſgate, baker, Jan. 29... Popplewell J. and J. Jepſon, Lawrence Poultney-lane, brokers, Feb. 9...Portalis A. P. and A. G. Broad-ſtr.-buildings, merchants, Jan. 5...Page J. Worceſter, hop merchant, Jan. 10...Pickergill T. Little Turnſtile, Holborn, baker, Jan. 29...Purdy W. Mark-lane, broker, Jan. 29.

Quenby J. Wincheſter, draper, Jan. 18.

Rylah G. York, tea and chinaman, Dec. 1 ...Ridgway J. and Jas. Kearſley, Bolton, Lancaſter, cotton manufacturers, Dec. 26 ...Ranſome J. Little Walſingham, Norfolk, ſhopkeeper, Dec. 31...Rodgett J. late of Blackburn, Lancaſter, muſlin manufacturer, Jan. 24...Ruſhworth C. Holborn, coach maker, Jan. 19.

Speed T. late of Cannon-ſtr. druggiſt, Dec. 29...Starey T. Newgate-ſtr. linen draper, Dec. 22.....Smith J. Poland-ſtr. St. James's, merchant, Jan. 24...Smith L. Portſmouth, draper, Jan. 22...Shephard W. Boſwell-court, Carey-ſtr. ſcrivener, Jan. 5...Strange E. H. Frant, Suſſex, grocer, Jan. 29...Spence W. Upper Gatton, York, corn factor, Jan. 10...Stephenſon C. Parliament-ſtr. ſtationer, Jan. 26 ...Sparks J. Leadenhall-ſtr. tea dealer, Jan. 22...Snowden J. Plymouth, draper, Jan. 29...Soellner J. A. Birmingham, merchant, Jan. 21.....Sims J. Honeycombe, Glouceſter, yeoman, Jan. 18.

Thompſon C. J. late of Goſwell-ſtr. Dec. 29....Twycroſs R. H. Brook ſtr. Holborn, jeweller, Dec. 22.....Tanner G. Briſtol, hardwareman, Jan. 23...Thomaſon T. and G. Nicholſon, Liverpool, merchants, Jan. 8...Treadgold J. Portſea, cabinet maker, Jan. 29.

Uſher W. Vere-ſtr. Clare-market, dealer, Dec. 15.

Vinn T. Buſh-lane, merchant, Dec. 22... Vaughan W. Pall-mall, merchant Dec. 22.

Watſon J. Lynn, Norfolk, druggiſt, Dec. 18...Williamſon J. Liverpool, cheeſemonger, Jan. 2...Wood H. late of Bond-ſtr. tallow chandler, Dec. 22....Warwick J. Long Buckley, Northampton, tailor, Dec. 20...Wilkinſon H. late of Billiter-lane, merchant, Decem. 18... Walker J. Mancheſter, vintner, Dec. 26 ...Watts J. Upper Thames-ſtr. grocer, Feb. 2...Wild J. J. Watts, and J. Boddy, Upper Thames-ſtr. grocers, Feb. 2.... Weſtmacott R. the elder, Mount-ſtr. Hanover-ſquare, Jan. 8...Watkins W. Hereford, joiner, Jan. 12...Watſon H. late of Little St. Helens, Biſhopſgate, merchant, Jan. 19...Williams J. G. late of Wincheſter-ſtr. merchant, Jan. 28... Weightman T. Newgate-ſtr. mercer, Jan. 26.

Yeoman W. Theobalds-road, Middleſex, tallow chandler, Dec. 29.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE omitted to notice in our laſt Number, that the propoſal of "G. N." *is received, and his obſervations will be treated with reſpect.*

The requeſt of our learned Correſpondent from Oxford ſhall be complied with to the utmoſt of our power.

The Map, as adviſed by a reader and friend of our Miſcellany, would not (we are inclined to believe) be ſatisfactorily received as a ſubſtitute for the portrait.

The communications of "A Graduate of Cambridge" *will always be thankfully received.*

The favour of "Andraidoia" *is received, as likewiſe that of the* "Young Spenſer." *Their future communications will be thankfully received.*

A variety of other favours are only deferred for want of convenience.

☞ *Our Readers will perceive that this Number is accompanied with the Title, Index, &c. thereby obviating the neceſſity of a Supplementary Number.*